# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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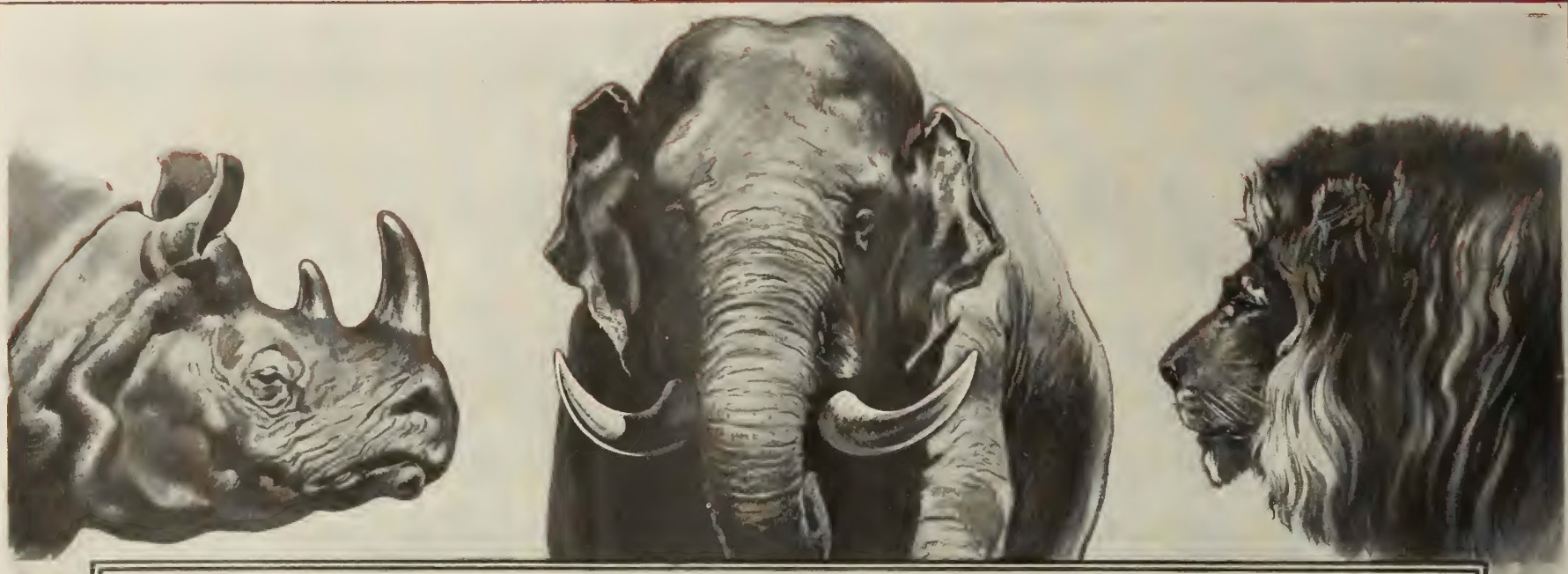
Beginning

## AILSA PAIGE—By Robert W. Chambers



"TARLTON took his big double-barrel and advised me to take mine, as the sun had just set and it was likely to be close work; but I shook my head, for *the Winchester .405 is, at least for me personally,*

THE 'MEDICINE GUN' FOR LIONS."

EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IN SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

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THE CHOICE OF SUCCESSFUL HUNTERS

DODGE

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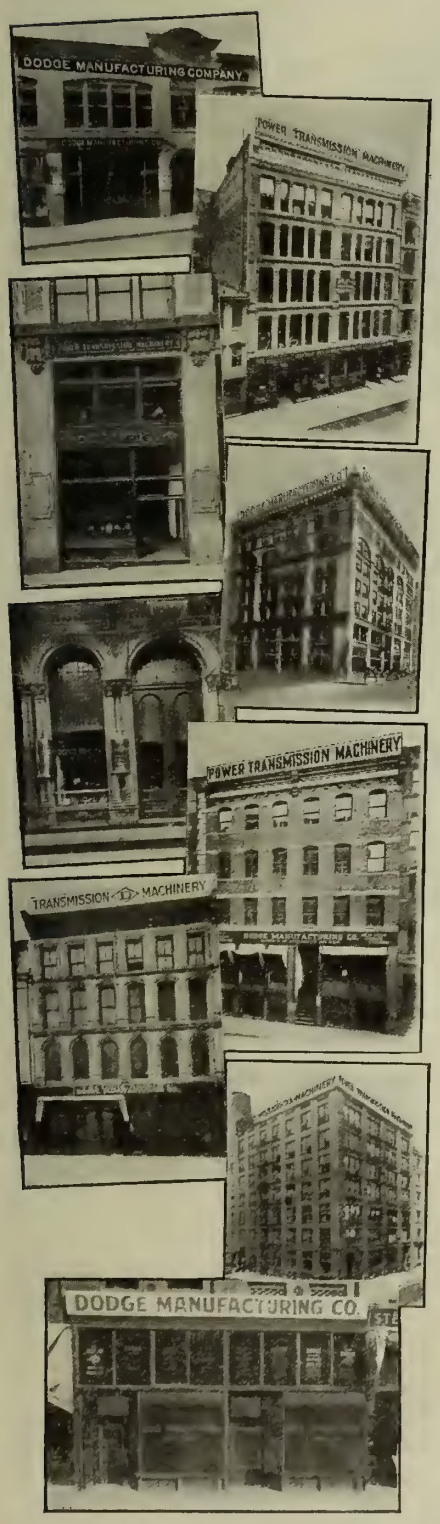
**The Dodge Line is the Standard Power Transmission Equipment in Modern Mill and Factory. It Has Been Standardized by the Choice of the Majority. The Dodge Idea Insures Uniformity and Interchangeability in Equipment. It Certifies Simplicity in Shop Accounting. It Eradicates Power-Waste in Transmission. This is the Era of Economy in Power Transmission. Hence, it is the Dodge Era.**




## The Above Photos

**show the Offices of Nine Dodge Distributing Centers. In All of These Cities There Are, Also, Complete Dodge Warehouses. Agencies Everywhere, as Well. Over 200 Distributing Centers.**

THIS is the day of shop standards in machinery equipment and supplies. Large manufacturers everywhere have voiced this decision. System has become the modern creed.

Adoption of shop standards is *advanced* systematizing. The advantages are apparent. Shop standards make for uniformity and interchangeability—for simplicity in shop accounting.

The majority of the greater manufacturers have fixed upon the Dodge Line as *their standard* transmission equipment.

Especially is this noticeable among those who operate several factories or mills. They have selected the Dodge Line for *all* their plants.

That such men have made a choice so far-reaching, proves how vital are the superiorities of the Dodge Line. It embraces everything for the mechanical transmission of power.

The *split feature* and *interchangeability* have been advanced to a point that none can rival. Uniformity is made *certain*. Simplicity in shop accounting becomes absolute.

Quick delivery—anywhere—is assured. There are more than *200 distributing* centers. Branch houses and agencies—machinery and supply dealers—throughout the country, carry large stocks always.

The dominant Dodge Idea is *elimination of friction*. The matchless design, the master construction and finish of every article in the Dodge Line—all are focused on this idea. Thus power conservation—power economy—and service at their utmost are attained.

Adopt the Dodge Line for *your* shop standard. See what you will gain in simplicity—in uniformity—in interchangeability.

Let us place the scientific advice of our Corps of Expert Engineers at your service—free of obligation to you.

# Dodge Manufacturing Co.

**Largest in the World**

**Power Transmission Engineers and Manufacturers of the Dodge Line Power Transmission Machinery**

**Main Office and Works:**

**Station F-1, Mishawaka, Indiana**

**Branches and District Warehouses:**

Boston; New York; Brooklyn; Philadelphia; Pittsburg; Cincinnati; St. Louis; Atlanta; Minneapolis; Chicago; London, England.

**And agencies in nearly every city in the U. S.**

We carry large and complete stocks at all our Branches for immediate delivery. For quick service, communicate by long-distance telephone with branch or agency nearest you.

## Get the Delivered Price

Write for our Catalog Z-C-10 and our special plan for guaranteeing delivered prices on Dodge goods, giving you an exact price on transmission machinery complete, laid down in good condition at your nearest freight station. If you want this information, be sure to mention the fact when you write.

## A Few Notable Names

of some of the leading national manufacturers who have made the Dodge Line the standard transmission machinery for their works are given below. There are hundreds of others—who demand that machinery in operation shall earn profits for them.

**Corn Products Refining Co.**
Entire equipment for new plant at Argo, Ill.

**Buick Motor Co., Flint, Michigan**
Standard Iron Split Pulleys with Interchangeable Bushings, Capillary Self-Lubricating Bearings. Over fifteen carloads of Dodge transmission appliances have been shipped to the immense Buick plant.

**Morgan & Wright**
Complete transmission equipment from engines to machines at new Detroit plant.

**E. I. Dupont De Nemours, Wilmington, Del.**
Dodge Standard Iron Split Pulleys and Dodge Self-Oiling Bearings were adopted by the Committee on Standards for over a score of Dupont plants located over the entire country from Arizona to Maine, and from Puget Sound to Florida.

**Postum Cereal Co., Battle Creek, Mich.**
Standard Iron Split Pulleys and Dodge Bearings. The new Postum factory at Windsor, Ontario, will be equipped throughout with Dodge transmission appliances.

**Kellogg Toasted Corn Flakes Co., Battle Creek, Mich.**
Dodge Standard Iron Split Pulleys.

**Dean Electric Co., Elyria, Ohio**
Dodge Standard Iron Split Pulleys.

**National Electric Lamp Co.**
Standard Iron Split Pulleys and Dodge Self-Oiling Bearings for all of their plants in Ohio.

**Cleveland Worsted Mills**
Standard Iron Split Pulleys and Dodge Bearings for their mills at Cleveland and Ravena, Ohio.

## Dodge Handy Calculator

**For 25 Cents Prepaid**

**We will send you the Dodge Handy Calculator for Pulleys, Belts and Friction Clutches, in real leather case, prepaid for 25 cents. That's what it costs us, not including postage. Your money back if not satisfied. Please use the coupon.**

**Send This Coupon**

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**Station F-1**
**Mishawaka, Indiana**

I enclose 25c for which send me the Dodge Calculator in leather case, prepaid.

Firm I am with _____

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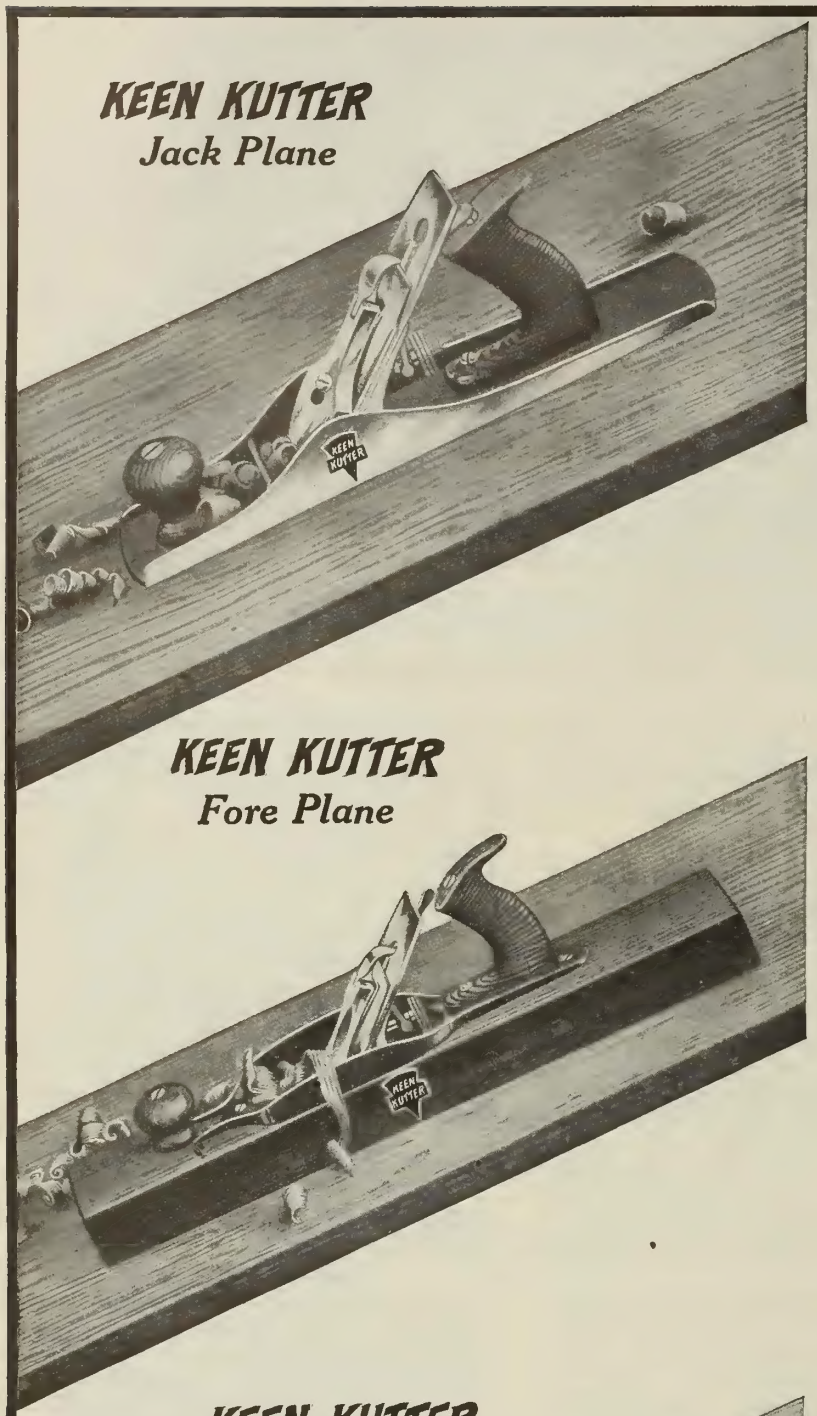

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KEEN KUTTER
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U.S.A.

# What Do You Know About Planes?

Anyone can do a good job of simple carpentry if he has good tools and uses the right tools for the job.

Half is in knowing what tool to use.

For example, do you know the difference between a jack plane, a fore plane and a smoothing plane?

## The Jack Plane

is used to remove the roughness from lumber that is not machine planed. The cutter should be convex to admit of a deep cut being taken, thereby getting beneath the surface of the board, which is always covered with grit and very destructive to the cutting edge of the tool.

If the piece being planed is small, and it is necessary to plane it perfectly true and flat in all directions, the Jack Plane should be followed by

## The Fore Plane

This is much longer than the Jack Plane, so as to produce truer and more level surfaces. The cutting edge is straight with rounded corners, so the plane will not cut channels in the wood and so it can be given a diagonal stroke, which is the proper one for the best work.

## The Smoothing Plane

follows the Jack Plane when the piece is a full board or one that does not have to be accurately leveled. The cutter is the same as the Fore Plane, but the plane is much shorter and may be handled more rapidly.

If a plane is not properly adjusted, no one can get satisfactory results. In fact, tools of all kinds must be properly set, adjusted and balanced to do good work.

# KEEN KUTTER
## Quality Tools

excel in these particulars.

Keen Kutter Planes, for example, have their cutting irons set at exactly the right angle, ground to the proper shape and correct bevel for easy, quick, accurate work.

All Keen Kutter Tools are designed to fit the work. Their quality is the very highest and they are guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded.

You can't go wrong if you order all tools and cutlery by the name Keen Kutter—by doing so, you remove all risk of disappointment.

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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# AILSA PAIGE

## By Robert W. Chambers

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCIS VAUX WILSON

AUTHOR'S NOTE—Among the fifty-eight regiments of Zouaves and the seven regiments of Lancers enlisted in the service of the United States between 1861 and 1865 it will be useless for the reader to look for any record of the 3d Zouaves and the 8th Lancers. The red breeches and red fezzes of the Zouaves clothed many a dead man on Southern battlefields; the scarlet swallow-tailed pennon of the Lancers fluttered from many a lance-tip beyond the Potomac; the histories of these sixty-five regiments are known. But no history of the 3d Zouaves or of the 8th Lancers has ever been written save in this narrative; and historians and veterans would seek in vain for any records of these two regiments—regiments which might have been, but never were.

"You Have Killed Something in Me. I Think it Was the Best Part of Me"

### I

THE butler made an instinctive movement to detain the intruder but he flung him aside and entered the drawing-room, the servant recovering his equilibrium and following on a run. Light from great crystal chandeliers dazzled him for a moment; the butler again confronted him, but hesitated under the wicked glare from his eyes. Then, through the brilliant vista the young fellow caught a glimpse of a dining-room, a table where silver crystal glimmered, and a great, gray man just lowering a glass of wine from his lips to gaze at him with quiet curiosity.

The next moment the intruder traversed the carpeted interval between them and halted at the table's damask edge, gazing intently across at the solitary diner, who sat leaning back in an armchair, his heavy right hand still resting on the stem of a claret glass, a cigar suspended between the fingers of his left hand.

"Are you Colonel Arran?"

"I am," replied the man at the table coolly; "who the deuce are you?"

"That's what I came here to find out!" replied the other with an insolent laugh.

The man at the table laid both hands on the edge of the cloth and partly rose from his chair, then fell back solidly in silence, but his intent gaze never left the other's bloodless face. "Send away your servants, Colonel Arran!" said the young man in a voice now laboring under restraint.

The other made as though to speak, twice; then, with an effort, he motioned to the butler.

What he meant by the gesture, perhaps he himself scarcely realized at the moment.

The butler instantly signaled to Pim, the servant behind Colonel Arran's chair, and started forward with a furtive glance at his master; and the young man turned disdainfully to confront him.

"Will you retire peaceably, sir?"

"No; but you will retire permanently if you touch me. Be very careful."

Colonel Arran leaned forward, hands still gripping the table's edge.

"Larraway!"

"Sir?"

"You may go."

The small, gray eyes in the pock-pitted face stole toward young Berkley, then were cautiously lowered.

"Very well, sir," he said.

"Close the drawing-room doors. No—this way. Go out through the pantry. And take Pim with you."

"Very well, sir."

"And—Larraway!"

"Sir?"

"When I want you I'll ring. Until then I don't want anybody or anything. Is that understood?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is all."

"Thank you, sir."

The great mahogany folding doors slid smoothly together, closing out the brilliant drawing-room; the door of the butler's pantry clicked.

Colonel Arran slowly wheeled in his place and surveyed his unbidden guest.

"Well, sir," he said, "continue."

"I haven't yet begun."

"You are mistaken, Berkley; you have made a very significant beginning. I was told that you are this kind of a young man."

"I am this kind of a young man. What else have you been told?"

Colonel Arran inspected him through partly-closed eyes. "I am further informed," he said, "that at twenty-four you have managed to attain bankruptcy."

"Perfectly correct. What other items have you collected concerning me?"

"You can retrace your peregrinations if you care to. Shall we say that the expression 'unenviable notoriety' summarizes the reputation you have acquired?"

"Exactly," he sneered.

"Oh! And am I correct in concluding that at this hour you stand there a financially ruined man at twenty-four years of age ——"

"I do stand here, but I'm going to sit down."

He did so, dropped both elbows on the cloth and, balancing his chin on the knuckles of his clasped hands, examined the older man with insolent, unchanging gaze.

"Go on," he said coolly. "What else do you conclude me to be?"

"What else is there to say to you, Berkley? You have evidently seen my attorneys?"

"I have; the fat shyster and the bowlegged one. At eleven o'clock this morning Illinois Central had fallen three more points, and I had no further interest in the market. Then one of your brokers ——" He leaned farther forward on the table and stared brightly at the older man, showing an edge of even teeth under the receding upper lip.

"How long have your people been watching me?"

"Long enough to give me what information I required."

"Then you really have had me watched?"

"I have chosen to keep in touch with your—career, Berkley."

Berkley's upper lip again twitched unpleasantly; the edge of teeth glimmered; a slight shudder passed over him. But when at length he spoke he spoke more calmly than before, and his mobile features were in pallid repose:

"One of your brokers—Cone—stopped me. I was too confused to understand what he wanted of me. I went with him to your attorneys ——" Like lightning the snarl twitched his mouth again; he made as though to rise, and controlled himself in the act, shivering.

"Where are the originals of those letters?" he managed to say at last.

"In this house."

"Am I to have them?"

"I think so."

"So do I," said the young man with a ghastly smile. "I'm quite sure of it."

Colonel Arran regarded him in surprise.

"There is no occasion for violence in this house, Berkley."

"Where are the letters?"

"Have you any doubts concerning what my attorneys have told you? The originals are at your immediate disposal if you wish."

Then Berkley struck the table fiercely and stood up as claret splashed and trembling crystal rang.

"That's all I want of you!" he said. "Do you understand what you've done? Do you think I'd take anything at your hands? I never cared for anybody in the world except my mother. If what your lawyers tell me is true ——" His voice choked; he stood swaying a moment, face covered by his hands.

"Berkley!"

The young man's hands fell; white as death he stood there facing the other, who had risen to his heavy six-foot height confronting him across the table.

"Berkley, whatever claim you have on me——"

"I tell you I have none! I want none! What you have done to her you have done to me! What you and your conscience and your cruelty and your attorneys did to her twenty-four years ago you have done this day to me! As surely as you outlawed her, so have you outlawed me today. That is what I now am, an outlaw!"

"It was insulted civilization that punished, not I, Berkley——"

"It was you! You took your shrinking pound of flesh. I know your sort."

Colonel Arran sat silently stern a moment; then the congested muscles, habituated to control, relaxed again. He said, under perfect self-command:

"You'd better know the truth. It is too late now to discuss whose fault it was that the trouble arose between your mother and me. We lived together only a short time. She was in love with her cousin; she didn't realize it until she'd married me. I have nothing more to say on that score; she tried to be faithful. I believe she was; but he was a scoundrel. And she ended by thinking me one. Even before I married her I was made painfully aware that our dispositions and temperaments were not entirely compatible.

"There is now nothing to be gained in reviewing the unhappy affair," he continued. "Your mother's family are headlong, impulsive, fiery, unstable, emotional. I offered her a separation, but she was unwisely persuaded to sue for divorce."

Colonel Arran bent his head and touched his long gray mustache with bony fingers.

"The proceeding was farcical; the decree a fraud. I warned her, but she snapped her fingers at me and married her cousin the next day. . . . And then I did my duty by civilization."

Still Berkley never stirred. The older man looked down at the wine-soiled cloth, traced the outline of the crimson stain with unsteady finger. Then, lifting his head:

"I had that infamous decree set aside," he said grimly. "It was a matter of duty and of conscience, and I did it without remorse. . . . Then he broke his neck hunting—before you were born."

"Was he my father?"

"I am taking the chance that he was not."

"You had reason to believe ——" .

"I thought so, but—your mother remained silent."

Berkley lifted a countenance from which every vestige of color had fled.

"Why did you tell me this?"

"Because I believe that you are legally entitled to my name. Since I have known who you are I—I have had you watched. I have hesitated—a long while. My brokers have watched you for a year now, my attorneys for much longer. Today you stand in need of me if ever you have stood in need of anybody. I offer to receive you, provide for you. That is all, Berkley. Now you know everything."

"Who else—knows?"

"Knows what?"

"Knows what you did to my mother?"

"Some people among the families immediately concerned," replied Colonel Arran coolly.

"Who are they?"

"Your mother's relatives, the Paiges, the Berkleys—my family, the Arrans, the Lents ——"

"What Lents?" interrupted the young man, looking up sharply.

"They live in Brooklyn. There's a brother and a sister, orphans; and an uncle, Captain Josiah Lent."

"Oh! . . . Who else?"

"A Mrs. Craig, who lives in Brooklyn. She was Celia Paige, your mother's maid of honor."

"Who else?"

"A sister-in-law of Mrs. Craig, formerly my ward. She is now a widow, a Mrs. Paige, living on London Terrace. She, however, has no knowledge of the matter in question; nor have the Lents, nor any one in the Craig family except Mrs. Craig."

"Who else?"

"Nobody."

"I see. . . . And as I understand it, you are now stepping forward to offer me ——"

"I offer you a place in this house as my son. I offer to deal with you as a father."

For a long time the young fellow stood there without stirring, pallid, his dark, expressionless eyes fixed on space. And after a while he spoke:

"Colonel Arran, I had rather than all the happiness on earth that you had left me the memory of my mother. You have chosen not to do so. And now do you think I am likely to exchange what she and I really are for anything that you can offer? How, under God, you could have punished her as you did—how you could have reconciled your conscience to the invocation of a brutal law which rehabilitated you at the expense of the woman who had been your wife—how you could have done this in the name of duty and of conscience I cannot comprehend."

He hesitated, rigid, clenching and unclenching his hands, then drew a deep, agonized breath.

"I suppose you have meant to be just to me. I wish you might have dealt more mercifully with my mother. As for what you have done to me—well —— Now, may I have her letters?"

"Is that your decision, Berkley?"

"It is. I want only her letters from you—and any little keepsakes—relics—if there be any ——"

"I offer to recognize you as my son."

"I decline—believing that you mean to be just, and, perhaps, kind—God knows what you do mean by disinterring the dead for a son to look back upon ——"

"Could I have offered you what I offer, otherwise?"

"Man! Man! You have nothing to offer me! Your silence was the only kindness you could have done me! You have killed something in me. I don't know what yet, but I think it was the best part of me."

"Berkley, do you suppose that I have entered upon this matter lightly?"

Berkley sneered, showing his teeth. "No; it was your damned conscience, and I suppose you couldn't strangle it. I am sorry you couldn't. Sometimes a strangled conscience makes men kinder."

Colonel Arran rang. A dark flush had overspread his forehead; he turned to the butler.

"Bring me the dispatch-box that stands on my study-table."

Berkley, hands interlocked behind his back, was pacing the dining-room carpet; his teeth kept worrying his under lip, his restless fingers picked at each other. Neither spoke until Larraway entered, carrying an inlaid box.

"Thank you, Larraway. You need not wait."

"Thank you, sir."

When they were alone again Colonel Arran unlocked and opened the box and, behind the raised lid, remained invisibly busy for some little time, apparently sorting and resorting the hidden contents. After an interval the older man seemed to arrive at an abrupt decision, for he closed the lid and laid two packages on the cloth between them.

"Are these mine?" asked Berkley, pale as a specter.

"They are mine," corrected the other quietly, "but I choose to yield them to you."

"Thank you," said Berkley. There was a hint of ferocity in his voice; he took the letters, turned around to look for his hat, found it, and straightened up with a long, deep intake of breath. He was deathly white, but master of himself.

"I think there is nothing more to be said between us, Colonel Arran?"

"That lies with you."

There was a pause; Colonel Arran waited a moment, then struck the bell.

"Larraway, Mr. Berkley has decided to go."

"Yes, sir."

"You will accompany Mr. Berkley to the door."

"Yes, sir."

"And hand to Mr. Berkley the outer key of this house."

"Yes, sir."

"And in case Mr. Berkley ever again desires to enter this house he is to be admitted, and his orders are to be obeyed by every servant in it."

"Yes, sir."

Colonel Arran rose, trembling; he and Berkley looked at each other, then both bowed, and the butler ushered out the younger man.

"Pardon—the latch-key, sir."

Berkley took it, examined it, handed it back. "Return it to Colonel Arran with Mr. Berkley's compliments," he said, and went blindly out into the April evening.

Larraway stood stealthily peering through the side lights, then tiptoed toward the hallway and entered the dining-room with velvet tread.

"Port or brandy, sir?" he whispered at Colonel Arran's elbow.

The Colonel shook his head.

"Nothing more. Take that box to my study."

Later, seated at his study-table before the open box, he heard Larraway knock, and he quietly laid away the miniature of Berkley's mother which had been lying in his steady palm for hours.

"Well?"

"Pardon; Mr. Berkley's key, with Mr. Berkley's compliments, sir." And he laid it upon the table by the box.

"Thank you. That will be all."

"Thank you, sir. Good night, sir."

"Good night."

The Colonel picked up the evening paper and opened it mechanically.

"By telegraph," he read. "War inevitable! Postscript! Fort Sumter! It is now certain that the Government has decided to reënforce Major Anderson's command at all hazards ——"

The lines in the Evening Post blurred under his eyes; he passed one broad, bony hand across them, straightened his shoulders and, setting the unlighted cigar firmly between his teeth, composed himself to read.

But after a few minutes he had read enough. He dropped deeper into his armchair, hand outstretched, instinctively groping for the miniature of Berkley's mother.

. . . . . .

As for Berkley, he was at last alone with his letters and his keepsakes, in the lodgings which he inhabited—and now would inhabit no more. The letters lay still unopened before him on his writing-table; he stood looking at the miniatures and photographs, all portraits of his mother from girlhood onward.

One by one he took them up, examined them—touched them to his lips, laid each away. The letters he also laid away unopened; he could not begin to read them now. He was no longer able to endure.

The French clock in his bedroom struck eight. He closed and locked his desk, stood looking at it blankly for a moment, one hand resting on the lid; then he squared his shoulders. An envelope lay open on the desk beside him.

"Oh!—yes," he said aloud, but scarcely heard his own voice.

The envelope inclosed an invitation from one Camilla Lent to a theater party for that evening and a dance afterward.

He had a vague idea that he had accepted.

What an Insolently Reckless Head it Was!

The play was The Seven Sisters at Laura Keene's Theater; the dance was somewhere—probably at Delmonico's. If he were going it was time he was afoot.

His eyes wandered from one familiar object to another; he moved restlessly and began to roam through the richly-furnished rooms. But to Berkley nothing in the world seemed familiar any longer, and the strangeness of it and the solitude were stupefying him.

When he became tired trying to think he made the tour again in a stupid sort of way, then rang for his servant, Burgess, and started mechanically about his dressing.

He had a rascally servant somewhere about the premises and rang for him again, but the fellow did not appear. So he dressed without aid. And at last he was ready and went out, drunk with fatigue and the reaction from pain.

He did not afterward remember how he came to the theater. Presently he found himself in a lower-tier box, talking to a Mrs. Paige, who, curiously, miraculously, resembled the girlish portraits of his mother—or he imagined so—until he noticed that her hair was yellow and her eyes blue. And then his voice sounded low, humorous, caressingly modulated, and he listened to it, amused that he was able to speak at all.

"And so you are the wonderful Ailsa Paige," he heard himself repeating. "Camilla wrote me that I must beware of my peace of mind the moment I first set eyes on you ——"

"Camilla Lent is supremely silly, Mr. Berkley ——"

"Camilla is a sibyl. This night my peace of mind departed forever."

"May I offer you a little of mine?"

"I may ask more than that of you."

"You mean a dance?"

"More than one."

"How many?"

"All of them. How many will you give me?"

"One. Please look at the stage. Isn't Laura Keene bewitching?"

"Your voice is."

"Such nonsense! Besides, I'd rather hear what Laura Keene is saying than listen to you."

"Do you mean it?"

"Incredible as it may sound, Mr. Berkley, I really do."

He dropped back in the box. Camilla laid her painted fan across his arm:

"Isn't Ailsa Paige the most enchanting creature you ever saw? I told you so! Isn't she? Do look at her. I am completely enamored of her. Did you ever see such a lovely creature in all your life? And she is very young, but very wise. She knows useful and charitable things—like nursing the sick and dressing injuries and her own hats. And she actually served a whole year in the horrible city hospital! Wasn't it brave of her?"

Berkley swayed forward to look at Ailsa Paige; he began to be tormented again by the feverish idea that she resembled the girl pictures of his mother. Nor could he rid himself of the fantastic impression. In the growing unreality of it all, in the distorted outlines of a world gone topsyturvy, amid the deadly blur of things material and mental, Ailsa Paige's face alone remained strangely clear. And, scarcely knowing what he was saying, he spoke:

"There was only one other like you," he said. Mrs. Paige turned slowly and looked at him, but the quiet rebuke in her eyes remained unuttered.

"Be more genuine with me," she said gently. "I am worth it, Mr. Berkley."

Then suddenly there seemed to run a pale flash through his brain.

"Yes," he said in an altered voice; "you are worth it. . . . Don't drive me away from you just yet."

"Drive you away?" in soft concern. "I did not mean ——"

"You will, some day. But don't do it tonight." Then the quick, feverish smile broke out:

"Do you need a servant? I'm out of a place. I can neither cook, clean silver, wash sidewalks, nor wait on the table; so you see I have every qualification."

Smilingly perplexed she let her eyes rest on his pallid face for a moment, then turned toward the stage again.

The Seven Sisters pursued its spectacular course; Ione Burke, Polly Marshall and Mrs. Vining were in the cast; tableau succeeded tableau; I Wish I Were in Dixie was sung, and the popular burlesque ended in the celebrated scene, The Birth of the Butterfly in the Bower of Ferns, with the entire company kissing their fingertips to a vociferous and satiated audience.

Then it was supper at Delmonico's and a dance—and at last the *valse* promised him by Ailsa Paige.

Through the fixed unreality of things he saw her clearly, standing, awaiting him—saw her sensitive face as she quietly laid her hand on his—saw it suddenly alter as the light contact startled both.

"I Shall Bear Your Image Always. You Know It"

Flushed, she looked up at him like a hurt child, conscious yet only of the surprise.

Dazed, he stared back. Neither spoke. He took her hand; his arm encircled her; both seemed aware of that, then only of the swaying rhythm of the dance and of joined hands and her waist imprisoned—and of unknown forces like tides surging, sweeping them as they drifted through music and light and space into a pulseless void. Around him now even the vague, the distorted, the unreal melted into blankness; only the fragrance of her hair seemed real—and the long lashes resting on curved cheeks and the youth of her yielding in his embrace.

Neither spoke when it had ended; she turned aside and stood motionless, one hand resting on the stair rail as though to steady herself. Her small head was lowered.

He managed to say: "You will give me the next?"

"No."

"Then the next ——"

"No," she said, not moving.

A young fellow came up eagerly, cocksure of her, but she shook her head—and shook her head to all—and Berkley remained beside her. And at last her reluctant head turned slowly, and slowly her gaze searched his.

"Shall we rest?" he said.

"Yes. I am—tired."

Her dainty avalanche of skirts filled the stairs as she settled there in silence—he at her feet, turned sideways so that he could look up into the brooding, absent eyes.

And over them again—over the small space just then allotted them in the world—was settling once more the intangible, indefinable spell awakened by their first light contact. Through its silence hurried their pulses; through its significance her dazed young eyes looked out into a haze where nothing stirred except a phantom heart, beating the reveille. And the spell lay heavy on them both.

"I shall bear your image always. You know it."

She seemed scarcely to have heard him.

"There is no reason in what I say. I know it. Yet—I am destined never to forget you."

She made no sign.

"Ailsa Paige," he said mechanically.

And after a long while, slowly, she looked down at him where he sat at her feet, his pallid face between his hands, his dark eyes fixed on space.

*II*

ALL the morning she had been busy in the Craigs' back-yard garden, clipping, training, loosening the earth around lilac, honeysuckle and rose of Sharon. The little German florist at the corner had sent in two loads of richly-fertilized soil and a barrel of forest mould. These she sweetened with lime mixed in her small pan, and applied judiciously to the peach tree by the grape arbor, to the thickets of pearl-gray iris, to the beloved roses, prairie climber, Baltimore bell, and General Jacqueminot. A neighbor's cat, war-scarred and bold, traversing the fences in search of single combat, halted to watch her; an early bee, with no blossoms yet to rummage, passed and repassed, huzzing distractedly.

The Craigs' next-door neighbor, Camilla Lent, came out on her back veranda and looked down with a sleepy nod of recognition and good-morning, stretching her pretty arms luxuriously in the sunshine.

"You look very sweet down there, Ailsa, in your pink gingham apron and garden gloves."

"And you look very sweet up there, Camilla, in your muslin frock and satin skin! And every time you yawn you resemble a plump, white magnolia bud opening just enough to show the pink inside!"

"It's mean to call me plump!" returned Camilla reproachfully. "Anyway, anybody would yawn with the Captain keeping the entire household awake all night. I vow I haven't slept one wink since that wretched news from Charleston. He thinks he's a battery of horse artillery now; that's the very latest development, and I shed tears and the chandeliers shed prisms every time he maneuvers."

"The dear old thing," said Mrs. Paige, smiling as she moved among the shrubs. For a full minute her sensitive lips remained tenderly curved as she stood considering the agricultural problems before her; then she settled down again naïvely—like a child on its haunches—and continued to mix nourishment for the roses.

Camilla, lounging sideways on her own veranda window-sill, rested her head against the frame, alternately blinking down at the pretty widow through white-lidded, sleepy eyes and patting her lips to control the yawns that tormented her.

"I had a horrid dream, too," she said, "about The Seven Sisters. I was Pluto to your Diavoline and Philip Berkley was a phantom that grinned at everybody and rattled the bones; and I waked in a dreadful fright to hear Uncle's spurred boots overhead and that horrid, noisy old saber of his banging the best furniture.

"Then this morning just before sunrise he came into my bedroom, hair and mustache on end, and in full uniform, and attempted to read the Declaration of Independence to me—or maybe it was the Constitution—I don't remember; but I began to cry, and that always sends him off."

Ailsa's quick laugh and the tenderness of her expression were her only comments upon the doings of Josiah Lent, lately Captain, United States Dragoons.

Camilla yawned again, rose and, arranging her spreading white skirts, seated herself on her veranda steps in full sunshine.

"We did have a nice party, didn't we, Ailsa?" she said, leaning a little sideways so that she could see over the fence and down into the Craigs' back-yard garden.

"I had such a good time," responded Ailsa, looking up radiantly.

"So did I. Billy Cortlandt is the most divine dancer. Isn't Evelyn Estcourt pretty?"

"She is growing up to be very beautiful some day. Stephen paid her a great deal of attention; did you notice it?"

"Really? I didn't notice it," replied Camilla without enthusiasm. "But," she added, "I did notice you and Phil Berkley on the stairs. It didn't take you long, did it?"

Ailsa's color rose a trifle.

"We exchanged scarcely a dozen words," she observed sedately.

Camilla laughed.

"It didn't take you long," she repeated, "either of you. It was the swiftest case of fascination that I ever saw."

"You are absurd, Camilla."

"But isn't he perfectly fascinating? I think he is the most romantic-looking creature I ever saw. However," she added, folding her slender hands in resignation, "there is nothing else to him. He's accustomed to being adored; there's no heart left in him. I think it's dead."

Mrs. Paige stood looking up at her, trowel hanging loosely in her gloved hand.

"Did anything – kill it?" she asked carelessly.

"I don't think it ever lived very long. Anyway, there is something missing in the man; something blank in him. A girl's time is wasted in wondering what is going on behind those adorable eyes of his. Because there is

nothing going on; it's all on the surface—the charm, the man's engaging ways and manners—all surface. . . . I thought I'd better tell you, Ailsa."

"There was no necessity," said Ailsa calmly; "we scarcely exchanged a dozen words."

As she spoke she became aware of a shape behind the veranda windows—a man's upright figure passing and repassing. And now, at the open window, it suddenly emerged into full sunlight—a spare, sinewy, active gentleman of fifty, hair and mustache thickly white, a deep seam furrowing his forehead from the left ear to the roots of the hair above the right temple.

The most engaging of smiles parted the young widow's lips.

"Good morning, Captain Lent," she cried gayly. "You have neglected me dreadfully of late."

The Captain came to a rigid salute.

"April eleventh, eighteen-sixty-one!" he said with clean-cut precision. "Good morning, Mrs. Paige! How does your garden blow? Blow—blow, ye wintry winds! Ahem! How have the roses wintered—the rose of yesterday?"

"Oh, I don't know, sir; I am afraid my sister's roses have not wintered very well. I'm really a little worried about them."

"I am worried about nothing," said the Captain briskly. "God's will is doing night and day, Mrs. Paige. Has your brother-in-law gone to business?"

"Oh, yes. He and Stephen went at eight this morning."

"Is your sister-in-law well, God bless her?" shouted the Captain.

"Uncle, you mustn't shout," remonstrated Camilla gently.

"I'm only exercising my voice"; and to Ailsa:

"I neglect nothing, mental, physical, spiritual, that may be of the slightest advantage to my country in the hour when every respiration, every pulsebeat, every waking thought shall belong to the God and the Government which I again shall have the honor to serve."

He bowed stiffly from the waist to Ailsa, to his niece, turned right-about, and marched off into the house, his white mustache bristling, his hair on end.

"Oh, dear," sighed Camilla patiently; "isn't it disheartening?"

"He is a dear," said Ailsa; "I adore him."

"Yes—if he'd only sleep at night. I am very selfish, I suppose, to complain; he is so happy and so interested these days—only, I am wondering—if there ever should be a war—would it break his poor old heart if he couldn't go? They'll never let him, you know."

Ailsa looked up, troubled.

"You mean—because!" she said in a low voice. "Well, I don't consider him anything more than delightfully eccentric."

"Neither do I. But all this is worrying me ill. His heart is so entirely wrapped up in it; he writes a letter to Washington every day, and nobody ever replies. Ailsa, it almost terrifies me to think what might happen—and he be left out!"

"Nothing will happen. The world is too civilized, dear."

"But the papers talk about nothing else! And Uncle takes every paper in New York and Brooklyn, and he wants to have the editor of the Herald arrested and he is very anxious to hang the entire staff of the Daily News. It's all well enough to stand there laughing, but I believe there'll be a war, and then my troubles will begin!"

Ailsa, down on her haunches, dabbled thoughtfully in the soil, exploring the masses of matted spiderwort for new shoots.

Camilla looked on resignedly, her fingers playing with the loosened masses of her glossy black hair. Each was following in silence the idle drift of thought which led Camilla back to her birthday party.

"Twenty!" she said still more resignedly; "four years younger than you are, Ailsa Paige! Oh, dear—and here I am, absolutely unmarried. That is not a very maidenly thought, I suppose, is it, Ailsa?"

"You always were a romantic child," observed Ailsa, digging vigorously in the track of a vanishing May-beetle. But when she disinterred him her heart failed her and she let him scramble away.

"There! He'll probably chew up everything," she said. "What a sentimental goose I am!"

"The first trace of real sentiment I ever saw you display," began Camilla reflectively, "was the night of my party."

Ailsa dug with energy. "That is absurd! And not even funny."

"You were sentimental!"

"I—well, there is no use in answering you, Camilla."

"No, there isn't. I've seen women look at men, and men look back again—the way he did!"

"Dear, please don't say such things!"

"I'm going to say 'em," insisted Camilla with malicious satisfaction. "You've jeered at me because I'm tender-hearted about men; now my chance has come!"

"But it is too ridiculous to be funny," Ailsa began patiently; "there were scarcely a dozen words spoken——"

Camilla, delighted, shook her dark curls.

"You've said that before," she laughed. "Oh, you pretty minx!—you and your dozen words!"

Ailsa Paige arose in wrath and stretched out a warning arm among her leafless roses; but Camilla placed both hands on the fence top and leaned swiftly down from the veranda steps.

"Forgive me, dear," she said penitently; "I was only trying to torment you. Kiss me and make up. I know you too well to believe that you could care for a man of that kind."

Ailsa's face was very serious, but she lifted herself on tiptoe and they exchanged an amicable salute across the fence.

After a moment she said: "What did you mean by 'a man of that kind'?"

Camilla's shrug was expressive. "There are stories about him."

Ailsa looked thoughtfully into space. "Well, you won't say such things to me again about any man—will you, dear?"

"You never minded them before; you used to laugh."

"But this time," said Ailsa Paige, "it is not the least bit funny. We scarcely exchanged ——"

She checked herself, flushing with annoyance. Camilla, leaning on the garden fence, had suddenly buried her face in both arms. In feminine plumpness, when young, there is usually something left of the schoolgirl giggler.

The pretty widowed girl below remained disdainfully indifferent. She dug, she clipped, she explored, inhaling with little thrills the faint mounting odor of forest loam and sappy stems.

"I really must go home and start my own garden," she said, not noticing Camilla's mischief; "London Terrace will be green in another week."

"How long do you stay with the Craigs, Ailsa?"

*(Continued on Page 48)*

# SAND

## By FREDERICK R. BECHDOLT

ILLUSTRATED BY P. V. E. IVORY

THE Arizona Rangers was a picked body of peace officers, selected for that superlative degree of bravery that men call sand. The business of this company was to carry the statutes into places where there was no law, and to force their recognition at the hands of those who hitherto had laughed at them. The members did it in that Southwest land, where Apaches and cattle-wars and the baked desert itself had tried out every one until the very thieves had yawned in situations that spelled death. For eight years after 1900 they smoothed off the territory's rougher edges; they made man's law a mighty thing.

There were usually twenty-odd names on the company's roster; and the desert is wide in Arizona. Therefore the men worked nearly always against odds; and the odds came from a population that has made the region's name a synonym for hard-eyed, thin-lipped fearlessness. This shows that, in recruiting, the captains surely picked the choice ones from the crowd.

"He's as good as ten," was the standard toward which the captains aimed. To secure the nine-man ally with each new member of the band, they placed all candidates under surveillance; they demanded a long list of stern virtues which, in its entirety, amounted to temperance in words and repression in deeds. On that, they reasoned, was based this fine thing called sand.

In some instances the captains fell down. As a rule, however, they swore in such men as William Sparks. He was a quiet citizen, the sort who rolls his cigarettes unnoticed in a group. In time he rose to the rank of sergeant, which he held when he ran afoul of the Sheriff of Chiricahua.

The Sheriff was of the old type, the type whose names ring loud in Tombstone's lurid history; the iron men who, when the acrid smoke-wreaths lifted, filed the notches on their guns. He ran his county, and he ran it on the old theory—the theory of the pastoral days—that might was law because the statutes were remote.

That theory had come from necessity in a day when cattle-rustling had a dignity akin to border-raiding. In that day the law's machinery was simply an ally at the service of the strongest man. The cowtowns, holding as they did the bulk of the voting population, were usually tough. Many of the so-called cattle-wars on which elections hinged were but quarrels of their gamblers, saloonmen and stockthieves, in which the ranchers had to cast lots with one or the other faction in order to get protection when victory came. Sheriffs were leaders; their followers did pretty much as they pleased; while the henchmen of rival candidates avoided service of warrants or, at best, walked with circumspection.

On this theory, and in its day, the Sheriff of Chiricahua had fought his way to power among loud-sounding deeds of arms. Seated, he ruled the county; he was his own legislature and often his own court. When the years narrowed the ranges and brought more complicated conditions he hung to the tenets of yesterday. He stood fast in the way of progress.

The Rangers were bringing the law into other places. Cattle-rustling ceased to be a political privilege; shooting-up of towns became a misdemeanor, no matter whether the gunwielder was a republican or a democrat. Gambler and bandit went; the mists of other years slowly enwrapped them and made them fine to look upon. Carrying the statutes into Chiricahua, the Rangers found the Sheriff opposing the change. He still kept his following, and he continued to run the town. He protected his adherents even when these were wanted for felonies.

At first the opposition was widespread and vague, the Sheriff's followers against Rangers in general. Members of the company came to Chiricahua many times; now it was a horsethief, now a murderer, again a brawler, who departed with one of them. Often the Ranger went away alone, chagrined at failure that could always be traced to the tacit hindrance of the Sheriff. In time Sparks came to be the man who was most frequently detailed to the place. Gradually the Sheriff showed his attitude more openly. These two came at length into the position of antagonists; as issues do—it narrowed down to a man-to-man affair.

A score of circumstances helped to bring this about. Most potent among them was the element of personality; strong men, adherents of opposite beliefs that now clashed, the pair became, of themselves, pitted against each other. There was also the crowd's invariable desire to see a fight. Outsiders did their best to smooth the path toward the encounter; they came to look upon it as a certainty. Such was the situation when a cloudburst swept away a portion of the town and brought the issue to a head.

Half a hundred cabins went down with the turgid flood that night. A score of dwellers by the riverbank were drowned. The recession of the waters, as sudden almost as their coming, left the ravine bed strewn with wreckage and household goods. Then came the inevitable result of a mixed population in a community where law was not for all. There was much vandalism. A swarm of Mexican halfbreeds began pillaging the ruined cabins and plundering the dead.

In crises such as this, where the situation was beyond the control of local officers, the Ranger company had often acted. A call for help went out to them, and Sergeant Sparks was ordered to the place with a companion. They went at once. To the Sheriff, their advent was an invasion of his bailiwick, an interference with what he regarded as his rights, the climax of a series of annoyances. The time, he said, had come to see whether he or this man Sparks administered the law in Chiricahua.

The pair of Rangers arrived on the morning train, on the day following the disaster. They went straight from the depot to the water-swept ravine. Before noon they caught twelve Mexicans, some of them in the very act of robbery, others with damning evidence against them. They took the prisoners to the Chiricahua jail, then went back to the scene of devastation. They busied themselves in bringing order and in caring for the refugees and the sick. It was at this time, while he was picking his way among the heaps of flotsam that afternoon, that Sergeant Sparks learned of the Sheriff's declaration of hostility.

A word here from a friend and there a scowling threat from a member of the opposing faction gave him wind of coming trouble. But the Sergeant had his hands full in the ravine bed; he went on about his work, following the straight line along which he had started, nodding mute answer to a whispered warning, ignoring every sullen hint. Perhaps that contingency of overt opposition did not, even then, suggest itself to him as imminent; if it did, he let the future take care of itself. It was a long day, but evening followed it and passed, before he and his fellow Ranger sought their beds.

Morning was still young and they had been asleep but a few hours, when a pounding on the door awakened them. A man entered; he was one of the cowtown's law-abiding citizens, one of those who had looked upon the Rangers as

harbingers of longed-for conditions. His whole appearance denoted haste and excitement.

"Your greasers," he said breathlessly, "are gone. The Sheriff turned the whole bunch loose."

Now that the contingency had developed suddenly into a fact, Sergeant Sparks remained as taciturn as he had been before. He was too busy getting into his clothes to talk. When he had dressed he hurried to the Justice of the Peace before whom he had sworn out the warrants for his prisoners. The Justice was an old citizen and he had been elected on the Sheriff's ticket; but he was progressive in his ideas of administration of statute law. He liked the Rangers as an institution. He explained the situation to Sergeant Sparks.

"You see," he said, "the Sheriff looks at it that you're interfering. He says you've gone too strong here for a long time. I hear he's passed the word that he won't stand for you fellows any longer."

"Meaning?" the Sergeant asked.

"He ain't goin' to let those greasers come to trial. He's said so."

"I'll get them back again," said Sparks. "You can try them in the morning."

The Justice had grown old during Chiricahua's hectic youth. He knew the Sheriff by the Sheriff's acts. He shook his head. "That means trouble," he said. "As sure as I call court, it starts."

"I'll look out for my end," said Sparks. "I've got to go."

He went back to the hotel and told his posse of one how matters stood. Trouble, in the vernacular of old residents like the Justice of the Peace, spelled only one thing. The Sheriff's followers were many, and they included a goodly number whose trigger-fingers itched. The Ranger company was badly scattered; most of the members were in distant parts of the territory. There were, however, six who might be reached in time. The pair went to the railway depot and filed six telegrams.

Then they started in again to gather up the twelve Mexicans. It was not a hard task.

They found the majority of the escaped prisoners lounging in the town's streets. Evidently these felons deemed the jail a joke. Sparks was of the same mind; he took them to an empty box car on the siding by the depot and he locked them in. He left the other Ranger here as a guard while he himself went back to the Justice of the Peace.

"I got them," said Sergeant Sparks. "You c'n try them in the morning all right."

"The Sheriff," said the Justice of the Peace, "has just sent word to me that as sure as I call court on these men there'll be shooting. I don't want you to look at it that I'm not game, but ——"

"You go ahead," said Sergeant Sparks quietly. "I'll have these greasers on hand at nine o'clock. Your court'll be protected."

"That's all I'm lookin' for," the Justice said.

That night Sergeant Sparks and his companion smoked countless cigarettes in the lee of the box car. The desert wind played in minor keys upon the telegraph wires. Coyotes shrieked their weird songs at the yellow stars. The hours dragged slowly by, and the Sergeant slowly evolved his plan. Finally the wan dawn pushed the blanket of darkness from the Earth. With eyes all red from weariness the two sentinels greeted the sunrise. They saw the cowtown awaken; they watched the morning passenger train arrive. Six Rangers dropped from the dustclad coaches and joined them.

Sparks looked upon them with satisfaction, and with satisfaction saw their faces harden as the situation was explained to them. They were good men; and he needed good men indeed to carry out the thing he had in mind, the plan that had come to him in the night. When it first came his eyes had narrowed and his jaw had set; even now there remained—so that his followers saw it in his glance and heard it in his voice—a metallic quality. It made them wonder what his project might be.

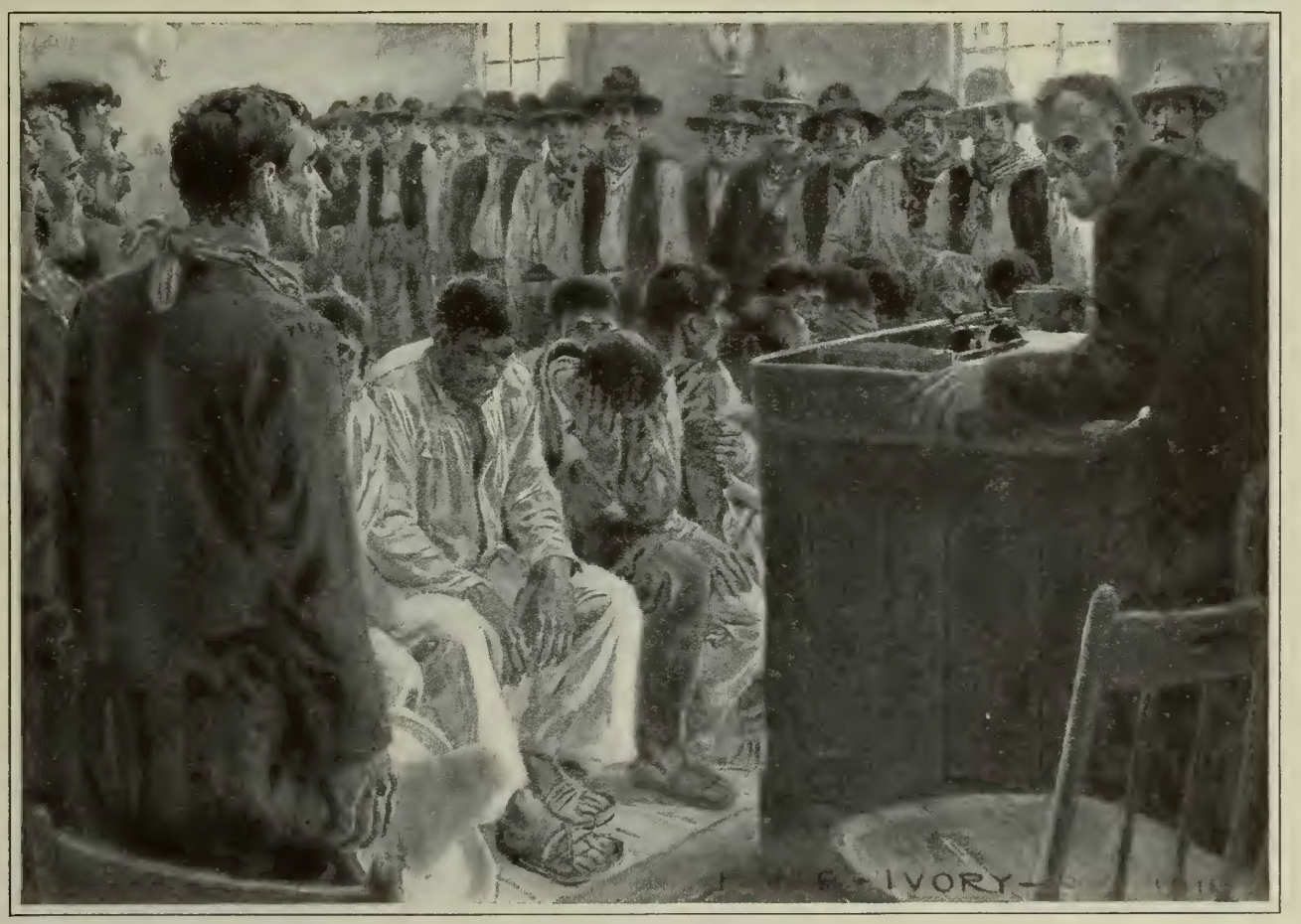
. . . . . .

The town was unusually quiet that morning; it was the quietude of a large excitement. The news of what had taken place had spread; the rumors of what would come were on every lip. The court was the center of anticipation. But no spectators went thither.

The hour of nine o'clock drew on. The Justice of the Peace came down the street alone. He entered the empty courtroom and went at once to his battered desk on its little platform. As he took his seat the street door opened.

A line of men filed in. One by one they came until there were sixteen of them. Every member of the line wore a long revolver in the holster of his loose-hung, cartridge-studded belt. They wore the pistols openly as men had worn them a few years before, as they themselves had carried them in those bygone days. They were the Sheriff of Chiricahua and fifteen followers. He had sworn them in as deputies an hour before; a hard-faced posse, and their faces were no harder than their deeds had been. Like their leader, these men had justly earned the reputations that went along with their big-handled weapons.

In silence and with a grimness of bearing that was louder than shouted threats, the sixteen walked across the room and took their places in a row along the wall. They faced the street door; their position commanded the entire place. They wore the look of men who will surely carry through what they have in hand. The court surveyed them from his elevated seat; and if he cursed the necessities that had combined to bring about this moment his face gave no sign.




"All Right. Go Ahead When You Want To"

The room had two doors: the one through which these men had entered from the street, and another behind the platform leading into an anteroom. The latter opened now. From beyond it came the sound of shuffling feet, as Sergeant Sparks appeared. He crossed the rostrum, and the twelve prisoners, guarded by seven Rangers, followed him until he halted by the row of seats before the Justice. He said a word in Spanish and the Mexicans sat down. A number of them were looking steadfastly at the floor; others turned their heads toward the Sheriff and his fifteen armed deputies.

The shuffling of feet ceased; the last prisoner was in his chair. The Sergeant went to the door whence they had come and locked it. From their places by the wall the sixteen watched him do this. Their eyes showed curiosity.

He came back to his Rangers and nodded to them. The eight of them went to the wall opposite the sixteen; they halted there. Through the grimness that hung upon his features like a mask the Sheriff of Chiricahua allowed to creep a single flicker of his admiration, as he bent his eyes upon that short line. It died; the mask resumed its heavy immobility.

The room was silent now. The court, leaning a little forward, motionless in his elevated seat. The row of dark-faced prisoners, cowering, heads bent. The two lines: sixteen men girt with their sagging pistol-belts; eight men whose coats bulged above their revolver-butts. A bare instant; the Sergeant left his place again.

In drill-like unison the eyes of the sixteen went toward him as he moved. They followed him; narrowed now, but expressionless, they hung upon him. He was walking toward the street door. With a deliberation in his pace which made the tenseness in the air more tense he went. His back was to them. He paused before the door. He fumbled in his pocket and brought forth a bunch of keys.

Again the masklike grimness lifted from the Sheriff's face. A flash of wonderment sprang forth; it vanished; but there remained, for a single moment afterward, a deep furrow between his brows. The Sergeant picked a key and locked the door.

He returned to his place in the Rangers' line. He turned his face toward the Justice of the Peace, and said quite steadily, as though it did not matter in the least, "All right. Go ahead when you want to."

None moved. The Sergeant and the Sheriff were looking at each other now. Their eyes met; it was like the embrace of two wrestlers.

The room was locked. And it was time to shoot. The Sheriff had shot many times before. Unhampered by imagination he had peered through the acrid mists where orange flashings leaped behind the lead. He knew that grim game well. He had not played it by such rules as this, but he was an iron man.

An iron man. So hard, that in this silence when a Mexican coughed suddenly he did not shift his eyes from the Sergeant's eyes. He stood with his fifteen good men. Eight men across the room from them. The court was looking down over the row of prisoners, upon the two leaders. He would call the case. And then ——

To shoot it out. The Sheriff had shot it out before. He knew the irrevocability of his right hand's first motion. He had tested it in the open. Always in the open. He had never run. But he could have run. Or the other could have run. Byways, side-alleys—he had never used them; he had never known before that he had needed them. This man across the room from him did not need them. The Sheriff's eyes never wavered from the Sergeant's eyes. He fought his battle with himself, within himself, as he stood there.

He had his pride, and pride is a mighty thing. An iron man, he struggled to proceed into the place that his imagination now pictured to him. There is a limit for the very good; beyond that hairline only the best may go. The furrow crept down between the Sheriff's brows. It deepened. A feeling of huge bewilderment passed over him; of wonder. His gaze wandered slowly to that locked door. The thing was beyond him.

He brought back his eyes to the Sergeant. His face tightened; his lips pressed close until they became a single line. He left his place and crossed the room to where the Sergeant stood. There was no sense of shame to show itself; he did not let his voice or his face betray his admiration. He simply told his limitations.

"This is going too strong for me," he said.

Then, from this other whom he had come to kill, he asked what he had now to ask.

"Give me that key," said he, "and we'll clear out."

When the last of the sixteen had filed into the street the Justice of the Peace sighed heavily and mopped his brow before he called the case.

The strange thing is that in recruiting the Arizona Rangers the captains quite frequently got men like this, every one of whom brought with him that nine-man ally, the quality of courage known as "sand"

# A CIRCUIT RIDER'S WIFE

## Some Stray Chapters From Her Experiences

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER EVERETT

He Discovered Brother Dunn Hopping About the Room in His Nightshirt

THE fact that I had a worldly mind was in some ways very fortunate for William. For, when all is said, this is the world we live in, not the Kingdom of Heaven. And while I never knew any man who understood the archangelic politics of the latter place better than he did, there were constantly occurring occasions down here on the earth, between his pulpit and the post-office, when this same New Jerusalem statecraft rendered him one of the most obtuse and stubborn men in creation. It was then that I used to feel like one of those cheerful, clever little dogs we sometimes see leading a blind man through a dangerously crowded thoroughfare. It was then only that I ever had the delightful sensation of filling the star rôle in the really great drama of life we were acting together. And it was usually a deliciously double rôle; for William never knew that he was led by anything but the voice of God and the peculiar Scripture-wisdom of the prophets; and the man of the world in the situation, who had to be corralled and brought back into the fold, rarely suspected, either, what was happening to him.

In regard to the latter I will say I think some very good people will be obliged to wait until they actually get into the Kingdom of Heaven before they experience the shine and illumination of a spiritual nature. I have seen many a one of this class on William's circuits, and they are about the most difficult saints of all to manage, because they can do what they conceive to be their duty and listen a lifetime to the Gospel without ever catching the least hint of its real significance. The strongest sermon William could preach on "Sell all your goods and follow Me" never induced a single rich man to do it. He was fortunate if such a man gave five dollars extra to foreign missions on the strength of the appeal.

The wonderful thing about William was that these facts never clouded his convictions or discouraged him. He had a faith over and above the vain pomps and show of this world. He wore clothes so old they glistened along every seam, and little thin white ties, and darned shirts, and he was forever stinting himself further for the sake of some collection to which he wanted to contribute. And all these made him an embarrassingly impressive figure when he looked out over the gewgaws of his Sunday congregation, calling upon them to sell all their goods to feed the poor, or to lay down their lives for Him, or to put on the whole armor of God and present their bodies a living sacrifice, which was their reasonable service. Maybe if he had especial "liberty" in his delivery there would be a lively response of "Amens" from the brethren. Maybe some old, black-bonneted sister would slap her hands and shout a little on the side, but nobody ever really did the things he told them to do. If they had, William alone could have revolutionized human society in the course of his ministry. But he was never aware of his failure. He was like a man holden in a heavenly vision, a man supping in one long dream upon the milk and honey of far-off Canaan.

For this reason, as I have said, he sometimes blundered in the world about him, and I had to come to the rescue.

We were stationed at Arkville, a small village with two country churches attached to make up the circuit, when this incident happened which will serve to illustrate what I mean. The congregation was composed for the most part of men and women who worked in a large factory, and of one rich man who owned it. He was that most ferocious thing in human shape, a just man, with a thimble-headed soul, a narrow mind and a talent for making money. He had built the church at Arkville and he paid nearly all the assessments. He was a despot, with a reputation among his employees of having mercy upon whom he would have mercy. William never understood him. He regarded Brother Sears as a being remarkably generous and capable of growing in grace. Sears accordingly flattered and honored the church with his presence every Sunday during the first six months of William's ministry.

But there came a dreadful Sabbath when William read for his New Testament lesson the story of Dives' extraordinary prosperity in this world, dwelt with significant and sympathetic inflection upon the needy condition of Lazarus lying neglected outside his gate, afflicted with sores. Then he capped the climax, after their singing of the second hymn, by declaiming, in a deep, sonorous, judgment-trumpet voice:

"And Dives, being in torment, lifted up his eyes to Abraham in Heaven and begged for a drop of water to cool his parched tongue."

It was a tropical text and William preached a burning sermon from it. As he grew older the vision of hell seemed to fade and he laid the scenes of his discourses nearer and nearer the fragrant outskirts of Heaven; but he was in his hardy old age at this time, and occasionally took a severely good man's obtuse pleasure in picturing the penitentiary pangs of sinners. It springs from the same spirit observable in other good and refined people who like to discuss and witness horrors.

I shall always retain a vivid memory of that service—William standing in the little yellow pine box-pulpit, with his long, gray beard spread over his breast, and his blue eyes shadowed with his dark thoughts of Dives' torment. I can still see, distinctly enough to count them, the rows of sallow-faced men and women with their hacking concert cough, casting looks of livid venom at Sears sitting by the open window on the front bench, a great, red-jowled man who was regarding the figure in the pulpit with such a blaze of fury one might have inferred that he had already swallowed a shovelful of live coals. Nevertheless, William went on like an inspired conflagration. There proceeded from his lips a sulphurous smoke of damaging words, with Dives' face appearing and reappearing in the haze in a manner that was frightfully realistic. I longed to leap to my feet and exclaim:

"William, stop! You are hurting Brother Sears' feelings and appealing to the worst passions in the rest of your congregation!"

But it was too late. Suddenly Sears arose and strode out of the house. A few moments afterward William closed, with a few leaping-flame sentences, and sat down, so much carried away with the sincerity of his own performance that he had not even noticed Sears' departure.

When he discovered the sensation he had created and the enormity of his chief steward's indignation he was far from repentant. He simply withdrew and devoted an extra hour a day to special prayer for Brother Sears. It was no use to advise him that he might as well cut off the electric current and then try to turn on the light as to pray for a man like Sears. He had a faith in prayer that no mere reasoning could obstruct or circumvent. And the nearer I come to the great answer to all prayers the more I am convinced that he was right. But in those days I almost suspected William of cheating in the claims he made for the efficacy of prayer. Thus, in the case of Brother Sears, to all appearances it was I who brought about a reconciliation by readjusting one of the little short-circuits of his perverse nature.

He was a man who loved to excel his fellow-man, even in the smallest things. He not only felt a first-place prominence in the little society of the village, but he also strove to surpass the least person in it if there was any point of competition between them. It would have been a source of mortification to him if the shoemaker had grown a larger turnip than he had grown.

William and I were walking by his garden one day, after he had sulked for a month, and saw him standing in the midst of it with the lordly air of a small Almighty. William would have passed with a sorrowful bow, but I hailed him: "Good afternoon, Brother Sears! You have a beautiful garden, but I believe our pole beans are two inches taller than yours on the cornstalk."

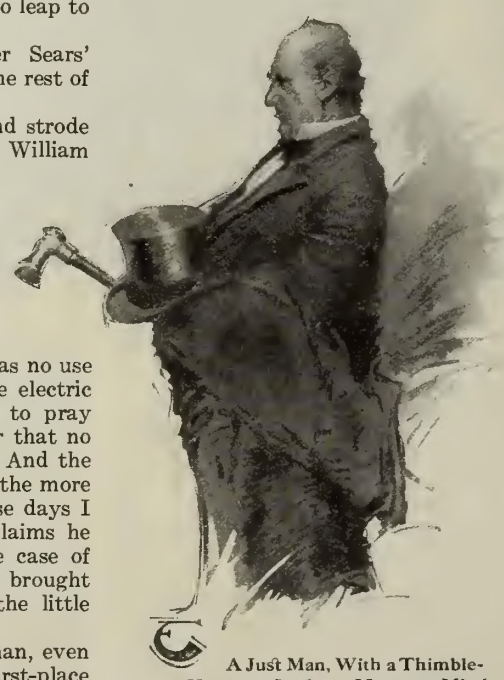
He was all competitive animation at once, measured the curling height of his tallest bean vine, and insisted upon coming home with us to measure ours, which, thank Heavens, were four inches shorter!

He was so elated over this victory that he apparently forgave William on the spot for his Dives sermon, and handed him ten dollars on quarterage to indicate the return of his good will!

"Mary," said William, staring down happily at the crisp bill in his hand as Sears disappeared, "never say again that the Lord does not answer prayer!"

For a moment I felt a flash of resentment. Who was it that had had the courage to beard Sears in his own garden? Who had tolled him all the way across town into our garden to measure our beanstalk? Who was it that had thought up this method of natural reconciliation, anyhow? Not William, walking beside us in sad, New Testament silence. Then, suddenly, my crest fell. After all, I was merely the chosen instrument by which William's prayers for Sears had been answered. To his faith we owed this reaction of grace—not to me, who had not uttered a single petition for the old man.

From time to time William had queer experiences with the political element in his churches. This is composed, usually, not of bad men but of men who have Democratic or Republican immortalities. Apt as not, the leading steward would be the manager of the political machine in that particular community. There was Brother Miller, for example, at Hartsville, a splendid, square-looking man, with a strong face, a still eye, and an impeccable testimony at experience meetings. He held up William's hands for two years without blinking, and professed the greatest benefits from his sermons. No man could pray a more open-faced, self-respecting prayer, and not one was more conscientious in the discharge of his duties to the church and the pastor. It never seemed to disturb him that the portion of the community which was opposed to the "machine" that elected everything from the village coroner to the representative, regarded him as the most debauched and unscrupulous politician in that part of the state. He simply accepted this as one of his crosses, bore it bravely, and went on perfecting his remarkably perfect methods for excluding all voters who did not vote for his candidate. He would confide in William sundry temptations he had, enlisting his sympathy and admiration because of the struggle he professed to have in regard to strong drink, although he never actually touched intoxicants; but never once did he mention or admit his real besetting sin. He was willing to repent of everything else, but not of his politics. And St. Paul himself could not have dragged him across the Democratic party line in that county, not even if he had shown him the open doors of Heaven.



A Just Man, With a Thimble-Headed Soul, a Narrow Mind and a Talent for Making Money

I do not know what is to become of such Christians. The country is full of them, and if they cause as many panics and slumps and anxieties in the next world as they do in this one we shall have a lot more trouble there than we have been led to believe from reading Revelation.

I have had little to say about the joy of William, although he was one of the most joyful men I have ever known. The reason is, I never understood it. His joy was not natural like mine, in so far as I had any; it was supernatural, and not at all dependent upon the actual visible circumstance about him. It used to frighten me sometimes to face the last month before Quarterly

Conference with only two dollars, half a sack of flour and the hock-end of a ham. But then it was that William rose to the heights of a strange and almost exasperating cheerfulness. He could see more plainly where he was going. Our extremity gave him an opportunity to trust more in the miracles of Providence, and that afforded him the greatest pleasure. He was never weary of putting his faith to the test. He was like a strong, wrestling Jacob, going about looking for new angels to conquer. And I am bound to confess that his Lord never really failed him, although He sometimes came within five minutes of doing so.

One Sabbath, I remember, he had an appointment at a church ten miles distant where he was to begin a protracted meeting. At the last moment his horse went lame. It so happened that, some weeks previous, William had overreached himself in a horse trade. He had swapped an irritable crop-eared mare for a very handsome animal which proved to have gravel in one of his forefeet. This horse would lay his tail over the dashboard and travel like inspiration for days at a time, up and down the long country roads; then suddenly, if there was a hurried message to go somewhere to comfort a dying man or to preach his funeral sermon, the creature would begin to limp as if he never expected to use but three legs again. I believe William suspected the devil had something to do with this diabolical gravel, for he never gave way to impatience as a natural man would have done in such a predicament. Upon the occasion I have mentioned he helped the old hypocrite back into the stable with a mildness that exasperated me as I watched with my hat on from the window, for it was already past the time when we should have started.

"Silas is too lame to travel today," said William a moment later, as he entered the kitchen.

"But what will you do, William?" I exclaimed, provoked in spite of myself at his serenity. "It will be dreadful if you miss your appointment at the beginning of the meeting."

"I can do nothing but pray. Mine is the Lord's work. Doubtless He will provide a way for me to get to it," he answered, withdrawing into the parlor and closing the door after him.

I knew that meant wrestling with one of the traveling angels, and held my tongue, but the natural temper in my blood was not so easily controlled. I flopped down in the chair, laid my head upon the window-sill and yielded to tears. I was far along in my middle years then, but never to the end did I get accustomed to the stubbornness of William's faith. I always wanted to do something literal and effective myself in the emergency. I seemed to be made so that I couldn't look to God for help until I had worn myself out.

While I sat there, in a sort of tearful rage with William and the horse, there was a sound of wheels at the front gate. I arose, hastily wiping my eyes, and was just in time to face William's smiling countenance in the doorway.

"Mary, Sister Spindle is not well, and Brother Spindle has driven by to offer us seats in his carriage."

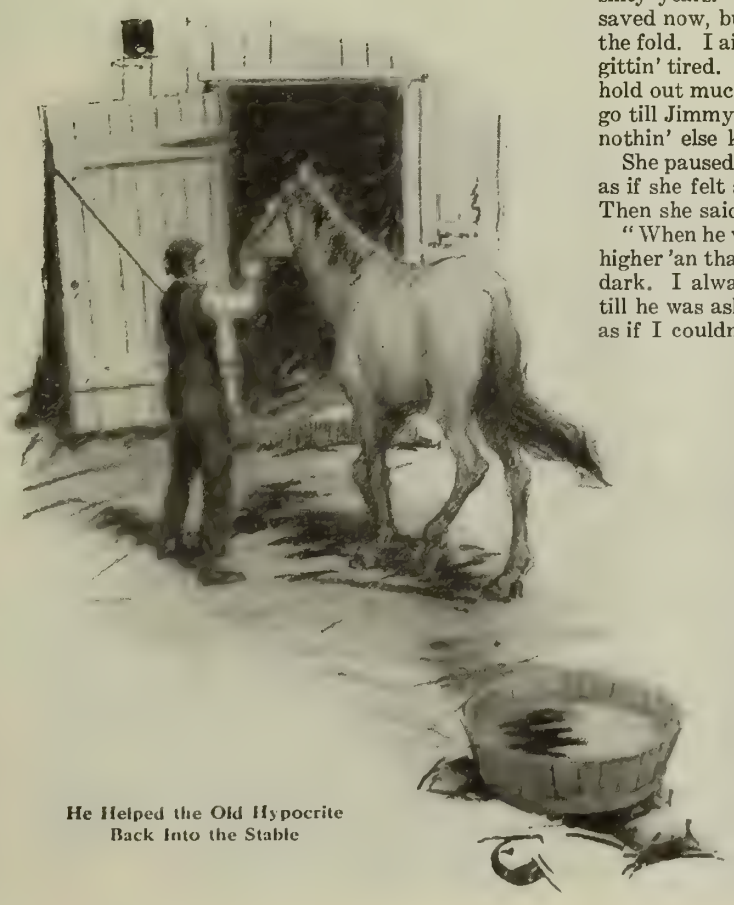
Brother Spindle was the only man in the community who owned a carriage and horses.

I flung my arms around William's neck and whispered:

"Forgive me, William; I never can get used to it that the Lord is illogically and incredibly good to you. But I am glad to tag along after you in His mercies."

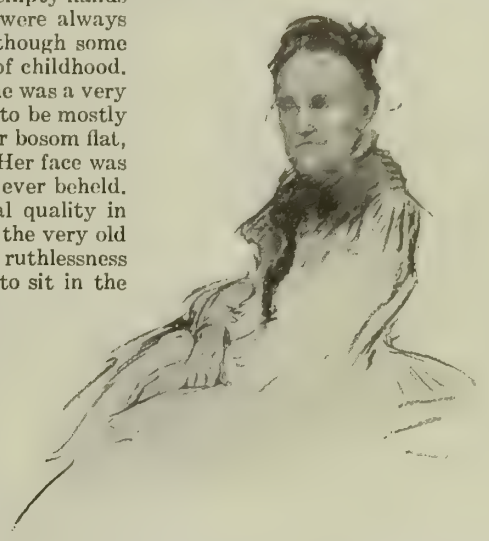
He had a gentle way of enjoying these triumphs over me. He would cast the blue beam of his eye humorously over me, and then kiss me as if I were still young and beautiful.

Never, in all our married life, did he get the best of me in an argument. His arguing faculty was not highly developed. It was easier to silence him than to stir him into opposing speech. But whenever he entered the sacred parsonage parlor and closed the door after him I always knew he would have the best of me one way or another when he came out; and if he did not get the best of Heaven it was because he did not know what else to ask for.



He Helped the Old Hypocrite Back Into the Stable

But it was not this faith in prayer that confused me most: it was the answers that William, and others like him, received to their prayers. We never went to any church where there was not at least one man or woman who knew, actually knew, how to reach his or her empty hands up to God and get them filled. And they were always people of rare dignity in the community, although some of them mentally bordered on the simplicity of childhood. I recall in this connection Sister Carleton. She was a very old woman who seemed to have settled down to be mostly below her waist. Her shoulders were thin, her bosom flat, but she widened out in the hips amazingly. Her face was the most beautifully wrinkled countenance I ever beheld. Every line seemed to enhance some celestial quality in her expression. And she had the dim look of the very old after they begin to recede spiritually from the ruthlessness of mere realities. She had palsy, and used to sit in the amen corner of the church at Eureka, gently, incessantly wagging her lovely old head beneath a little black horseshoe bonnet that was tied under her chin with long black ribbons. Sabbath after Sabbath, year after year, she was always to be seen there, sweetly abstracted like an old saint in a dream. She had one thought, one purpose left in life. This was to live to see all of her "boys saved." These were three middle-aged men, all of whom had been wild in their youth. Her one connection now with the church was expressed not by any personal interest in the preacher or his sermons but in this thought for her children. Some time during every experience-meeting we always knew that Sister Carleton would rise tremblingly to her feet, steady herself with both hands on the bench in front of her, look about her vaguely, and ask the prayers of "all Christian people" that her boys might repent and be saved from their sins. They were already excellent and prosperous citizens and remarkable for their devotion to her, but she was not the woman to mince matters. They had not been converted; therefore, she prayed for them as if they were still dead in their trespasses and sins.



And She Had the Dim Look of the Very Old After They Begin to Recede Spiritually From the Ruthlessness of Mere Realities

The first year of William's ministry in this place the two younger sons were converted and joined the church, but the oldest still "held out," as the saying was; in fact, he stayed out of the church literally, never coming to any service.

The next year Sister Carleton had grown very feeble, but at a consecration meeting held one afternoon before the regular revival service at night she appeared as usual. Before the closing hymn she arose, clasped her old hands over the back of the bench in front of her, and made her last petition for the "prayers of all Christian people."

"Brother Thompson," she concluded, in the deep, raucous voice of extreme age, "I have prayed for my youngest boy fifty years, and for my second boy fifty-two years, and for my oldest son nearly sixty years. The two youngest air saved now, but t'other is still out of the fold. I ain't losin' faith, but I'm gittin' tired. Seems as if I couldn't hold out much longer. But I can't go till Jimmy is saved. I ain't got nothin' else keepin' me but that."

She paused and looked about her as if she felt a memory brush past. Then she said.

"When he was jest a little one, no higher 'an that, he was afeerd of the dark. I always had to set by him till he was asleep. And now, seems as if I couldn't leave him for good out there in the dark. I want to ast you to pray not that he may be converted but that he may be converted this very night. I ain't got time to wait no longer; seems as if I'm jest obliged to git still and rest soon."

She sank back upon the bench, and I wondered what William would do. I never was prepared for the audacity of his faith. But that was one kind of dare he never took.

"Sister Carleton," he replied, "I feel that your prayer will be answered. I've got the faith to believe your son will come here tonight and be saved from his sins."

I wished that he had not been so definite. I felt that it would have been wiser to give some general expression of hope. I feared the effects upon the rest of the congregation and upon William when we returned for the night service and James Carleton should not be there even; and I was sure he would not be. I reckon, first and last, I must have halved the strength of William's faith by my lack of faith.

The truth is so bold, so absurd from the present worldly point of view, that I almost hesitate to write it here. James Carleton was present at the evening service. He was the first man to reach the altar when the invitation to penitents was given. He was soundly converted, and lived a changed life from that hour.

The next night Sister Carleton was absent from her accustomed place for the first time in nearly forty years. A month later she passed away, having already received the joy of her reward in the salvation of her children.

I have noticed that rich people do not have this kind of faith in prayer. They want, as a rule, only those things that can be bought with money, and they buy them. I have never seen a rich father nearly so anxious for the salvation of his children as he was for their success in the world. And the same thing has been my observation in regard to rich mothers. Sometimes they pray for their sons and daughters, but they do not often mean what they pray, and God knows it, for He never horrifies one of them by answering her prayer.

I can never forget Brother I's prayers. Although he was modest and retiring to the point of shyness he was one of the few members in the church at Celestial Bells who could be depended upon to lead in prayer. This was frequently William's experience. Oftener than not, the brother who could slap him on the back or sing a bass in the choir that made the chandeliers rattle would turn pale and fall into a panic if he was called on to pray. Somehow, one got the notion that he felt his voice would not carry in that direction. But Brother I could open his heart at once in prayer, and do it so naturally that every one of us felt that we were ourselves uttering the same prayer. He never ornamented his petitions with any high-sounding phrases. He was not so much a man carrying on in a loud voice before his Maker as he was a little boy with a sore toe, and troubles appertaining to his littleness and inexperience and faults and forgetfulness, all of which he let out with the emotion of a child to his father, and with such reality of detail that the whole congregation accompanied him with his lamentations and regrets. Whenever I lifted my head after one of Brother I's prayers I felt better, like a child who has taken some great Elder Person into its confidence.

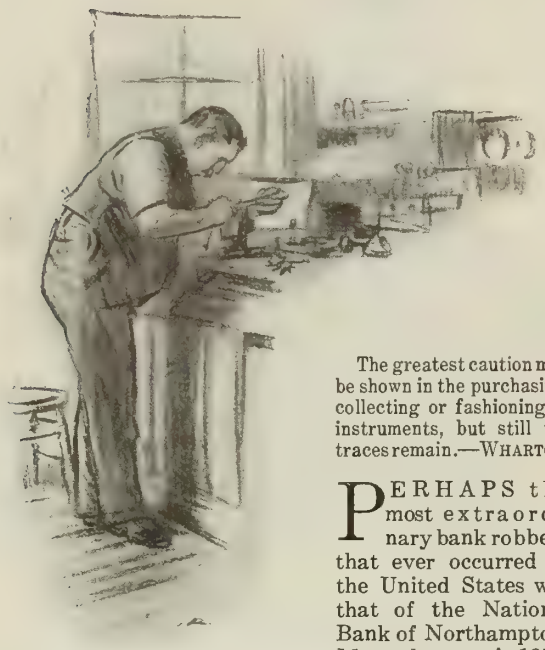
But while I am on this subject of prayer I must not forget an incident connected with Brother A. He was the most belligerent-looking peaceful man I ever saw. His brows were black and so thick they amounted to whiskers above his large pale-blue eyes. He wore a military mustache of the same color and preferred to talk through his teeth. And aside from being very prosperous and a good friend, his distinction was that he knew how to do the will of his Father with as much directness and dispatch as if it had been an ordinary business proposition. If William wanted the church moved off of a side street in a hollow he was the man who could drag it a quarter of a mile and set it on a hill, yoked up, of course, with as many other stewards as he could get. If there was anything to be done he could do it, and in the right spirit. But he was one of God's dumb saints. He had faith and he had works, but he couldn't pray—that is, not in public. This led to the incident to which I have already referred. We had just come to Celestial Bells, and seeing Brother A so active, like a pillar of cloud and fire, in the church, we did not suspect his other-world muteness. William was closing his first Sunday-night service. The congregation was large and in the front midst of it, Brother A. Immediately behind him sat Brother B, a fluent and enthusiastic steward, who is at ease everywhere, even on all fours, before the mercy-seat of Heaven. I was in the amen corner, as usual, because it is only from this vantage

(Concluded on Page 42)

# MYSTERIES OF THE LAW

## The Bit of Paper—By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



On His Return to New York Duplicate Keys Were Made

The greatest caution may be shown in the purchasing, collecting or fashioning of instruments, but still the traces remain.—WHARTON.

PERHAPS the most extraordinary bank robbery that ever occurred in the United States was that of the National Bank of Northampton, Massachusetts, in 1876. (Commonwealth vs. Robert Scott, 123 Mass. 222.)

This institution had at this time a capital of four hundred thousand dollars and a surplus three-fourths as large.* Its stock was selling in the market at one hundred and sixty dollars a share. Great precaution had been taken in the construction of the edifice in which the bank was housed. Inside the massive bank building was a solid vault. To unlock the outer door of the vault several keys were required, and these keys were at first distributed among as many of the bank officers. Inside of the vault were two inner doors, each with its combination of four sets of figures; there was a new and solid safe with double doors, each also with its combination of four figures. In addition to all this precaution a watchman stationed within the bank kept guard until four o'clock each morning. Large special deposits in addition to the moneys of the bank were placed in these vaults.

### How the Vaults Were Guarded

THIS was considered a great bank for its time. Its equipment was then the most modern to be had. It was managed with care and ability, and all these advantages went to creating the impression that it was a place of absolute security. It was even a matter of boast among the directors that this bank, while others might at times be in peril, was absolutely safe against either the dishonest design of its employees or the assault of thieves. The exact, scrupulous business methods insured it against danger from within; and the massive structure of its building, together with its elaborate, up-to-date mechanical appliances, secured it from danger without.

It seemed to the directors of this bank beyond all probability that human ingenuity could invent a method of looting its vaults. It was not likely that any gang of thieves would be able successfully to overcome all the respective obstacles which lay between them and the treasure which the bank contained. (1) The bank building itself must be forced and entered. (2) The watchman must be overpowered. When these two things had been accomplished the thieves would be but a little distance on their way. The door of the solid vault must be opened; now, to open this door required the presence of all of the keys, and as each of these keys was in the hands of an official of the bank it would seem that they must all either be stolen or all the officials of the bank assembled before this vault could be opened. Even when this improbable thing was accomplished the funds of the bank were not yet reached. If the outer door of the bank, guarded thus with elaborate precaution, should by some miracle be opened there remained within the vault two inner doors, each with the combination lock involving four sets of figures; these combinations must be discovered and these doors opened. And, finally, if this were accomplished those entering the vault would find within it, and guarding the funds of the bank, a new solid safe with double doors, also with its combination of four figures.

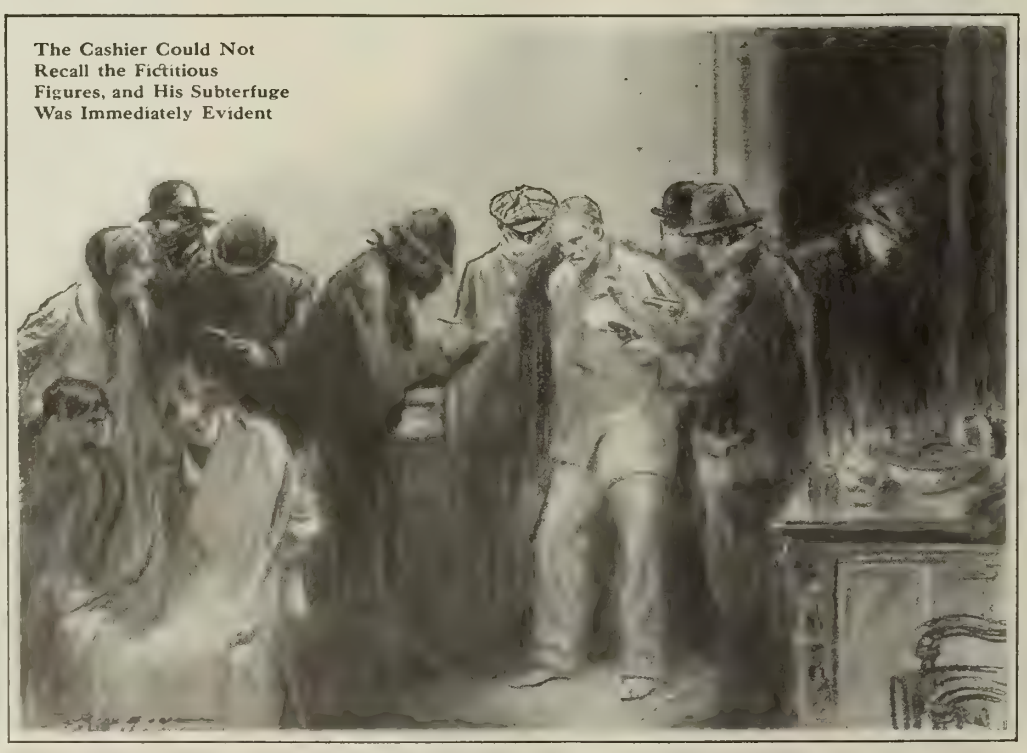
It is true that today, with the great vaults, elaborate time locks and complex, massive, ingenious burglar appliances to be found in the modern banking-house, the equipment of the National Bank of Northampton may seem primitive. But it must be remembered that precautions taken for safety in all human affairs develop only in proportion with the growth of the methods by which they are assailed. The illustration lies in the development of armor plate as against the development of the big gun.

The ingenuity of society in protecting itself seems at all times to equal the ingenuity of the criminal in attacking it. If either of these things were at any time out of proportion, society would either be completely protected or it would be utterly looted. It must, therefore, be remembered that to attack the protective appliances of the National Bank of Northampton in 1876 was, at that time, as tremendous an undertaking as it would be today to attack the protective appliances of the modern trust company.

It will now appear that those who would consider an attack on this institution would, of necessity, be persons of great ingenuity; they would seem to be men who brought to bear, in their attacks on human society, intelligence equaling that which other men brought to bear in their efforts to safeguard human society; in other words, there would be intelligence and ingenuity on the side of crime equal to the intelligence and ingenuity on the side of law and order. This must be true if all the methods of which human ingenuity at that time could avail itself, in order to make a banking institution burglar-proof, were to be assailed.

If, then, this bank was assailed, its protective measures overcome, and the vaults of its innermost safe rifled, there was here at work an intelligence of the highest order, one not likely to make mistakes, one certain to take every precaution—an Ishmaelite, head and shoulders above his fellows.

It ought to be a sort of test case, then; if this intelligence, in spite of all that it could do, left behind it a memorial, overlooked something, failed to foresee something, left its mark in spite of itself, how could a lesser intelligence ever hope to succeed where it had failed?



The Cashier Could Not Recall the Fictitious Figures, and His Subterfuge Was Immediately Evident

About one o'clock on the morning of the twenty-sixth of January, 1876, several persons gathered, masked, in front of Cashier Whittlesey's house. The house was almost a mile away from the bank, and within it resided seven persons; the front door was opened by turning the key with nippers, and the masked men entered. All of the seven inmates, consisting of Cashier Whittlesey, his wife, another married pair, two ladies and a servant, were awakened, bound and placed under guard.

So tremendous an undertaking as the capture of seven persons at one onslaught, at the first step, indicated that the person in charge of these criminals was no ordinary man.

The leader of this gang now took charge of Cashier Whittlesey; he was ordered at the point of a pistol to surrender the combination of the vault and safe.

The cashier was a person of courage and resolution. He resorted to a subterfuge which, under ordinary circumstances, with ordinary criminals, would have succeeded. They could not carry him bound and gagged through the streets of the town; of this he was perfectly aware. He was not terrorized; retained perfect control of his faculties; and endeavored to protect the bank by his ingenuity when it was no longer possible for him to protect it in any other manner. He gave the robbers a false set of combinations.

### The Cashier's Ruse

IT SEEMED to him that, in order for the robbers to demonstrate that these combinations were not the correct ones, they would be compelled to go to the bank and by actual trial determine whether or not the locks of the vault and safe would respond to them. This meant time and a double jeopardy to his assailants—a long trip through the streets to the bank and the return to him. He was a man of courage; he was aware of what would happen to him when his assailants should return, if they were able so to do after having discovered that he had deceived them; but there was a great chance that they would not be able to return.

The intelligence that planned this great undertaking was not to be outwitted; it arose here strikingly superior to the intelligence of the cashier. The test which the leader of this gang had ready for the combinations which the cashier had given him is but another evidence of the great ingenuity which he possessed. It would have wasted precious time to go from the cashier's house to the bank to test the combinations which he gave, and to take Whittlesey through the open streets was to risk the success of the whole scheme.

When the cashier began to give the combinations one of the masked leaders of the gang stood before him and took down the numbers upon a piece of paper. Whittlesey, observing this, naturally assumed that the man was writing them down in order to have them correctly before him when he endeavored to open the locks; but not so. When the cashier had finished with his fictitious figures the masked man suddenly called upon him to repeat them; the cashier could not recall the fictitious figures, and his subterfuge was immediately evident.

Having been deceived, the masked assailants resorted to torture; they knew perfectly well that no man could, on the spur of the moment, give four combinations of four figures each, and afterward recite each of them in their order, unless they were correct or unless he had prepared himself beforehand with parallel fictitious combinations, which was not at all likely. Under the torture which they inflicted upon Whittlesey, in the extremity of pain and the immediate presence of certain death, he finally gave them the real combinations.

The six persons, Whittlesey included, were kept gagged and imprisoned in the house from about one o'clock in the morning until four o'clock, at which time the watchman usually left the

*Statement, W. & S., M. J., Vol. 1, p. 762.

bank. It was evident, then, that these persons knew the hour at which the watchman left the bank and intended to hazard the peril of entering it after four o'clock in the morning. At this hour, while one part of the gang remained on guard over the captives, the other left the house with the combinations which the cashier had given them.

It is not certain that the cashier, even in the extremity of his peril, would have given his assailants the correct combinations had he not known that there stood between this gang and the bank's treasure the great door of the solid vault, which required the assembling of the several keys to unlock. He believed that he had delayed the gang for a considerable time; it was now almost morning, and by the time they had entered the building and discovered that the door of the vault stood between them and the locks to which he had given the combinations it would be too late for them to return, and the robbery would be prevented.

They had either forgotten that the door of this vault required keys, doubtless moving with the idea that there was but one door to the vault, and that it was secured by two of these combinations, or else they were planning to blow open the outer door of the vault. If the cashier were correct in the first of these conclusions the gang was completely outwitted; if he were correct in the second there was before them a labor requiring considerable time and patience.

It was nearly morning; they would hardly have time to accomplish all the details which the forcing of the vault by gunpowder would require. In either event the robbery was probably prevented. At any rate, with his life at stake on the one side, and probably the lives of all the others in his house, and with these two chances on the other side, hardly any man would have hesitated to do what this cashier did.

### A Surprise for the Directors

A SHORT time after a part of the masked gang had left Whittlesey's bouse some one returned and gave a signal, and those in the house departed. The brief time whicb had elapsed convinced the cashier that the attempted robbery had been futile, that there had not been enough time, and that the attempt was abandoned.

When he was released he hurried to the bank and found there what he had expected. The building had been entered after the watchman had gone. He burried to the vault; there his conclusions were verified: the vault door was securely locked.

The cashier was elated; his shrewd conjecture had been correct. All tbe precautions taken by the robbers had availed tbem nothing. They had forgotten that this door was locked with keys, and he had delayed them with his subterfuge until it was too late for them to undertake to force the door.

The story of the attempted robbery had spread through the town; persons hastened to the bank; the cashier's ingenuity and courage were applauded. He became, on the instant, a sort of hero. Proud of baving foiled these assailants and elated that they had so signally failed, he hurriedly assembled the other officers of the bank who held the several keys to the vault door. They came; the keys were safely in tbeir possession; they had seen no robber; met no masked gang; experienced no attempt to secure tbe key wbich each of them possessed.

Proud of tbis foresight whicb had thrown a double security around the funds of the bank—namely, a door to be opened only with a number of keys, and doors and safes witbin to be opened only with combinations—they approached the vault to open it for the day's business. The directors had been of the opinion, when they had put in the equipment, that it was not safe to depend entirely upon the combination locks; these combinations might be discovered or wrested from the one who knew them. In that event the other door requiring keys would protect the bank; or, on the other hand, if the keys were assembled the combination locks within would protect the bank.

When they opened the vault door they were puzzled with what they found. The inner doors of the vault were closed, but the dials on them had been wrenched off. They were now profoundly alarmed; how could the dials be wrenched off the inner doors unless the outer door had been opened? A hope presented itself: the outer door had been opened, the inner doors had not, else why should they stand locked with the dials torn off?

The apparent explanation was that, although the cashier had called out the right combinations, his assailants had made a mistake in writing down the figures of the combinations of the two inner doors of the vault, and when trying these combinations containing the error they could not open the doors and, in their anger, had wrenched off the dials.

The Treasurer Was Lying in the Vault, Apparently Dazed and Weak

The officials were appalled at the mystery surrounding the method by which the outer door had been opened. The keys were safely in their possession. How could the door have been opened? But the greater questions—had the inner doors of the vault resisted?—had the robbers been unable to go any farther?—overcame every other inquiry, and they set about opening these doors. This was an extremely difficult thing and required time. The dials were gone and they could not open the door with the combination lock; it was necessary to force the door. This, after a great deal of difficulty, they finally accomplished.

Wben this had been done they found to their amazement the inner safe standing with its door closed and the dial wrenched off.

The hope which had sustained them now departed. It was certain that those who had assailed the bank had successfully entered through three protective appliances, and that the closing of the doors of the inner vault and safe, and the removal of the dials, were simply for the purpose of delaying the bank in its efforts to ascertain wbether or not it had suffered any harm.

Tbey forced the door of the safe and found that which they had expected: the bank had been looted. Securities worth a million and a quarter of dollars and all the cash of the bank bad been taken away. Of these securities eight hundred and eigbty-eight thousand dollars were in coupon and registered bonds, three hundred thousand dollars in stocks, and twelve thousand dollars in bankbills. Of the bonds, thirty-five thousand dollars were in Government coupon bonds, securities easily negotiable.

They found no trace or clew of the robbers, either at Whittlesey's house or in the bank, except that in the vault a mask was picked up. But this mask, carelessly dropped, was not the sort of one wbich apparently could give any clew worth while. It had not been purchased, as it was not a manufactured article; it was merely a temporary affair made out of a piece of material such as is used in men's undergarments of a common and cheap variety, to be purchased anywhere.

### The Clue in the Schoolhouse Loft

THE entire country was thrilled and appalled at the success of this robbery. The banks of America were put in fear. Few banks throughout the whole United States were better equipped with burglar-proof devices than the National Bank of Northampton. If these devices could be thus easily gone through, what protection had any bank?

Moreover, the worst feature of it was that there was abroad in the country a gang of bank robbers led by some person of extraordinary skill and ability—skill and ability not usually to be found among criminals. The ingenuity with wbich the robbery had been accomplished not only demonstrated this, but the greater ingenuity which had guided these criminals so cunningly that they left no trace behind them likewise testified to it.

While the country was stunned and the mystery impenetrable, nevertbeless, with all his ability, the man who planned this robbery, having thrust his hand forcibly into the complex web of human events, left behind him a broken thread-end.

In a schoolhouse not far from Northampton there was found, as by accident, a fragment of wrapping-paper. It was an ordinary piece of wrapping-paper, such as the old-fashioned country storekeeper was accustomed to use, and, as was the custom, on it was printed the storekeeper's advertisement: "Hall & Prew."

In the country little things are discussed; moreover, there is attached to the schoolhouse something of that inviolable character which belongs to churches. If there was a piece of wrapping-paper in the schoolhouse some one had been there; some one had carried there an article wrapped in it. But who had been in the schoolhouse? In the country all persons are known, their habits are known, the little details of their daily life are known. The thing was discussed. Finally, a search of the schoolhouse was made and, in the loft, with some crumbs of bread, was found a man's undergarment from which a portion had been cut. The garment and the piece of wrapping-paper were carried to the storekeeper at Springfield. He identified the garment as one he had sold to some men some time before, and

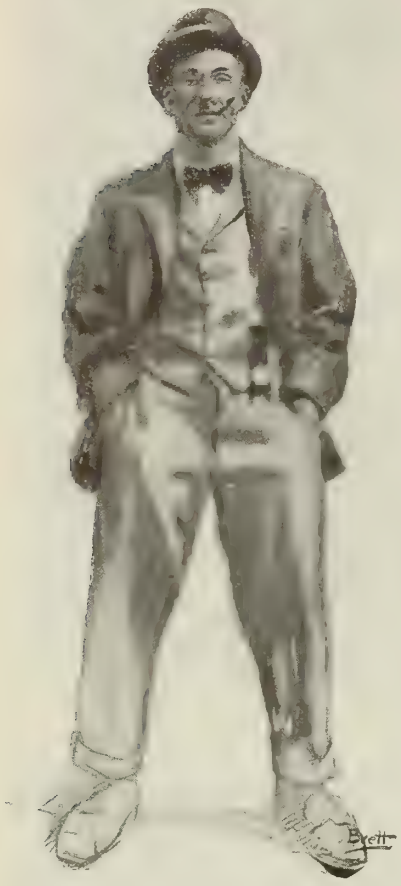
(Continued on Page 45)

Finally, a Search of the Schoolhouse Was Made

# THE STRIKE-BREAKER

## By R. W. HOFFLUND

ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. BRETT



"If He Thinks From the Name I'm a Dago Tell Him He's Wrong"

MR. JULIUS STONE, president of the Dalesburg Traction Company, carefully selected a carnation from a vase on his desk and pinned it to his lapel. The act was characteristic. His men were on strike, and their delegate had just addressed to the president a request for a meeting to discuss a settlement.

"No," said Mr. Stone, having adjusted the flower to his satisfaction, "there is nothing to discuss. For the last time, I refuse to consider any terms from any member of the union except that the men can still come back to work if they wish. How long that offer will be open I cannot say."

The delegate rose wearily. "We merely wanted to point out that the wages we ask are less than those paid in neighboring cities," he said, "and to learn your reasons for refusing them in the face of advanced cost of living. The boys are not unreasonable; they only want enough to live on. Perhaps some arrangement could be made ——"

"Perfectly impossible," said the president good-naturedly. "I am not interested in the street-car systems of other cities, or in the amount of money required by a motorman to buy what he considers necessities. Therefore it would be a waste of time to discuss those things. They were foolish to strike, but I can still overlook that. I blame their leaders rather than the men themselves."

He swung around to his desk and picked up his mail.

"And now, if you will excuse me, I have some letters to write; my time is well taken up. Tell the men that if they return to work before the end of the week ——"

But the delegate took a step closer, and now interrupted him by bringing his fist down violently on the desk.

"They won't come back; not this week, nor next week, nor the one after that!" he shouted. "You call me a trouble-maker; but if I reported to the union your free and careless disregard of a motorman and his daily bread the boys would tie your carline up in a bow-knot and hang it on the door of this office. So I won't do it. But the time is coming soon when they'll suffer, and then ——"

"Please don't make threats," remonstrated Mr. Stone mildly. "I might have to use them against you. Report to the men anything you like, but don't imagine that we are going to have trouble."

The delegate shut the door with a bang and strode off down the hall. He was hardly out of sight when another caller came to the rail that shut off the traction company's clerks from the public. He was a short, stocky man; well-enough dressed, but with an appearance of carelessness, showing bulging shoulder-muscles. He might have been a laborer in his Sunday clothes.

"Mr. Stone in?" he inquired of the office boy who came up to learn his errand.

"Yeh—I think so. Name?"

"Kelly—tell him John Kelly, Chicago."

"Business?"

"I'll tell him when I get in," said Kelly, pushing his soft hat back from his forehead. "You're an inquisitive little devil, for sure! Hurry along now, and ——"

"But he won't see you," the boy explained, "unless I tell him what it's about."

"Oh," said Kelly, with a friendly wink, "that's it, is it? Well, tell him I've come to break his strike if he wants it broken. Tell him I'm five feet seven and heavy for the height, married, two children; never had any contagious diseases. If he thinks from the name I'm a Dago tell him he's wrong. Tell him anything else that strikes you on the way, and move along."

The boy disappeared into the president's private office.

"By the saints!" exclaimed Kelly; "you'd think it was a civil-service examination!"

He was admitted promptly. Mr. Stone, who had forgotten his mail and had been walking up and down the room, graciously waved him to a chair and gracefully sank into his own.

"Now, Mr. Kelly," said he, "what is it you wish to suggest?"

"I don't want to suggest anything," said Kelly. "I'm a strike-breaker, Mr. Stone. Do you know what that is?"

"Faintly, yes," the president admitted.

"The unions, these days, are altogether too flip, Mr. Stone. They want higher pay, less work, more privileges, fewer rules. They're independent. If they don't get what they want they strike. Do they consider the public dependent on their work? No. Do they think of the enormous amount of capital invested by the men who hire them? Never, Mr. Stone. They make a demand, never caring whether it is reasonable or not, and if they get turned down—they strike."

The president moved to get a better view of his visitor.

"If you will permit me to say so, Mr. Kelly," he remarked, "you appear to be a man of intelligence."

"I am," said Kelly. "And the worst of it is, Mr. Stone, that there's no end to it. The more they get the more the rascals want. If you grant the first thing they ask, in six months they'll be back for something else. It's gettin' so the laboring men in this country think they're entitled to all the luxuries their superiors enjoy. They want comfortable houses, horses and carriages, cooks and servants. And if they get 'em they'll soon want automobiles and flying-machines. No, Mr. Stone, it's unreasonable. Take my advice—I know the game from the ground up—don't give 'em the wedge that will start a long line of trouble for you."

"Ah-h, yes," said Mr. Stone. "I had, in fact, no intention of doing so; but I thank you for the advice, which is doubtless kindly meant. If you were in my position, Mr. Kelly, just what would you do to keep from yielding?"

"I'd send for me," replied Kelly promptly. "That is, I'd send for Kelly, Chicago. Right here, Mr. Stone, is where I come in, as the fox remarked when he found the hole in the chicken-yard fence. For the last six years I've made it my business to break up strikes before the men had a fair chance to hurrah. Last year I was at Youngstown; the year before at Indianapolis. I just got back now from Denver, and hearin' of your trouble I thought I'd drop in. I have the greatest bunch of two-fisted, hardworking, devil-may-care men that ever sent a striker to the hospital. With these as a nucleus, so to speak, I get skilled laborers in the line I'm workin' on. I have two hundred men in different parts of the country ready to jump whenever I say the word, and a week after I get a contract I can start the wheels of any factory in the U. S. A."

The president considered for a moment, evidently interested.

"Where did you get these men?" he asked.

"Oh," said Kelly, "I picked 'em up here and there. There's always the drifters who don't want a steady job, but like the short, hard ones. The more risk the better. The first strike I broke was my own. I had a small shoe factory. It got so I was givin' the men all I made, and when they asked for more I gave 'em the only thing I had left—a long line of curses. They went out on strike. I took the first train to New York, came back with fourteen ex-prizefighters and a Bowery thug and put 'em to work makin' soles. When the strikers started to hunt for trouble we broke up the union. Labor has been disorganized in that town ever since. If a woman back there says, 'Look out, Kelly will get you!' the children run under the bed to hide."

Mr. Stone smiled. The picture of Kelly's early effort seemed to affect him pleasantly.

"And then you decided to make it your profession?" he suggested.

"I did. I kept the best of the first gang with me, and I have 'em yet. Then I sold out the factory and went to bigger jobs, gettin' in touch with more men every time. So now I'm prepared to handle any union that needs a lesson, and it's a pleasure to me to give it."

"I understand," said Mr. Stone reflectively. He seemed to be thinking it over.

"I have been makin' inquiries here and there," Kelly continued, "to learn how you were getting on. I hear that some of the merchants are going after you on the clause in your franchises that requires a specified amount of service."

The president turned on him sharply.

"Who told you that?" he demanded.

"Is it news to you?" asked the strike-breaker in surprise. "I was told that Martin, the department-store man, wanted you to meet with the retailers to talk arbitration, and you turned him down cold. They hired a lawyer to dig up trouble, and found the clauses in the old franchises you took over with the independent lines. It's the talk of the street that they can make you run more cars than you are running now on some routes, or put you in a hole."

They could. Mr. Stone knew it, and had relied on public forgetfulness to ward off danger from this source. Kelly's information gave him an unpleasant shock. He was concentrating his remaining forces on the streets thus protected, but every day added to the list of deserters. He bit sharply on the end of a pencil.

"Where is the bunch you spoke of as the nucleus?" he asked.

"In Chicago," said Kelly. "One day to get sober, two to get to Dalesburg, and on the fourth I'll put seventy-five men to work that will take a street car to the south gate of hell. They will take a car anywhere, Mr. Stone. Are your men inclined to be hostile?"

"Not yet," said the president. "We have a good police force, and I can keep them with us. I think you would have little to fear."

"Lord bless you!" exclaimed Kelly fervently. "It was their own heads I was thinkin' of. If one of your strikers, in a rash moment, should shout 'Scab!' to one of my boys, I hate to think of what would happen. Of course I can control them," he added hastily,

"Before I Get Out of Here," Kelly Went on, "You Will Admit That I am the Napoleon of the Strike Industry"

"but I wanted to know what to look for. So far, then, there's no rioting. Will the men you are workin' now stick through it?"

"I think," said Mr. Stone, "that if I make an agreement with you I'll turn them all off. Slowly, you know a few at a time. Later we will get them back at our own terms."

Kelly puckered his brow.

"I don't know," he remonstrated. "That seems like a dirty—I beg your pardon hardly like a square deal."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Stone sharply. "They are likely to quit at any time. They sympathize with their fellows, and are faithful to their pay, not to the company. And when one deserts he takes his car out in the woods somewhere, throws the controller away, and abandons it. I shall be glad to teach this city a lesson; the business men, the ministers, the newspapers—all of them, in fact. They openly support the men in their demands, and not one of them has the faintest idea of what we are earning and can afford to pay."

"Nice, Quiet Bunch, Eh?" Asked Kelly. "I Think You Will Have No Trouble With 'Em"

"Not to be as inquisitive as the lad outside, are you havin' trouble in the profit department?" inquired Kelly.

The president smiled at the naïveté of his visitor.

"No real trouble," he explained kindly. "But it is absolutely imperative that I keep the dividends up to the high-water mark of last year, in the face of considerable expense for new cars and extended lines. Therefore this strike comes at an unfortunate time."

"I see," said Kelly. "And that's a labor union every time, Mr. Stone. Can they wait decently for their bathtubs and other doodads until the company is in shape to get its stock marked up to a good price? The answer is, 'Not!' No, indeed; they jump in blind and strike. Break 'em, Mr. Stone—break 'em!"

"And you think," the president continued, "in case the importation of your men causes bad blood, that you can rely on them to defend the company's property?"

Kelly favored him with an impressive wink.

"Between you and me," he assured him, "I can rely on them to drive a street car up on the sidewalk in order to run over a mob of strike sympathizers. My men hate a fight like a bulldog with a bad stomach. Rest easy on that point, Mr. Stone. We will start no trouble; if it comes to us we will introduce Dalesburg to high-class carnage, and that's the truth."

"You have references, of course," suggested Mr. Stone.

"Devil a one," said Kelly cheerfully. "I am too busy to bother with 'em. But I furnish a bond in any company you have represented here—they all know me—to perform my end of the contract. I agree to have the men here on a certain day, to hold 'em till the strike is off."

"And your terms?"

"Four dollars a day for the men, sixty days' work guaranteed. If the strike is off before that time they get the balance anyhow. For myself, one dollar a day for each man furnished, sixty-day guarantee. I pay transportation myself, which is high in this case."

"Rather an expensive experiment," Mr. Stone commented, "to break a strike."

"But dirt cheap in the end," Kelly explained. "My work is expensive and hazardous. Remember that I have to keep these men subject to my call whether I have a job on hand or not. You ought to see the bill Martin Reilly sends me once a month; it would make you understand better what becomes of all the liquor they make. Transportation is a big item, and there's the risk. The boys can handle themselves, but once in a while a striker sends in a bullet; then there's the widow and the funeral expenses. No, Mr. Stone, it sounds big; but, after all, I make a living—no more. Surely a man is entitled to that."

The strike-breaker had come at the psychological moment. Mr. Stone needed him. After some discussion, and more detailed explanation by Kelly, the president signed a contract calling for the appearance of seventy-five men in Dalesburg on the fifth day following. A day or two made little difference to him, and he did not insist on Kelly's original schedule. A visit to the office of a surety company by the genial anti-unionist, who obtained a satisfactory bond, concluded the negotiations.

The president was thinking it over in a very cheerful frame of mind when the attorney for the road entered his office. Mr. Woolford was a local man, and he felt more deeply than his superior the effect of the strike on the business interests of the city.

"Any progress?" he inquired.

"A little," the president replied.

"Good," said Woolford. "I am glad to hear it. You have consented to treat with the men?"

"Decidedly not," said Mr. Stone. "I have, however, made arrangements to bring them to terms." He handed the contract with Kelly to the lawyer, who read it hurriedly.

"My dear Mr. Stone!" he exclaimed. "Are you sure this is necessary? I wish that you had felt like letting me see this before you executed it. Who is this Kelly?"

"A Chicago man," Mr. Stone returned; "a professional strike-breaker. Necessary? Perhaps not; but a good move, Woolford. I want to break this thing up—not to treat with it. As Kelly said, the time to stop this nonsense is now, right at the start. And he is the man to do it; he convinced me of that."

Woolford looked over the contract again.

"You had him put up a bond?" he asked.

"Of course."

"Well," said the lawyer, "perhaps it is all right. I am sorry, though; it is sure to mean violence. So far the men have behaved admirably, but this is certain to rouse them."

"Kelly assures me that his men can take care of themselves," said the president. "I imagine that after their experience in steel-mills and mines this will be child's play to them. And violence, you know, always takes the public sympathy from the mob. I considered that."

"I see," said the lawyer. "Still, it is bad for the city, and hard on the men themselves. I confess that I have lived in Dalesburg too long to relish the idea of importing rowdies to beat up our citizens, even when they happen to be striking traction men."

"Pardon me," said Mr. Stone coldly; "I am not importing rowdies, but employing street-car operators. If your estimable fellow-citizens will run our cars well and good; if not I must find men who will."

. . . . . .

That evening, in a little restaurant on Fourth Street, Kelly the strike-breaker was dining with a companion.

"He fell for it," Kelly was saying, "like a child for a pretty toy. Pick your men, get 'em in the hall, put a watch at the door, and I will turn loose the oratory. I want to talk tonight, while my imagination is keyed up."

"I'll go now," said the other, hastily swallowing a last gulp of coffee. "At eight o'clock, then." He went out, and Kelly finished his dinner leisurely, chuckling occasionally at some pleasant thought.

Eight o'clock found him at the hall rented by the striking union. The room was filled with men; quiet, sober fellows, their faces showing plainly the anxiety caused by the loss of their wages. Most of them were talking and smoking when Kelly came in; a few games of seven-up were in progress. The strike-breaker spoke to the delegate who had interviewed Mr. Stone, and the latter held up his hand for silence.

"Mr. Kelly has a few words to say to you," he explained.

Kelly ascended the little platform.

"Boys," said he, "most of you know me. I asked your delegate to bring here tonight the sensible, level-headed men, because I'm going to tell you something that might start the other kind to throwing bricks.

"Today I went to Mr. Stone, president of your company, an' told him I could break this strike. I told him I had men in Chicago ready to jump in where any fresh union was asking for more pay, and take their jobs until the men were beaten broke forced to come back to work or starve. Stone welcomed me with a loving heart, and we made a contract."

He was interrupted by a low murmur of anger and incredulous surprise.

"Cheer up," continued Kelly; "there is more to come. The way I talked to your president about labor unions was worse than a Socialist newspaper goin' after the wealthy malefactors. I told him you were obstinate devils, carin' for nothing but big pay and no work to earn it. 'Do they consider the public?' I asked him. 'No, they do not. They want automobiles, bathtubs, flying-machines, two-for-a-quarter cigars. If they don't get 'em they strike. Break 'em, Mr. Stone,' I said. And your employer remarked, 'Kelly, you are a man of intelligence.'"

"He was wrong," came a voice from the hall. "We will prove it to you before you get out of here."

"Before I get out of here," Kelly went on, "you will admit that I am the Napoleon of the strike industry. Mr. Stone told me he would turn off the men who had been faithful to him, and later get you all back at his own terms. He is going to give this town a lesson, and I am going to help him."

"You will not be in shape to help him," shouted a grizzled veteran of the controller. "We will teach you one first that will stop your devilment. Man, are ye mad, to come here and talk like this?"

"I am not," said Kelly cheerfully. "Listen, now. There is one thing you did not know. The president says he has got to equal his high-watered dividends of last year. That means that somebody in Wall Street wants the stock of this road marked up high. If you had known it you would never have struck. Would you interfere with a speculator who needs a million dollars for his starving family?"

"To hell with Wall Street!" said the veteran grimly.

Kelly paid no attention to the interruption.

"Now, boys," said he, "your president agrees with me that you are a rapacious, avaricious crew of loafers. What I want you to do is to go back to work—to prove that he's a liar, to express it politely. Will you do it?"

"We will not!" came a hearty chorus.

"I think you will," said Kelly. "I want this strike to end. As you are stubborn men, with no regard for the welfare of others, and as your president is a cold-blooded pirate, with no regard for anything on earth but dividends, I could see that you would never get together. Therefore I took matters in my own hands."

In the rear of the crowd a man stood up.

"If you think we are to be bluffed by the fear of strike-breakers," he declared, "you have it figured out wrong. Bring in your men, Kelly. The one you put on my car will never earn a full day's pay."

Kelly laughed uproariously.

"My lad," said he, "the one I put on your car will earn three dollars a day for sixty days, or until the strike is off. I offer you that. Will you have the job?"

There was a moment of stupefied silence.

"Sure," said Kelly, "I mean it. I told Mr. Stone I had men in Chicago—in all parts of the country. But in the contract it says 'seventy-five men.' It does not say where I'm to find them. There is not a soul in Chicago I know by name. Boys, I have your president where he will pay

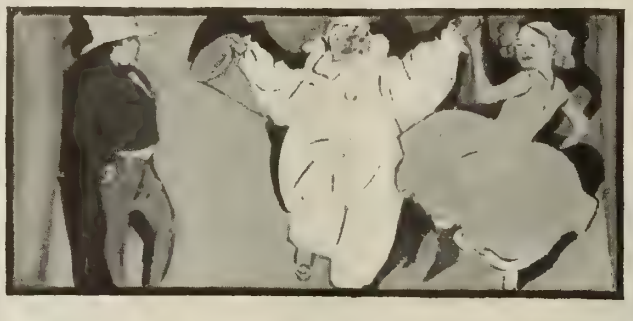
*(Continued on Page 54)*

"I Have the Greatest Bunch of Two-Fisted, Hardworking, Devil-May-Care Men That Ever Sent a Striker to the Hospital"

# THE HOME LIFE OF JOHNSON

## Recollections of Colonel W. H. Crook

PERSONAL BODYGUARD TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN—NOW DISBURSING OFFICER OF THE WHITE HOUSE



DECORATIONS BY JAMES M. PRESTON

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S home life in the White House did not commence until some time after Mrs. Lincoln had left there, in April, 1865, about three weeks after President Lincoln had been assassinated. Mr. Johnson was sworn in as President at his rooms in the Kirkwood House by Chief Justice Chase, and for a short time thereafter transacted his official business in an office in the Treasury Department. Before long he took up his quarters in the White House, where his home life began with the arrival of his whole family in August, 1865. As a general thing, when an incoming President arrives with his family at the White House he finds that preparations for a hearty welcome and a cordial one have been made by the family of the outgoing President; but there was none to welcome President Johnson's family except the servants and employees of the household.

The day on which they arrived I was acting as a special officer at the White House, where, with others, I had been expecting them hour by hour. Everything possible for the comfort of the new President's family had been made ready by the White House staff, under the supervision of Steward Stackpole; and while all the material comforts had been looked after yet there was lacking that little thrill of human sympathy that can only come through cordial handclasp and face of smiling welcome on the part of one woman toward another.

It was at about noon of that August day when several carriages filled with ladies and gentlemen and children drew up at the White House and those within stepped out and entered the great building. President Johnson was in his office when they arrived, and on being informed that they were there he went to meet them. The party included Mrs. Johnson; her son, Colonel Robert Johnson, then a man of thirty or thirty-five; a younger son, Andrew Johnson, Junior, a lad of twelve or fourteen; two married daughters—Mrs. Stover, whose husband was dead; a second daughter, Mrs. Patterson, and her husband, Senator Patterson, of Tennessee; together with five grandchildren—Mary Belle Patterson, Andrew J. Patterson, Sarah Stover, Lillie Stover and Andrew J. Stover.

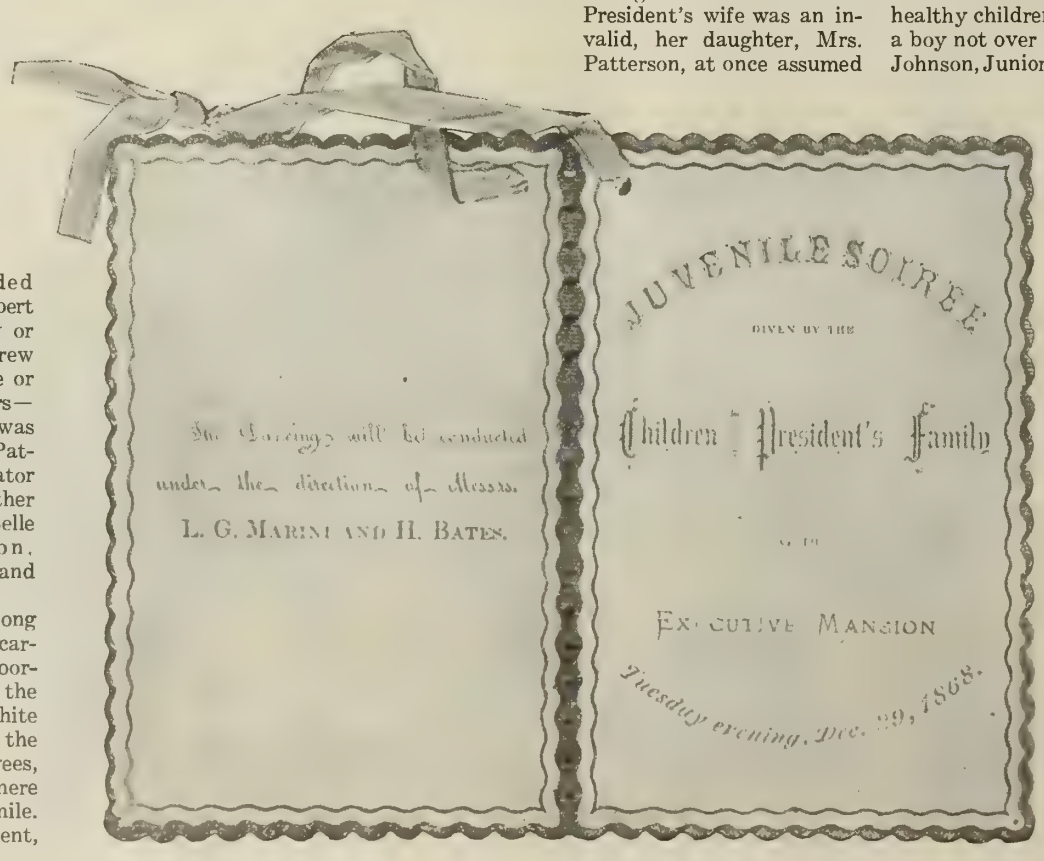
Mrs. Johnson, feeble from a long illness, was helped out of her carriage. Tom Pendel, the old doorkeeper, opened the doors and the entire party went into the White House, being welcomed there by the servants and the other employees, and going first into the parlors, where they sat down to rest for a while. With the exception of the President, none of those in the party was at all familiar with the Executive Mansion, excepting Mrs. Patterson, who had been educated in Georgetown as a girl and had been a frequent visitor at the White House during the Polk Administration. I remember the whole scene as clearly as if it were yesterday. Mrs. Johnson was a small woman, and, a victim of old-fashioned "consumption" for a long time, her weakness and emaciation made her seem even smaller still. She walked slowly, and while her face was lighted up with interest yet she betrayed no such enthusiasm as might have been expected of almost any woman under the same circumstances. Mrs. Stover and Mrs. Patterson were, on the other hand, eager to begin their new life, and the six children were as excited as could be, their eyes bright and their cheeks flushed with anticipation of events that they could hardly imagine.

### How the Johnsons Began White House Life

AFTER resting quietly in the parlors for a time the entire party went upstairs to select their living-rooms. The President's wife, of course, made her personal choice first of all; and, instead of picking out for her own use one of the great, spacious bedrooms, she selected one of the smallest rooms, which was situated in the northwest corner of the White House. In those days all of the furniture was of mahogany, most of it the same furniture that had been used by the Lincoln Administration. Under a special appropriation of $30,000 the President's living-rooms and other portions of the Executive Mansion had been redecorated in accordance with Mrs. Patterson's ideas, and some parts, such as the East Room and the Green Room, had been refurnished. While the ladies of the household were surveying and selecting their rooms their trunks and other personal baggage arrived in wagons, and the Johnson family really commenced its home life in the White House.

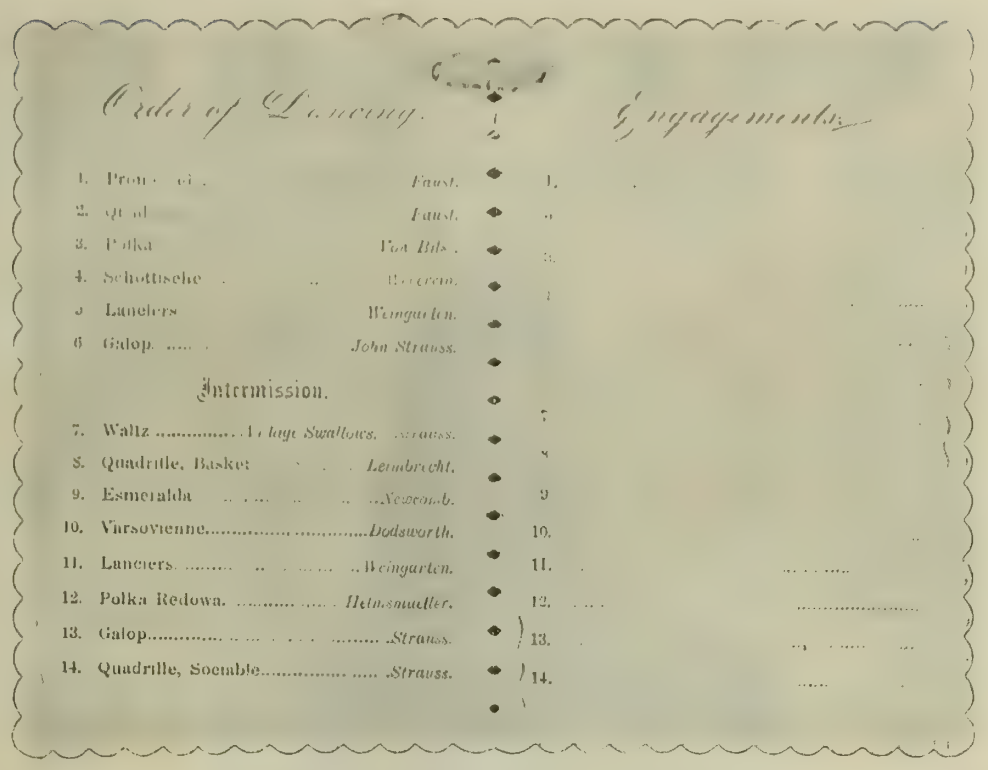
Owing to the fact that the President's wife was an invalid, her daughter, Mrs. Patterson, at once assumed charge of everything. She consulted with her mother and was ably assisted by her sister, Mrs. Stover; but she looked after everything in a general way and gave directions for carrying out all details connected with the family life. In Lincoln's time there were few gathered around the table in the private dining-room—only the President and Mrs. Lincoln and little Tad—but now all was changed. At every meal that private dining-room was the scene of liveliness and conversation, for when two or three men and two ladies and six children come together around one long table at mealtimes, liveliness is to be expected. As during Lincoln's Administration, breakfast was served not long after eight o'clock in the morning, and all were, as a general thing, on hand except Mrs. Johnson, who seldom appeared for the morning meal. Perhaps there was a trifle more of ceremony than in Lincoln's time, but when breakfast was over Mr. Johnson would always remain for a little while, talking with his sons and his daughters and his grandchildren and his son-in-law, Senator Patterson, and then would invariably spend a short time chatting with his wife before proceeding to his office for the transaction of business.

Beginning with the very first morning after they arrived, there was an instant change in the very atmosphere of the Executive Mansion, as could hardly have been otherwise when one remembers that into it had come six hearty, healthy children, full of fun and laughter, the eldest being a boy not over fourteen. The last one alluded to, Andrew Johnson, Junior, attended one of the public schools in Washington; and those of the grandchildren who were old enough studied under the direction of a teacher who visited the White House every morning, although this part of their education was carefully supervised by their mothers. Luncheon was served at one o'clock and dinner at seven. Mrs. Johnson usually spent most of her time on the floor on which were the living-rooms. The greater part of each day she remained in her own room, seated in a little rocking-chair which she found most comfortable, busying herself with needlework and reading. She was a woman of strong, forceful character and of decided literary tastes. She did not care especially for works of fiction, and most of the books she read were of a serious nature. It will be remembered that while her husband had taught himself to read she actually had taught him to write after they were married, and it was some years later—when he was a member of the House of Representatives—that he first was able to use a pen with ease and fluency. Despite her afflictions Mrs. Johnson was a woman of far more than usual power—but hers was the power of the spirit and the



mind, rather than of the body. She was quiet and calm, but absolutely inflexible when it came to a matter of principle, and throughout her husband's life she exercised a very great influence upon him.

It has often been said that the ideal marriage is that wherein two individual souls and minds are merged in one. The nearest approach to such a state that I have ever seen and known was in the case of Andrew Johnson and his wife. And yet they were as unlike each other temperamentally as it was possible for two human beings to be. From the time his father died Andrew Johnson had made an unceasing fight throughout a stormy life. At the age of ten years, as a little boy, he was apprenticed to a tailor and even then began his unending struggle. Being endowed with a strong personality and a resolute will, possessing confidence in his own ability to battle with the world, Johnson had fought his way upward, step by step. A man of intensely strong convictions, it was impossible to move him when he believed that his position was the right position, and he would maintain it with a vehemence that at times almost reached the point of violence. Fearless of everything and of everybody, he would stand his ground, if necessary, against the whole world. It will be remembered, as Senator O. P. Morton, of Indiana, said: "Andrew Johnson was the only member of Congress from the South who resisted the wave of secession that was then sweeping over the South, and stood faithful to the Union." A man who represented a Southern Congressional district and who faced, single-handed and alone, the storm of secession that swept over his state, could not have been other than a man of indomitable purpose. Yet, in the marrow of his heart, in the core of his judgment, he turned to and leaned upon and was constantly influenced by a frail little woman, so weak that she had to have breakfast in her room, so feeble that she spent most of her time in her little rocking-chair; yet withal, a woman whose soul was so pure, whose heart was so tender that she possessed a vision truer and sounder and keener than that of her rugged, powerful husband who had spent his whole life in the heat of conflict with the great world—a conflict of which she knew so little from her own experience.


Order of Dancing. Engagements.

1. Prom[illegible] ... *Faust.* 1.
2. Qu[illegible] ... *Faust.* 2.
3. Polka ... *Fox Bits.* 3.
4. Schottische ... *Bucceau.* 4.
5. Lanciers ... *Weingarten.* 5.
6. Galop ... *John Strauss.* 6.

Intermission.

7. Waltz ... *Village Swallows.* ...*Strauss.* 7.
8. Quadrille, Basket ... *Lembrecht.* 8.
9. Esmeralda ... *Newcomb.* 9.
10. Varsovienne ... *Dodsworth.* 10.
11. Lanciers ... *Weingarten.* 11.
12. Polka Redowa ... *Heinemueller.* 12.
13. Galop ... *Strauss.* 13.
14. Quadrille, Soemble ... *Strauss.* 14.

### Mrs. Johnson's Sweetness and Simplicity

THOUGH the home life of President Johnson's family was largely regulated by Mrs. Patterson, nevertheless the mainspring of the whole establishment was Mrs. Johnson herself. She cared little for outward show, as can be understood by what has been said already; and even before her husband's troublous days came—during impeachment proceedings—I am quite sure that she would have much preferred to go back to their Tennessee home and there live in such quietude as her husband's temperament would permit; in fact, she told me so, more than once.

"Crook," she would say, "it's all very well for those who like it but I do not like this public life at all. I often wish the time would come when we could return to where I feel we best belong."

Yes, President Johnson's wife was essentially a motherly old lady, in all her thoughts, in all her actions, in all her wishes; a sweet, lovable woman who had spent her days looking after her husband and her children and who had taken to her heart and into her very soul the five grandchildren. If anything made her at all resigned to residing in the White House it was because there she could have with her every day her entire family. Of course, she appreciated to the full the exalted position her husband occupied by virtue of his office; perhaps, because her intellectual powers were so wide, she may even have understood this better than he. But first and foremost, as I have tried to indicate, she was a motherly, dear old lady, deeply interested in her husband's career, desirous for her children's welfare, and, as is generally the case with a grandmother, positively anxious that right ideas of thought and conduct be instilled in her grandchildren.

Although the President's wife never told me so, in so many words, yet I think that one of her keenest regrets in connection with living in the White House was that she couldn't slip down into the kitchen whenever she felt like it, and bake a batch of ginger cookies for the little folks. Despite her illness Mrs. Johnson was always cheerful, and always loved to have the grandchildren with her, especially Belle Patterson, who really was a beautiful child. Whenever she was able to see friends who called she did so, but as a general thing she saw only a very few persons. And Mrs. Patterson attended to practically all her correspondence, excepting that which was handled in the Executive Office. This, by the way, was very heavy at times. The wife of every President receives a great many letters from people who are utter strangers, begging her to use her influence with her husband to secure appointments to minor offices, or other favors. Of course the President's wife seldom ever sees these appeals. They are opened by her secretary, who then transmits them to the Executive Office, as they are in the nature of official business. At the time of President Johnson's Administration Mrs. Patterson, in addition to all her other duties, relieved her mother of such annoyances.

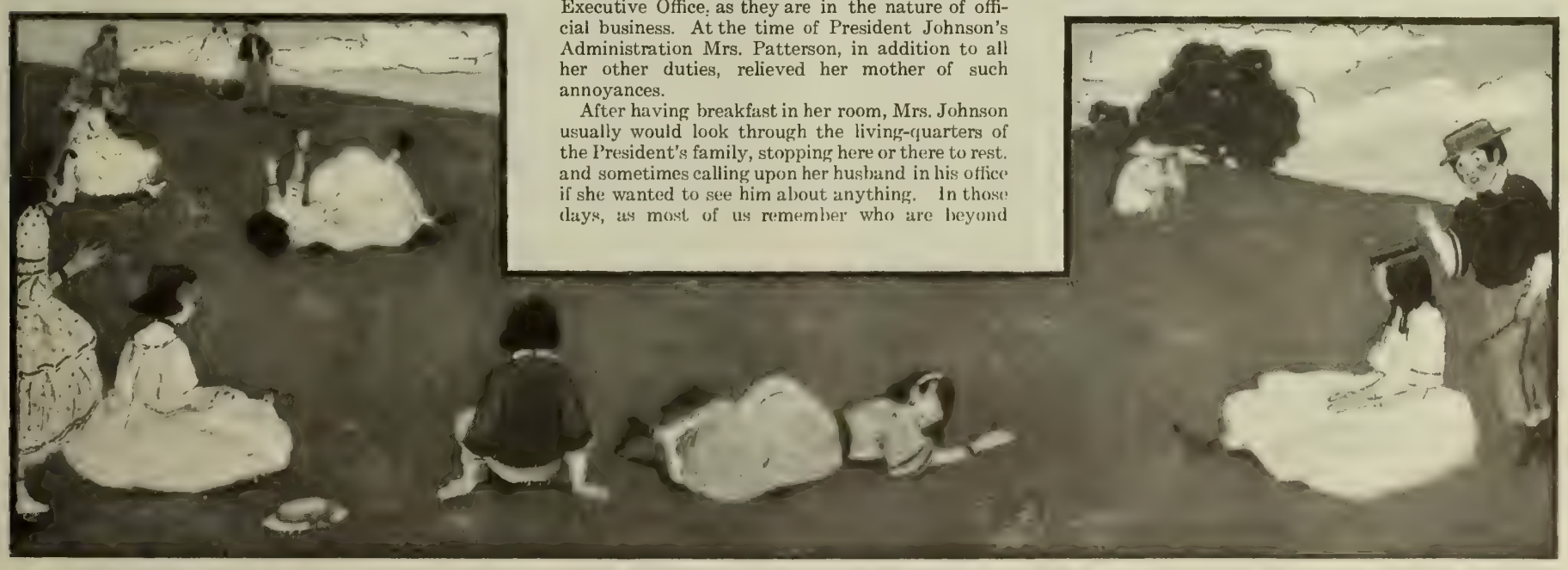
After having breakfast in her room, Mrs. Johnson usually would look through the living-quarters of the President's family, stopping here or there to rest, and sometimes calling upon her husband in his office if she wanted to see him about anything. In those days, as most of us remember who are beyond middle age, sufferers from consumption were kept indoors most of the time, instead of being urged to live in the open air day and night as at present. The grandchildren, as soon as their lessons were over, would make a beeline for her little room, where the dear old lady would be awaiting them, one eye on the stockings she was darning or the mittens she was knitting, the other eye on the clock, and both ears keyed in anticipation of hearing light footsteps dancing along the corridor toward her room. To the children of Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Stover there was nobody on earth like "Grandpa" and "Grandma," and of course they were too young to understand the full dignity and importance of the President's position. They were healthy, hearty, romping youngsters, full of fun and mischief; but here I wish to say that in all my own long life I have never seen anything approaching the good feeling between the two sets of children. It is a literal fact that while they were in the White House they never had any disputes. This may sound extraordinary—it is extraordinary—but it is true. For example, if one of the boys or girls would suddenly shout, "Come along and have a roll!" all the rest of them would jump up with an answering shout, and off they would race to the slopes south of the White House, where they would throw themselves down on the green turf and roll over and over, laughing and whooping like a lot of little Indians.

### The Children Call on Grandpa Johnson

I OFTEN wondered in those days why it was, or how it was, that the five grandchildren could get along so happily and without any disputing at all. But when I grew older and learned something of the influences that unconsciously affect human nature deeply and permanently, I became convinced that the Stover and the Patterson boys and girls lived so happily and joyously simply because of their beloved Grandma. She never disputed, never quarreled with any one, because she was so calm and peaceful; and because she had been so throughout all her long life, during which her own children had grown up and had been influenced by her, they, in turn, had passed on this happy, peaceful habit of life to their children, to whom I am referring particularly. If the grandchildren wanted to go into the President's office at any time they went right along, without asking permission. And they were always welcome there. Many a time have I known the President to be receiving visitors, when two or three or four or five youngsters would come skipping through the corridor and bob into the office without ceremony; and "Grandpa" was always glad to see them and to make much of them. Moreover, he expected his visitors of the moment to make much of them also.

This is one side of President Johnson's character, by the way, that may not generally be understood. Although his life of fighting for a career, for principles that made a career possible, had developed him into a stern, forbidding, uncompromising man, yet in private life Mr. Johnson was

*(Continued on Page 38)*



# THE HEART-MENDER

## By Rupert Hughes

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

She Had Already Been the Widow of a Coward and a Scoundrel, and She Led at Her Side a Little Child

*I*

AND then Fanny Protheroe came back to town to stay. For some time before this event Doctor Merrill had amazed everybody by going to church pretty regularly. He had amazed especially the United Presbyterians, whom he honored with his presence. Landing so hard a customer as a young doctor against the fierce competition for the souls of Carthage, was such a distinct triumph that the young parson had rather plumed himself upon it.

Just as the elders were thinking of inviting the doctor to rent a pew he stopped coming. The first Sunday the preacher murmured in the back of his mind, "A professional call, no doubt," realizing that a doctor has no Sabbath.

The next Sunday, another absence. "He is growing busier," thought the preacher. The fourth Sunday followed the third into the calendar, and yet no young Doctor Merrill. Young Mr. Findley gave him up for lost. He forgot to hope that some other church had gathered him in.

On the following Monday he met Doctor Merrill at the post-office, where almost all Carthage assembled twice a day.

"Why don't you come to church any more?" said the preacher.

"She threw me over," said the doctor.

The parson realized, with a gulp of ashes, that his pride in his own oratory had been misplaced. The doctor had been attracted by the silent eloquence of the back of some girl's neck, or by her gifts as a listener on the way home. The parson supposed that the girl was Cicely Tansey, whom the doctor had chiefly affected most recently.

The Reverend Wilfred Findley (who hoped some day to be a doctor himself—of divinity) was too young and too deeply involved in three or four conflicting romances of his own to resent Merrill's frankness. He was too honest to pretend a priggish horror. He was plucky enough to smile and insinuate:

"Surely there are other nice girls in our congregation."

But Merrill shook his head.

And then Fanny Protheroe came back to town—an entirely other person than the Fanny Protheroe that went away.

She had been the prettiest girl in Carthage when she left. Her return made the merely pretty girls who had usurped her place look like cheap and shallow débutantes in life. For now she had significance. Her beauty was important.

She went along the quiet streets as pallid as a lily and as lithe; and the weeds she wore seemed to be less the regular uniform of a widow than the habiliments of the very genius of tragedy.

The young men of the town gazed upon her with a tender awe: she was a girl in years and in comeliness; yet she had already known the inner luxuries of the great city, she had already been the widow of a coward and a scoundrel, and she led at her side a little child.

"A mighty interesting woman," the Carthaginians agreed, and "a mighty interesting wife," the young men thought; for they all felt that she had ceased to love her husband before he squandered his wealth and his good name in New York and took the short cut to the cemetery.

Though most of the bachelors in Carthage thought how interesting a wife so experienced a woman would make in that dull town, all of them were just a little afraid of her except two—the young doctor and the young preacher. They felt sorry for her—and afraid of each other.

The doctor begrudged the parson one unfair advantage. Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, the parents of Mrs. Fanny Protheroe, were members of the United Presbyterian Church, and when she came back from New York she followed them to their pew. She became addicted to Findley, and Doctor Merrill felt that the preacher, with his lofty consolations and his habit of calling defeats triumphs and renunciations victories, must have a peculiar value to the young woman whose urn of hopes was but a scatter of broken shards at her feet.

So, all unwittingly, Fanny Protheroe walked between the two men who had been friends and sundered them. The bond of their friendship had been, it is true, such a bond as unites two opposing tug-of-war teams, for they most ardently disbelieved in each other's creeds.

Findley had told Merrill, rather patronizingly, that he himself had once planned to become a physician, but had thought better of it. A passing revivalist had taught him how much nobler a task than the saving of bodies is the saving of souls.

They fought bitterly over this bone, and shouted at each other hard names, shook mutual fists and brandished extravagant epithets, without ever coming to actual blows. They acquired a sort of friendship by virtue of their intense antagonism.

Findley called Merrill a horse-doctor—or "Vet" for short; and Merrill called Findley the "Neverend" Wilfred.

But, as usual, the two remained good friends, because they quarreled over essentials instead of non-essentials.

The United Presbyterian parson could not debate creeds with a Methodist elder or an Episcopalian vestryman for five minutes without falling into ferocious acrimony—because they disagreed upon details. But there was never any personal bitterness in his quarrels with the man who scoffed at everything he held sacred.

The young allopath grew black with rage at the homeopath, the osteopath, and all the other paths; he hated them bitterly. But he felt only a merciful tolerance for the clergyman's contempt of his art.

So the two young enthusiasts fought, almost affectionately, over such utterly important matters as the soul, the will, responsibility, miracles, sin, punishment, atonement, redemption, resurrection—and were still friends. Because, to repeat it, they fought over essentials.

And then Fanny Protheroe came back to town to stay.

*II*

THE very next Sunday the Reverend Wilfred Findley noted that Dr. Frank Merrill's head was once more visible in the cabbage rows of his garden. He wondered why. Not for an instant did he flatter himself, or his creed, or Merrill's interest in them as the cause.

It was in the late days of spring and the preacher was young, and he found his eyes recurring to the great attentive eyes of Fanny Protheroe. He caught himself thinking: "What a wonderwork of God is the human eye!" Then he rebuked himself for the canting hypocrisy of the formula.

He tried to keep his eyes out of that girl's eyes, but they seemed to stand from the blur of faces like an owl's eyes in the woods, or a cat's eyes in a cellar.

He recalled himself to his text with anger. He smote his Bible in impatient wrath at his wandering self.

Findley wondered what his arch opponent, Doctor Merrill, would think of his rambling logic. He resolved to fasten his mind on him as an anchor. He faced that way with self-denying resolution. But he could not grip Merrill's eyes, for Merrill's eyes were aimed elsewhere. Where? He traced the imaginary line of vision and it ended on her—on Fanny Protheroe. She had an unusually beautiful nape.

The Reverend Wilfred felt ashamed of Doctor Merrill, angry at him. It was outrageous that a man should come to church to philander, to flirt, to ogle.

He recalled himself to his text with a mental wrench. When the sermon was over and the sonorous benediction spoken many of the congregation lingered to shake his hand. Mr. and Mrs. Crawford lingered to shake his hand; but his anxious glance saw Fanny drifting through the door and smiling at something Doctor Merrill was saying. Findley wondered how Merrill had become acquainted with the girl so soon.

Tuesday evening Findley decided to drop in for another little chat with the Crawfords. Their daughter being a newcomer to town and a former member of the church, it was his duty to pay her special attention. He tried to do his duty.

As he approached the gate of the Crawford place he saw a shadowy some one coming toward the same gate from the opposite direction. Carthage streets were poorly lighted and heavily shaded, and the advancing figure was a mere phantom wearing audible shoes. But Findley said to himself, with unpastoral phrase:

"I'll bet a thousand dollars it's Merrill."

It was.

The two men met before the gate, paused, mutually embarrassed and embarrassing. Each waited for the other to pass by.

Merrill spoke first, with a cynical smirk. "Well, Neverend, are you calling on Mrs. Fanny, too?"

Findley answered with rebuking coldness, "I am calling on the family. But you—is anybody ill here?"

"Nope. They are not patients of mine. They fell into the hands of that old quack, Lucas. I'm calling on Mrs. Fanny."

The clergyman flushed with new anger. The doctor had been franker than he. It did not endear the doctor.

The two swains went up the walk together. All Carthage was on its porch that evening—the Crawford family like the rest—save that Fanny's child was already asleep upstairs somewhere. Merrill made straight for Fanny, after the most perfunctory salutations to the parents.

Findley had to devote himself to the old people. They threw him into complete misery by showing him a timid deference and talking of duty, and the poor, and the Scriptures and their interpretation.

The subjects did not seem to interest Fanny. She drifted to the far end of the porch and Merrill followed her. He lighted a cigar after asking Fanny's permission. Findley heard her say:

"Oh, do smoke! I'm quite used to it. I love it."

Findley would have loved it too. But if he had been caught smoking a cigar the whole town would have rocked with the scandal.

The voices of Fanny and Merrill sank to a murmur, broken with her little flutters of laughter, which somehow suggested to Findley the moonlit spray his oar had thrown up, feathering the dark waters of the mountain lake where he spent his summers.

And there he must sit talking doctrine with sleepy old parents who treated him as if he were their parent, while the fascinating daughter sat in the gloom with an irreligious young doctor!

The Reverend Wilfred Findley would have been no more of a preacher and much less of a man if he had not suffered exquisitely from such a plight. He stayed on and on, listening rather to what he could not hear from the farther end of the porch than to what the parental Crawfords were saying or what he himself was saying.

He hoped that the old folks would have the decency to go upstairs to bed and leave him a fair field. Finally it came over him that they would never dare insult their pastor by such a step. He could see that they were waging a fierce battle with the sleepiness of age, and he ended their anguish, if not his own, by bidding them "Good night, all!" The saving of souls is not all of a pastor's labors.

Fanny gave him her hand and it felt like a cool, white moonflower in his. And her voice from the shadow was delicately dulcet. But when Merrill called out gayly, "Good night, old man!" it somehow reminded him of the sardonic chuckle of Mephistopheles in the garden. For he

had seen a performance of Faust before he had decided on the ministry. Needless to say, he had not seen one since.

He knew that the moment he had closed the gate the yawning parents had closed the door, leaving their child alone. Carthage was a chaperonless community and all about town the porches were inhabited, or the roads were buggy-ridden, by young couples, with only the moon for duenna.

It seemed to Findley nothing short of heinous to leave the Protheroe porch in command of Merrill, of all men—a materialist, a freebooter with no anchorage in religion. And Fanny Protheroe was so weakened with suffering, so lonely, so trusting, so pretty, so wistful for consolation.

Findley called himself a coward for deserting her, but greater timidities kept him from going back. He slept little and bitterly that night. He felt that somebody ought to protect Fanny Protheroe from persons like Merrill. He felt a personal call to be her protector. The more he thought of it the more it became his duty to her, to his church and to himself to marry her in from danger, and to help her rebuild her shattered life.

Findley did not realize that Doctor Merrill was feeling very solemnly toward Fanny Protheroe. He, too, felt a call to protect her from the ills of life, and to take happiness by making her happy again. But long before he had reached a point of even considering a proposal his attentions to her were cut summarily short.

It was a rival that ousted him. But the rival was not Wilfred Findley, or any of the young men that coagulated about Fanny's beauty.

*III*

DOCTORS tend to become a habit, and some families will see their members perish, one by one, without ever daring a change of physicians.

Having always affected the venerable Doctor Lucas, the Crawfords expected always to affect him. Though all the children except Fanny had died despite him, he always boasted that he had brought Fanny through every disease known to childhood. It had not occurred to any of them that keeping people out of disease is a more physicianly duty than bringing them through.

In an earlier day everywhere, and to this day in the smaller communities, children have entered the world with a gauntlet to run, like Indian captives offered one alley of escape. In a grisly double row, hideous warriors have waited, wearing names like convulsions, measles, mumps, chickenpox, diphtheria, whooping-cough, croup, typhoid fever, scarlet fever, and what not. Each of these cruel sachems must take a whack at the little frame in turn. Few children could escape all of them, and the making of tiny coffins was a chief industry in every town, as the building of tiny mounds was the chief industry in every family.

Bringing a child "through" was the triumph of any physician, and none too frequent a triumph. People said, when a child fell ill, "Well, it's best to have it now and get it over with." If the child did not "get it over with" it was sad, but it was not strange.

Young Doctor Merrill, who had commenced his career as a physician in a later and a saner day, looked with horror and contempt on this theory. His plan of campaign was to sneak the child to maturity by avoiding the gauntlet or covering his little patient with protection as football players surround and conceal a runner with interference.

Seeing that Fanny Protheroe's whole soul was wrapped up in the prosperity of her little boy, he felt that he could prove his love and earn hers by saving the child from many a fiery ordeal.

But his hope was thwarted and his ardor misconstrued. Doctor Lucas made no bones about declaring that Merrill's frequence at the house was due to mere enterprise in drumming up trade and stealing patients from an older and a wiser man.

He also was a parishioner of Findley's and he managed to get the preacher to convey his feeling to Merrill. The young physician was nauseated at the thought.

"The only way I can disprove such a disgusting charge," he said, "is to stay away altogether."

"It would seem so," said the preacher, with an altruism not absolutely pure.

So Doctor Merrill removed himself from the race for Fanny Protheroe's love. As he expected, her child fell under the clubs of disease after disease, recovering from one bludgeon only to stagger under another. Doctor Lucas' old phaeton was constantly to be seen at the Crawford curb, and every time Merrill recognized it he groaned. He loved and he could not serve.

He rarely saw Fanny now except, haphazard, when she was hurrying out on some errand to hurry back at full speed. It was her privilege to seem more beautiful than ever in distress. Anguish ennobled, not distorted, her features. But her lover, feeling himself capable of saving her and hers from many an agony, could not even proffer his skill to her use. He could not even venture a criticism or a suggestion.

It gave him no comfort that at these very times his rival Findley had more access than ever to Fanny's side.

Eventually it came the turn of typhoid fever to wreak its will upon the weakened child. It was only through Findley that Merrill had bulletins of the progress of the disease. He raged at the Lucas drugs and diet where he felt that neither medicine nor food should be added to the little body's fardels.

At length he grew fierce enough to protest to Findley, and to beg him to convey his protest to the guardians of the child. Findley brought back word that his interference was taken in bad part, and set down to meddlesomeness and lack of experience.

A few days later, before the rebuff had ceased to sting, an errand of Merrill's took him past the Crawford home. He saw Findley just ringing the bell. Fanny opened the door herself. She was disheveled and distraught. In an abandonment of despair she flung her arms about the preacher and wept on his shoulder.

Merrill stopped stockstill, racked with pity for Fanny Protheroe and with envy for Findley. The preacher put his arm around the young woman's waist and the door closed them from Merrill's sight. He raged along the street, fuming with covetousness. He knew that he could not have given such consolation as Findley was master of; but he felt that he could have made consolation unnecessary.

He resolved that he would throw aside professional formalities and force his way to the bedside of the fever-smitten, drug-hampered child.

He would scandalize all Carthage and outrage the canons of Good Taste. But what a contemptibly petty thing was Good Taste in the face of such necessity!

"Oh, Do Smoke! I'm Quite Used to It. I Love It"

Merrill turned back, aflame with resolution. Even as his hand hesitated over the latch of the Crawford gate the door opened and Findley came down the steps totteringly. He fell against the doctor's shoulder and wept like a child.

"He's dead, Vet! Fanny's boy is dead! The last thing she valued on earth is taken from her. I don't know how she can live through it. Her heart is crushed."

As the two men stood in helpless pity Doctor Lucas left the home where he had been so busy and so mortally futile.

The old man was worn out with his labors and his defeat and his sympathy, but young Merrill felt a desperate impulse to beat him to the dust for a miserable bungler. He merely bowed with deference to his elder colleague. But there must have been something in his eyes that betrayed his thoughts, for the old man looked at him with some alarm and slunk down the street. Perhaps he read the condemnation of his own old methods before the young new theories he could neither understand nor attempt.

Merrill walked partway to the parsonage with Findley, holding him up by the elbow. He endured all of Findley's tender and proprietary allusions to the forlorn mother. He endured all of Findley's comments on his own distress, and he watched almost cynically the process by which the young man's heavy soul relieved itself by unpacking its grief and washing its own heart clean and strong with what Merrill called "the original antiseptic solution, sodium chloride, popularly known as tears."

His way homeward, or boarding-houseward, led him past the Crawford house again. Now the place was silent. He rather imagined than heard low moans from the room where he knew she crouched by an empty shell that no longer babbled with mother-love, no longer put out appealing hands for shelter from the wantoning fiends of pain, no longer maundered in infantile delirium, no longer glowed with warmth even of fever, no longer gave any sign of anything save nullity and conclusion.

Doctor Merrill felt so much more than sorry for her. He felt as never before an outcast from her life. There was no way whatever for him to be of use to her now.

*IV*

FANNY PROTHEROE was too ill to go to the baby's graveside. Even Doctor Lucas forbade her that dismal privilege. He could not tell what ailed her. Her grief prostrated her. It was more than the devastation of a young mother's collapse, so pitiful and so usual.

Seeing no other cause for her absolute prostration except brooding upon the wreckage of her life, Doctor Lucas advised a change of scene. Findley told Merrill that he had recommended a place in the mountains, the home of his Uncle Joshua and his Aunt Hannah.

"She'll die of loneliness," said Merrill.

"She wants to be alone," said Findley.

"She oughtn't to be alone."

"Her mother's going with her."

"That's worse yet."

But Merrill was neither the family doctor nor the family pastor, and he was forced to see everything done as he least wished.

Weeks passed and the reports from the mountains brought no comfort to the pastor, who received them from his Aunt Hannah or from Fanny's mother. They brought no comfort to Doctor Merrill, who received them at second hand. Her state grew so bad that Doctor Lucas was sent for. He came back from the mountains ignorant, and admitting it. He blamed her bodily ills to her mental condition. When Findley told Merrill, Merrill growled: "Doesn't the old idiot know that it's bound to be the other way round?"

Findley looked at him as a hopeless bigot of materialism.

Then, one day, Merrill met Findley on the street reading a letter. His eyes were blurred with horror and he walked into trees and fences like a blind man. Merrill rescued him almost from under the wheels of a wagon. Findley, looking up, recognized Merrill with difficulty, then clutched his shoulder hard and moaned:

"She's dying, Vet!"

"Fanny Protheroe dying!" Merrill gasped. Findley nodded in complete terror.

"My aunt writes that she—read it yourself. I can't tell you."

He thrust the letter in Merrill's hands and the doctor read. It was an old woman's rambling letter and he gnashed his teeth over its vague expressions. He gleaned only that Fanny Protheroe had

arrived at the farm in very poor condition. For the first day or two her spirits had risen to greet the big mountains, the trailing clouds and the neighborly sky. Then she had lapsed into despondency. Her mother had been of little comfort. The girl rushed away for long walks and came back wet-eyed and dejected. She could be heard crying at night. She complained always of her heart. "It aches! It aches!" was all she could say.

She grew too weak to walk; she sat on the porch and stared off into nowhere, one hand always on her heart. She grew too weak to leave her room. At last she could not rise from her bed.

When Doctor Lucas came, saw and retreated. Findley's aunt had advised calling in the local doctor. He lived fifteen miles away and it took half a day to fetch him, but Mrs. Crawford had sent for him time and again. All his diagnoses had failed, his medicines had shown no effect. He had finally confessed himself baffled. He was sure that it was not heart disease, nor consumption, nor pneumonia, nor any of the fevers. His medicines had done no good.

Merrill finished the letter in glum silence.

"What do you suppose it is, Vet?" Findley demanded.

"How can I tell from here?" he answered peevishly.

"Do you suppose that doctor knows anything?"

"Probably not much. But he ought to be able to tell the symptoms of the big diseases. It might be something obscure."

"I know what it is," Findley cried.

"What?"

"She is dying of a broken heart!"

"Nonsense! People don't die of heartbreak," the doctor roared.

"Do you mean to say that people don't perish of grief?"

"Yes. The heart is only a big involuntary muscle, a pump. Bad food and bad water and bad blood have killed millions, but grief—no! A few invisible microbes are more dangerous than all the sorrows in the world. Look at what mothers go through—and grow strong on."

"You're mad -you crazy materialist!" shrieked Findley. "You don't believe in anything except what can be weighed and measured."

"What else is there?" said Merrill calmly.

"Everything!" the preacher thundered. "The poor girl brooded over her husband's death till her heart broke. She loves the blackguard still. It is part of God's mysterious wisdom that no villain should fall so low that some good woman's love shall not reach down and fasten on him. And now God has called her child to Him, and she is pining to follow him to Heaven."

Merrill's outcast love made him savage. He snarled: "You know more about Heaven than I do, Neverend, but I know more about earth than you do, and I tell you people don't die of grief. If I were there I bet I could find out what ails her, and I could cure her too."

"You think so?"

"I'm sure of it."

"Then pack your things, for we're going on the first train."

Merrill needed no further urging. At last he had his wish. He was called in to apply his science to the service of his love.

*V*

THE old eyes of Aunt Hannah did not see the buckboard coming till it turned in at the gate. She did not recognize her nephew till he hailed her.

She missed the usual warmth of his greeting. His manner was hurried and he had a stranger with him.

"This is Doctor Merrill from Carthage," he said.

They found Mrs. Crawford at the foot of the stairs, just bringing down a tray of food the invalid had refused. The mother greeted them both as people greet ghosts.

She hobbled upstairs to warn Fanny of the visitors. The men came close on her heels and waited outside. The mother returned to the door and beckoned. Merrill started forward. The mother motioned him back and again beckoned Findley. The preacher looked amazed:

"Will she see me?"

"She asked for you first. She was always talking of you."

Merrill almost smiled at the blaze of joy that fired the preacher's face. He waited.

Findley went into the room as if an ethereal chariot were carrying him on high. Merrill listened for the girl's voice; he heard nothing but one sepulchral groan from Findley. In a few minutes the door was opened and Findley stumbled into the hall, his face white with despair, his eyes turned up white, his frame as shattered as if he had been hurled from that chariot. He tried to speak, but his lips beat together in vain.

Merrill pushed by him. He was used to seeing sick women and dying women, but he was struck rigid by the change in the Fanny Protheroe he had known and loved from afar. Even when he had seen her at the train the day she left Carthage she was merely very sad, drooping a little, like a young rose in the heat of the day, but still a rose. Now she was the shriveled husk one finds in a neglected vase.

She was so weak that lifting her eyelids to look at Merrill was a slow task. She tried to smile, and her soul tugged at the corners of her thin lips like fishermen bending to a full net, but gave up the task.

This débris of beauty was the utmost tragedy to Findley. He fell to his knees by the bedside, clasped his hands and closed his eyes in prayer. But Merrill, for all the sorrow that smote him, kept his eyes open and studious, and his hands went about the ruined temple of the face, the arms and the body of the girl. Everything he saw was symptoms—symptoms that whispered theories to him, theories to which other symptoms gave the lie.

He placed under her heavily coated tongue a thermometer. He was searching for things that could be "weighed and measured."

He bent and picked up a hand like a dried leaf. The wrist was now hardly more than white willow. The pulse was racing, feeble, irregular and intermittent, and without that elastic quality he called tonicity.

The thermometer recorded a temperature of 103. He noted that she was breathing very rapidly, or rather panting than breathing, for her respiration was exaggerated and shallow. He bent low and smiled with hypocritic encouragement, and said in an offhand way:

"Will you tell me where the pain is greatest?"

A slow hand crept up and rested over her heart. He placed his ear there and listened, but there was no hint of any organic or functional evil other than the pulse had shown.

He placed his hands at her sides and squeezed the chest-walls. She gave a little cry of pain. Then she was flung about with a cough. When this had quieted, Merrill bent down again and put his ear to her breast and back. He could trace no obstruction in her lungs. The stethoscope told him no more and percussion taught him nothing new. He stood erect, frustrated and bewildered.

Findley raised his eyes and saw the ignorance in the doctor's face. It confirmed his own theory, but he took no pleasure in his triumph. His head sank as if a club had battered it down.

Merrill read in Findley's eyes his belief that the girl was dying simply of grief, but he did not believe that the soul could withdraw from the body of its own accord—resign from life in mere disgust. In his creed life always fought to remain, and died as a fire dies, because it is smothered or quenched or starved.

He returned to his examination and went over all the ground again. He began to percuss the almost fleshless bosom, here, there, everywhere, and his trained ear listened to his exploring fingertip as to a revealing oracle. Even the shy woman could hardly blush beneath his coldly earnest gaze or his untender touch. She never dreamed that this man loved her.

Findley staggered to the window and was staring at the gaunt peaks upheaved on the horizon. The mother had dropped into a chair with gaze averted, feeling a sense of uneasy shame of which Merrill was innocent.

His hunting hands found nothing to arrest them in any of the territory they roamed. At length he sought further and his finger went tap-tapping below her heart. At last, just over the point of it, he paused and repeated the questioning rap.

The resonant note that indicates the air in the lungs below was missing. There was a dullness of sound that might have meant a solidification in some tissue; but there was also a flatness of tone which hinted some fluid.

He knelt and fastened a keener scrutiny on the white flesh, and now he could just descry, not in outline but faintly in perspective, a slight distension of the natural line. As the trained eye of the Indian finds a volume of news in a broken twig or a crushed leaf, so Merrill saw in this almost invisible curve a book of revelation.

His first gasp of delight at his discovery was quenched in a realization of its vital import. Findley heard the gasp and demanded:

"You have found the trouble?"

"I think so, but I must make sure. If I only had an aspiratory needle!" He thought hard, then he said, "My hypodermic needle is large; it will have to do."

He darted from the room and ran downstairs. In the kitchen he found, as he expected, a kettle simmering on the range. He opened the case of surgical instruments he had brought along, took from it a hypodermic needle, dropped it in the water and stirred the fire.

When the implement had boiled long enough to suit him he fished it out and hurried upstairs. He approached the bedside again, bared the fluttering chest and poised the needle over the girl's heart. It looked like a stiletto, and Fanny thrust it aside with feeble haste and with a little wail that brought her mother to her side with the plea:

"Don't hurt the poor child."

Merrill pushed her aside. "She is too ill to feel it much." And he said to Fanny, "I won't give you any more pain than I can help."

She yielded, rather from inability to resist than from conviction. There was something ghastly in the figure of the man asking to be permitted to drive a pointed needle straight toward her heart. She would have been more frightened still had she known how frightened Merrill was.

In Carthage the same man is both physician and surgeon, and Merrill had had none too much experience since he left his hospital practice. He had often regretted the sparsity of his opportunity to wield his knives, and Findley had abhorred his gruesome ambition. But now the reason of it was manifest.

He must pierce the very envelope of a beating heart and yet not touch the heart's self. And hearts are not always in the right place.

He asked Mrs. Crawford to hold the girl's twitching hands, lest some involuntary clutch should make a murderer of him; but the mother was too palsied to be of help, and he commanded Findley to perform the task.

The preacher, unutterably afraid and blushing with the unwonted duty, took the little hands in his and turned his eyes away, thinking of the curse that fell on Noah's son.

Merrill was used to outer integuments and the inner recesses of life, and he tried to regard the girl only as a mechanical problem.

He placed the point of the hollow needle against the white skin at the fifth intercostal space; set his thumb along the needle as a check and pressed it backward, inward and downward with the uttermost nicety, avoiding bone and artery and cartilage and throbbing heart.

The girl quivered with a twinge of pain, and Findley, quivering with her throe, turned his eyes to Merrill, saw his intense frown dissolve in an arch of exultance—the exultance that surgeons feel on tracking a hidden trouble home. When he lifted away the needle the cylinder was filled with an evil fluid.

He nodded his head and again he became very solemn.

"What is it, Vet?" Findley whispered.

"Come with me," said Merrill.

He turned to nod and smile as reassuringly as he could to the anxious patient and went into the

*(Continued on Page 58)*

Then They Girded the Cords of the Bathrobes Tightly and Sallied Forth

# What Are the Railroads Worth?

## How the Government Should Determine Their Value

By HENRY L. GRAY

ENGINEER OF THE RAILROAD COMMISSION OF WASHINGTON

IT IS apparent that the general public is at last seriously considering the problem of railroad legislation. The Interstate Commerce Commission, the sole advocate of the people, has, unconsciously perhaps, conducted a campaign of education that has given the layman a considerable insight into the needs of the country at large in this regard. The bill now before Congress represents opinions that have been some time in forming, and embodies most of the recommendations of the commission. But Congress has not seen fit to provide for an appraisal of railroad property, although the commission has persistently recommended that such action be taken.

There are several reasons why the value of the railways within the United States should be established. Four important purposes suggested are: (1) Determination of the reasonableness of rates; (2) Prevention of overcapitalization; (3) Rationalization of railway statements and balance sheets; (4) Taxation.

The prosperity of a community depends largely upon its freight rates. The advantages of climate and location, and the fertility of the soil, may be in a great measure offset by excessive rates. It is an accepted principle that investors are entitled to a fair return upon the value of a legitimate investment. However, the public is not greatly concerned with the amount of return if it is not compelled to contribute to it, either directly or indirectly; for where competition prevails, fairness will result. Nor is the public unwilling that investors should profit largely, providing that they enjoy no exceptional privileges; but, though extremely liberal, it is not willing to provide an excessive profit for a railroad, a monopoly, which partially dictates the cost of necessities, and at the same time possesses the right of condemnation, and other advantages.

### Figures That Do Not Tell the Story

FREIGHT rates are advancing, and, unfortunately, the public is not in a good position to protest the advance. The books of the railways are not open to the public, and there is considerable doubt whether the information contained therein would be readily comprehended even if the books were open. True, a property account is shown, supposed to represent the cost of the road, and certain figures purport to be the net return, but what does this signify to the shipper? The courts have repeatedly held that the return shall be based upon the value of the property devoted to public use as a common carrier. Almost invariably the injured shipper, knowing neither such value nor the actual net return, is forced to fall back on comparisons for evidence. The railroads, realizing the usefulness of testimony regarding value, meet attacks upon their rates with carefully prepared statements of the value of their property, which the complainant is absolutely unable to disprove.

Fixing the value of a railroad may have a radical effect upon the amount annually shown as the net revenue. Frequently an important item of expense is the transfer of a large sum of money to the depreciation reserve, which sum in most cases is simply an arbitrary percentage of the gross earnings, and hears no relation to the actual annual depreciation. The reserve may be large or small, and it may be seen that the maintenance of such a fund may exert a marked influence upon the net revenue. In arriving at the value of a railway, the cost of reproducing the different elements must he determined, and, as the annual depreciation of the individual items is easily ascertained, the sum of the depreciation of such items should give the annual depreciation in dollars, and indicate whether the amount annually set aside is excessive. Thus a valuation may result in increasing or decreasing the net revenue.

Overcapitalization is one of the high crimes laid at the door of the railroads, and is, beyond doubt, a real evil. Not only may it be responsible for excessive rates (the fixed charges consuming the revenue), but, as pointed out by the Interstate Commerce Commission, it affects the general credit of the country. Though it is admitted that the funded debt of railroads may include other property, possibly earning a greater return than the strictly railroad property, yet many notable examples exist in which the funded debt is far in excess of the properties mortgaged, securities being issued against improvements made from earnings, the franchise value, or other intangible item. The following paragraph taken from an address by the Honorable Judson C. Clements, member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, treats of a well-known case:

> The books of the Chicago & Alton, on December 31, 1898, showed that the value of the property was $39,935,-887, and that the stock and funded debt and other liabilities amounted to $33,951,407. About this time the Harriman syndicate purchased the Chicago & Alton at $200 preferred and $175 common, or at a total of $39,042,-200. Thence on until June 30, 1906, the capital indebtedness of the Chicago & Alton expanded from $33,951,407 to $114,610,937, an increase of about $80,000,000. Of this only $18,000,000 was actually expended in improvements, etc., leaving $62,660,000 increase of stock and liabilities without one dollar of consideration.

Securities are even issued against a large earning capacity, and dividends on stock are paid with new stock issues, thus capitalizing earning power, and, in a manner, clinching the rates. From the address referred to above, we learn that the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company increased its capital stock one hundred per cent by the distribution of new stock as dividends. Securities have been drawn against future expectations, and in some cases the expectations seem to have been realized, for the time being, at least.

Note the following extract from a pamphlet issued by an investment house:

> As against the argument which may be advanced that some of the stocks mentioned, as, for example, Union Pacific common stock, sell at prices far above the "cash paid in" value, we submit that such high prices are largely due to the large earning capacity of such companies.

Or, in other words, the puhlic pays interest on a vast sum that was never invested.

The general balance sheet as prescribed by the Interstate Commerce Commission is a complete statement of assets and liahilities, in great detail, showing clearly any deficit or surplus that may exist. So comprehensible is this document, that it is possible to judge, almost at a glance, the efficiency of the management. Such a statement would he of inestimable benefit to the stockholders and general puhlic, did it but reflect the true state of affairs.

The first item that is shown under assets is the "Property Account"; as it is generally known that in many cases the sum shown as the "Property Account" bears little or no relation to the cost of the property, it is seen that such a balance sheet is apt to be misleading, to say the least. The Interstate Commerce Commission, in its report for 1908, says:

> This is no place to enter upon an extended criticism of the practice of American railways in the matter of their property accounts, nor is such a criticism necessary for the purpose in hand. It is sufficient to refer to the well-known fact that no court, or commission, or accountant, or financial writer, would for a moment consider that the present balance-sheet statement, purporting to give the "cost of property," suggests even in a remote degree a reliable measure, either of money invested or of present value. Under these conditions, it is impossible for the commission to "complete in a satisfactory manner the formulation of a standard system of accounts."

### Government Valuation

RAILROADS, as a rule, extend through different states and counties, and for the purposes of taxation are valued and assessed according to the best judgment or the caprice of local officials. Where such matters are under the direction of a central state board justice is more apt to result than if left entirely in the hands of county officials, having little or no knowledge of the value of any part of a railroad, who are forced blindly to follow precedent, and fix the value at so much per lineal foot of track. Only recently has it been conceded that the shops located in one state might properly affect the value of the property in another state, or that a railroad might have a value beyond the mere cost of its right-of-way and track. As shown by a recent report of the Department of Commerce and Labor the assessed value of the railroads of the United States was only thirty-five and five-tenths per cent of the commercial value. The average householder, who is compelled to pay on sixty per cent of the commercial value of his home, may justly feel discriminated against.

President Roosevelt, writing to the Interstate Commerce Commission on March 17, 1906, says:

> It seems to me that it would be a very desirable thing to have a valuation made of railroad properties. I do not know how much time it would take, or how much money it would cost, and whether or not there are objections to having it done, or even if it could be done without the action of Congress.

On the date of the above letter there is little doubt but that the railroads were extremely hostile to such a proceeding; but the railroad policies have undergone a change, and they have begun to appreciate the value of public confidence. They still object, as shown by the following extract from a paper prepared by Mr. W. H. Williams, Third Vice-President of the Delaware & Hudson Railway:

> It should not be inferred that the railways object to having a valuation placed upon their properties. In effect, such valuations are daily attempted with greater or less success hy subscribers to new issues of securities, and even by those who invest largely in securities heretofore issued. There is, however, serious objection to an incomplete and misleading valuation bearing the stamp and carrying the weight of governmental sanction, which can be of no practical advantage to the Government, the public, or the railways, but may easily injure the public and the railways by disturbing the confidence of the former and hampering the activities of the latter. It seems very clear that such a valuation as is proposed would be wholly useless to the Government for any practical purposes, because it would omit so many factors essential to any fair appraisement of the worth of the enterprises as going concerns.

It would appear that the objections all hinge upon the meaning of the word "value." If the work is to be done,

and the objections overruled, the question must be answered: What constitutes the value of a railroad, or what is such a property worth?

The Department of Commerce and Labor evolved what is known as the "net-earnings method" of finding the value of railroads. This method consists in ascertaining the average market value of the stock, taken over a period of five or ten years, as well as the average yearly dividends paid on such stock for the same period, thus obtaining the average annual rate of return. The average annual net earnings are next considered, and capitalized at the average annual rate obtained previously. For example, the $30,000,000 stock issue of the X. Y. & Z. railroad sold over a period of years for an average price of 60, giving a total average market value of the stock of $18,000,000. The average annual dividend was three per cent on $30,000,000, or $900,000, which is a return of five per cent on $18,000,000, the average market value of the stock. Suppose that the average net earnings amounted to $1,400,000; this would be the return upon the presumed investment, or five per cent on $28,000,000, the calculated value of the property. Where conditions are ideal this method would give fairly good results, but in cases where no dividends have been declared the rate of return must be assumed, so this method cannot be generally applied and is apt to be misleading in many cases.

Until the last few years, Tax Commissions were wont to determine the value of railroads by what is known as the "stock and bond method," which consists in adding to the market value of stock the outstanding obligations. Inasmuch as the market value of the stock depends upon the amount of bonded indebtedness, this method might seem a fair approximation, were it not for the knowledge that a road may be made to pay dividends on stock that is all water, by means of advantageous traffic agreements with some more fortunate member of the same family group. A sudden change in the personnel of the stockholders of the supporting road, however, will speedily wipe out the dividends of the weaker.

It is the contention of many that the value of a railroad depends upon what it will earn; that it is of small import how great the bonded debt, how heavily watered the stock, if the road can pay its interest charges and a fair rate of dividend—it has a value at least as great as indicated by its earnings. Such a theory places the shipper in a paradoxical position: the more freight he pays, the more the road will earn; the greater the earnings, the greater its value; and the greater its value, the greater the net return to which it is entitled. Ergo, the more the shipper pays, the higher the rate. The value of a property is not necessarily fixed by what it can earn, any more than the earning power is fixed by the value; they are factors of each other, but not determining factors.

The Supreme Court of Minnesota has held that the value of the property upon which a railroad is entitled to earn a return corresponds to the cost of reproducing the property at the time of inquiry. The cost of reproduction would represent the investment required to replace the property new, and it was contended that the return should be based upon such a probable expenditure. This policy does not recognize the existence of both good and bad investments. Two roads might be built costing exactly the same sum, one through a country that afterward built up rapidly, the other through a country that for some reason did not fulfill expectations, but remained poor in traffic. Under the cost-of-reproduction theory they would be entitled to the same return, which would impose a hardship upon the meager traffic of the one road, whose rates would of necessity be higher than those of the other.

When investigating the value of a property probably the first thing one thinks of is, "What did it cost?" But cost is not necessarily a measure of value. A road may have been built during a period of extremely high or low prices. Property generally advances in value, and railroads are no exception. Also, much work may be done, enhancing the value of a road, that may be charged to operating expenses and not be reflected in the cost. It is also contended by extremists that the depreciated value of a property is its true value, and that a road never attains its cost of reproduction. If a railroad is properly maintained such depreciation as may occur will not seriously affect the true value; but if the road be permitted to run down, the depreciated condition speedily manifests itself in the net revenue, owing to the decline of business, heavy accident and damage claims, and repair bills. In this manner the depreciated value affects the market value, but does not represent it.

In the celebrated case of Smyth vs. Ames (169 U. S.), the court held that the value of a railroad was not fixed by any one factor, and that in arriving at such value due consideration should be given the original cost, cost of reproduction, amount and market value of securities, probable earning capacity, and the cost of operation. "We do not say," states the court, "that there may not be other matters to be considered in estimating the value of the property." Important as this decision is, much of its value lies in the last sentence, for there may be many other things that affect the market value.

A man desiring to purchase a house first notes its general appearance. He learns that the house cost three thousand dollars, but makes a mental note that it was built during the panic, when labor and material were cheap; he examines its condition, and wishes it was nearer the business center, but is glad that it is only a short distance from the carline. He likes the lot and notes with satisfaction that the walks are in and the street is graded, but views the neighboring houses with some distrust. He investigates further and learns that the house has always rented well, that taxes are high, while light and water are cheap. Afterwards he decides how much he is willing to pay for the house, or in other words, he fixes its value to him. Did any one factor determine his conclusion?

An intending purchaser of a factory would doubtless investigate along similar lines, and learn what the property had cost, what it would cost to reproduce it, its physical condition, the probable earning capacity, the

*(Concluded on Page 47)*

# THE NIMBLE SIXPENCE

## How it is Taught to Go Slow—By Robert Shackleton

HOW do they do it? How do the people of Europe manage to give the impression that they are getting more for their money than Americans are? Their wages are lower, their salaries lower, their incomes lower than in America; hence the general belief that their prices for the necessaries of life must be lower—which, broadly speaking, they are not.

Then how do they do it? How do they make the lion of high prices lie down with the lamb of low incomes? If most Europeans are not independently rich, then how do they manage to give the impression of being so independently poor?

The explanation is that they do it by ceaseless frugality, incredible thrift—a thrift and frugality inherited and developed through many generations, permeating all classes, high and low; they do it by parsimonies, contrivances, economies, shifts.

The economies of Europe, successful though they are, are largely of a kind that would not accord well with the spirit on this side of the Atlantic. Americans have, indeed, the fault of wastefulness; and yet the very prodigality of a young nation is based upon vigor and prosperity.

I am not writing either to praise or to criticise, but only with intent to set down facts in regard to a really curious condition.

The European is not content with believing that the penny saved is as good as the penny earned; to him it is far better than the penny earned. "We do not make money; we save money," said a prominent merchant of Hamburg to me.

In Europe, frugalities are likely to make their appearance at any time and in any place. The French official who, given a good American cigar, tucked it heedfully away, declaring that he should smoke it, off and on, for weeks to come, is typical of a saving nation.

This Frenchman reminds me of a day at Cherbourg, when I was looking out over the harbor at a great liner that had just steamed statelily in. The water was a glorious, shimmering blue, under a blue sky. True, it was harbor water; it was the waterfront of a city, and yet it was as beautiful as if the city were not there.

Then, right into the water there drove a little cart, crowded with big tin cans; these the driver proceeded to fill with sea water and, having done so, drove leisurely ashore.

It was clear that I was not looking at a case of mere lacteal dilution; the fact that salt was in the water and

A Servant is Treated as a Distinctly Inferior Being

publicity in the view shut out the supposition of its being a Frenchman's milky way; and so I made query as to what it really was.

"Oh, that is only a baker's cart," was the indifferent reply, familiarity having taken off the edge of possible surprise or disapprobation.

"And do other bakers do the same?"

"Yes, indeed."

Salt is very dear in France, being an important source of governmental revenue, and so bakers carry sea water to their bakeries for the sake of the profit in thus getting salt for nothing!

Frugality is everywhere. The dangling keys of the English wife or housekeeper are no mere simulacrum of security. She really uses them, and daily doles out her lumps of sugar, her teaspoonful of tea, her three apples for a tart. She knows to a day how long a ton of coal should last, and such fires as she permits to burn are but microscopic blazes in grates so tiny as to be inhibitive of heat. In the English home, the guest from America is likely to suffer from having accustomed himself to warmth, for the English house is often as cold as those Italian palaces where the occupants put on their overcoats when they go indoors. On the Continent, coal is used even more sparingly than in England, and the use of briquets, made principally from slack, is a widespread economy. Firewood is a rich man's luxury. In Italy, the stove—when there is a stove!—is likely to be of the merest toylike dimensions, and I remember that in Florence they sell pine cones as fuel. Not only the poor of Italy, but the well-to-do, use footwarmers in their own homes, in the churches, or when out visiting friends: little earthen vessels filled with hot ashes or charcoal and carried from place to place; and I have seen Italian palaces whose only heat was from open braziers.

The purchase of food in small quantities appeals to many a European housewife as an economy. She can buy a slice of roast beef, a corner of cheese, a chicken leg or a couple of wings; in Naples she may snatch an economical joy from the purchase of a tentacle of the grisly octopus!

It is to obviate waste or loss that these housewives thus forego the profit of buying in quantity; and yet they well know how to buy in quantity when it is an advantage. The frugal German lays in a great hoard of sausage and beer to gain the low prices that go with such purchasing, and the English buyer, consulting the retail catalogue of a great London shop, sees, for one example among many, that she can save two cents a pound on every pound of tea if she buys from five to twenty pounds at a time, and two and a half cents if she buys from twenty to fifty pounds.

The German housewife, if very thrifty, can, and often does, save four pfennigs on each liter of milk by sending to the shop for it instead of having it delivered at her door.

Many shops in Europe have different prices for different customers; of course, higher prices for Americans, but grades of price for even the natives. Whereupon the European himself, instead of feeling annoyed, as the Americans do, aims to take advantage of the condition by securing the lowest prices for himself—and then thanks the Lord that his prices are not as those of other men.

Owing to the fact that a servant can buy many things more cheaply than an employer, a maid or cook is often

told what sum is to be spent weekly on the table, and is then directed to do the buying and keep within the sum—which the servant always manages to do. And if, in the doing, she wins some infinitesimal commission for herself, the mistress does not object, for lower prices have been gained; and, as the shopkeeper is glad that he has the trade, every one is happy.

A woman of wealth, in France or Germany or England, will personally attend to far more household matters than will the average woman of the same standing in America. In Germany, a family with an income of, say, five thousand dollars will probably give but one formal dinner in the course of the year, and if the income runs a little over that there may be a single small dance in addition. Hospitality on a large scale is too expensive for frequency.

In many a well-to-do French family it is only the best dress that is made by the dressmaker. In Germany, the well-to-do woman will often do much of the family sewing. There are, of course, women who will only squander and will neither work nor save, but the European feeling is that there is nothing derogatory in doing what one thriftily can to save expense.

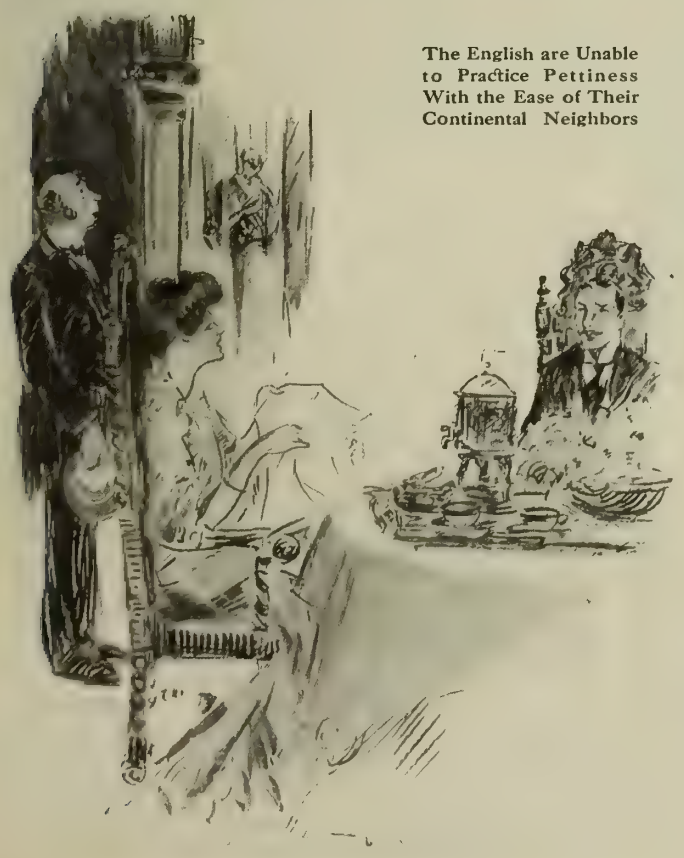
### English Respect for Rank

EUROPE sets us an admirable example in the simplicity that in many cases grows out of needful frugality. A Sorbonne professor, on a tiny salary, will probably live in a tiny apartment in some decidedly unpretentious quarter, but he will be sought out there by his friends, and neither he nor they will feel the slightest embarrassment on account of economical surroundings. In the general matter of contentment the folk of the other side of the ocean are decidedly ahead of us—but then comes the query whether or not, after all, contentment is necessarily such an admirable thing. Unrest, ambition, the desire to get onward and upward, dissatisfaction with humble environment—such things are at the root of all advancement in the world.

The exhortation to realize that it is God who has called us to our state of life, and that we ought merely to do our duty in it, with the very direct implication that this duty means also contentment, is, one remembers, in the English prayer-book; and it is rather typical of the feeling over there, especially when it is considered that in the same paragraph is that still more distinctly English exhortation to order oneself "lowly and reverently" toward all one's "betters."

But European contentment is a subject of many sides. I remember an old priest, in an out-of-the-way corner of Europe, to whom I spoke inquiringly of the apparent absence of amusements and interest for the women of his flock. He looked at me with grave intentness, and said slowly: "The women care for the home, for the husband and the children. On Sunday they go to church. On Sunday afternoon, perhaps, they take a little walk with husband and children. They know nothing else; they wish for nothing else. Is it not better so?"

Naturally, there are national differences in frugality. The English are quite unable to practice pettiness with the ease and success of their Continental neighbors, and to this is owing in considerable degree their decreasing prosperity as a nation, under the steady increase of expenses and the pressure of hard times.



The English are Unable to Practice Pettiness With the Ease of Their Continental Neighbors

And as for the American family living abroad and desirous of keeping up an American standard of living, but with frugal expenditure, it is best to realize frankly that it is impossible; for the person who practices frugality as the French or Germans or Italians practice it must have had the art ingrained through generations of ancestors. Such frugality is born and not made.

The frugal American abroad is apt, as a matter of fact, to be merely mean. I one day heard a well-dressed American, at the box-office of the Opera, in Paris, exclaim in a disagreeable and loudly expostulatory tone: "What! You are charging me three francs apiece and I asked for the very cheapest seats in the house!" And I remember an American girl in Florence, whose home allowance was very large, but who, to save the reasonable charge of the house for lighting, flitted out regularly and bought her own kerosene and carried it in triumph to her room. "I save a few centesimi every week!" she said proudly—five centesimi being equal to one American cent. And a young American, whom I know to be independently rich, stayed in Rome a day longer than he had intended; not to see more of the city—he had "finished" that—but in order that he might finish the bottle of cheap wine he had purchased, which at every meal was set beside his plate.

The thrifty European averages a saving, compared with Americans of the same class, in the matter of house-rent. Rents are not essentially lower by any fair comparison of house, surroundings, conveniences and civilized accessories, but the European is satisfied with far less than the American, and often the American abroad is easily satisfied with what would be most unsatisfactory at home.

The proportion of one-fourth of the income for rent, common in America, is positively startling to the European. "The standing of a man of business would be looked upon as extremely doubtful should he indulge in extravagance such as that," said a Manchester business man to me.

That European homes are in a general environment that the American tourist has traveled far to see, ordinarily blinds the American to the facts regarding neighborhood and sanitation. The conditions in much of Paris are still shocking from a sanitary viewpoint, and especially for a city that boasts of being the finest representative of the highest civilization of the world; and many a frugal Parisian, who dresses well and dines at prominent restaurants, lives in a place that would be condemned by the health officers of any American city.

### Picturesque Beauty but No Conveniences

OR, TO go from the houses of Paris to those of the provinces, the tourist compares, to American disadvantage, the picturesquely charming homes of the Norman peasantry with the homes of rural America, but is quite unaware that many of those Norman homes, so fascinating to outward view, have only the earth for floor; that tables, chairs and beds stand right on the ground; and that, as to light, ventilation, conveniences and sanitary arrangements, Normandy, with all its fascination, is still in the Dark Ages.

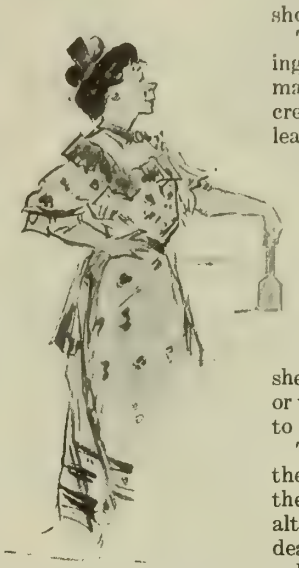
If the European would live in as good a home as the American he must pay for it. As a Berlin resident said, "It is, with the house a man chooses, that either he makes eyes at his friends or hides."

The ease and comfort and charm of café eating and café hospitality are points in which Europe is distinctly in advance of us. The man of the Continent is devoted to the cheerful amenities of restaurant life.

In France, far more than elsewhere, one sees both the rich and the poor eating freely at the expensive or humble restaurants; and the impression that comes from this is that of an enviably high degree of financial prosperity.

The French are certainly the most pronounced of café-frequenters, boulevardiers. But, in the first place, the Frenchman, and especially the Parisian, cuts his home expenses to the lowest notch. He does not want to live in the suburbs; few Parisians do; he must live near the heart of his beloved city. And as rents are high for fashionable or showy apartments, he puts up with something cramped and inferior that is, unless he has an unusual income. And as the Government pounces upon every bit of home expensiveness or display for taxes upon the servant, the silver, the horse, the dog everything!—and even maintains that relic of barbarism, the tax on windows and doors, the Parisian turns for relief to the only place where he can go and enjoy himself and at the same time escape a tax. He pays the restaurant-keeper rather than the taxgatherer, and is thus a cheerful boulevardier. One noontime, at the Café de la Paix, I noticed that I was the only one in the big room who was not French. And always the French are seen in generous numbers at the lines of sidewalk tables along the boulevards, for in all this they manage to find not only enjoyment but thriftiness.

And that women of moderate or even humble means are seen so much at restaurants is because of their being steady wage-earners themselves and therefore unequal to assuming full household cares. The Frenchwoman engages in many a line of industry. She sells tickets; stands, white-capped, as "flagman" at railway crossings; keeps a little shop or acts as cashier in the shop of her husband.



Servants are a Household Expense That is Much Lower in Europe

The inborn, deep-based feeling of the average European man, that woman is an inferior creature compared with him, leads him to put much of the sordid hardship of frugality upon her shoulders, even though she brought money to the family treasury on her marriage, and even though she may work somewhere for wages. She is likely to be closely restricted as to the money she spends, whether for herself or the household, and to be held to account for every penny.

The European people go to the theater more freely than the average American, because, although the best seats are as dear as with us, they are frugally content with cheaper ones and feel no prohibitive pride. And, too, there is a fairer grading of seat prices than with us. Many Germans carry their thriftiness so far as to take luncheons with them to the performances, and I have been in crowded theaters in Berlin where, between the acts, packages of food and bottles of wine were freely opened in practically every part of the house—again showing how little the Continental European cares for appearances in comparison with what he wishes to do for either comfort or thrift. Many an English or French clerk or small tradesman carries his daily luncheon in his pocket to his place of business.

This feeling of the European that there is no check on doing in public anything he wants to do, so long as it does not offend those whom he frankly calls his superiors, tends to save him from the expensiveness that goes with false pretenses, the expensiveness that goes with the desire to appear to be something different from what he really is. And all this makes for thriftiness of life.

I do not know that this general sense of belonging with practical permanence to a certain class can be better illustrated than by the English system of knocks at the door. Always, from the character of the knock, it can be told what manner of visitor it is, whether social caller, or the postman, or a messenger-boy, or a tradesman. So far, indeed, is the differentiation carried that there is even the distinctive knock of the undertaker, as if with the desire to carry class distinctions beyond the grave.

### The Cheapness of Service

A FRENCH laborer will wear his suit of corduroy for practically a lifetime, and has no objection to patches even though they have become so numerous as to give the effect of the variegated coat of Joseph. In London, a workman can buy a strong-wearing suit for as low as seven dollars and fifty cents. Some kinds of suits for working-men can be bought in Paris for as little as five dollars. Shoes for workmen can be bought for some two dollars less than the price of the shoes of other classes. Never is there objection to buying clothes that go with a man's walk in life, and this works admirably for economy.

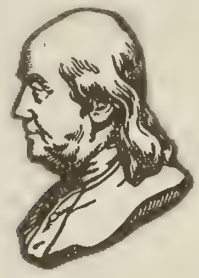
Servants are a household expense that is much lower in Europe than America, and this permits a family to make a great show with comparatively little cost. "It is hard to get a good maid now for less than twenty pounds a year," said an Englishwoman to me—complaining because of its being hard to get a good maid for less than two dollars a week! And in Germany and France servants are paid even less than in England. In Berlin, an excellent maid can be hired for from five dollars to seven dollars and fifty cents a month, and she will work from five in the morning until ten at night, with half a day off every three weeks.

In England, even more than on the Continent, a servant is treated as a distinctly inferior being. Big stores frankly advertise "Pillows stuffed with floss for servants." I have seen the sign, "Coarse butter for servants." The price-lists of prominent stores have such items as "servants' tablecloths." Servants' quarters are usually scant, and haughty butlers have even been known to bestow their pincushion calves on rugs underneath the front stairs.

The French apartment house is very apt, for the sake of the common frugality of the various families, to have

(Concluded on Page 44)

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 18, 1910


## Unprofitable Wretchedness

AT AN exhibition in the city of New York one may see a bunch of artificial rosebuds used for hat-trimming. The girl who made them was quite expert, turning out about one bunch a minute. This enabled her to earn six cents an hour. For making artificial roses, a mother and several children, all working together in one room, were paid at the rate of five cents a dozen. A photograph shows a mother and two sons, the elder aged ten, rolling cigarette wrappers. The picture was taken by flashlight, for the room, besides being squalid, was quite dark; and this company of workers was paid at the rate of ten cents for a thousand wrappers. A mother and two small daughters were more fortunate. They made artificial daisies, which requires a good deal of skill, and by turning out seventy-two bunches a day earned seventy-five cents. Divide that into food, rent and clothing for three!

There were many other exhibits of the same sort, and out of all this beastly sweating, nobody really made much money. Probably the artificial rose that a woman or child toiled to make for half a cent went to an East Side milliner who got ten or fifteen cents for it on a hat. The margin of profit is large, but, as a rule, the East Side milliner's volume of business is small. Much of this misery, in short, is not chargeable at all to organized greed, but merely to huge social disorganization, ignorance and stupidity.

## The Resort to the Scrap-Heap

AT THE corner of Wall and Nassau Streets stands a sixteen-story, steel-frame building, measuring three hundred feet from sidewalk to tower. It was built in 1896 and is well constructed, capable of enduring indefinitely; but they are tearing it down. With a new building, rentals will be so increased that they can afford to throw the old one away. This is a typical American proceeding, and to it a considerable part of our industrial efficiency is due. The readiness with which our engineers toss buildings, steel rails, locomotives and machinery generally into the scrap-heap amazes Europeans, and accounts, in part, for our industrial efficiency. This resort to the scrap-heap requires courage. In the old stuff millions of dollars have been invested. While it isn't the best, one could get along with it for years. To write off the investment, throw the old stuff away and build new, takes nerve. Yet, on the whole, it pays.

Individually a good many of us lack the nerve to "scrap" our failures and half-successes. The old undertaking isn't panning out very well. We see that it does not develop our best efficiency. We are dissatisfied with it, but in it we have invested much effort, much hope and years of time. We hate to write off the investment, toss the old stuff bodily into the scrap-heap and build new; but very likely it would pay.

## How a City Creates Wealth

NEW YORK was laid out in blocks that are very short north and south and very long east and west. This was wrong, because the main flow of traffic is north and south. There should have been as many streets running in that direction as running east and west. From Fifth Avenue to Sixth Avenue is more than eight hundred feet. Mayor Gaynor suggests that, to relieve traffic congestion, the city might open a new thoroughfare midway between those two avenues. This would involve buying a solidly built strip of land in the heart of the city, a hundred feet in width, from Fourteenth Street to Fifty-ninth. A great many costly structures would have to come down. The cost is estimated at thirty-five to fifty million dollars. But it is estimated, also, that the new street would enhance the value of property between Fifth and Sixth Avenues even more than that. If one man owned all the land and costly buildings between the two avenues he could make money by tearing down the structures on the hundred-foot strip and dedicating the strip to the city for a street.

We mention this as an interesting illustration of the amazing power of a city to create wealth. If the proposed improvement were a park or fountain or new pavement it might not be quite so obvious that it would more than pay for itself in dollars and cents; but in most cases that would be the fact. It is interesting, also, because it suggests that the city might well claim a large share of the wealth which it is constantly creating for individual lot-owners.

## The War With Spain

BEFORE Senator Depew spoke, very respectable authority had declared that the war with Spain was needless, for we might have obtained by negotiation all that we got by fighting. That the Spanish Government, with gentle handling, would have arranged for a peaceful evacuation of Cuba and Porto Rico seems probable. But an excited public opinion swept President McKinley into war, whereby we gained not only the surrender of Cuba and Porto Rico, but that delectable possession, the Philippine Islands, to say nothing of many tombstones in the National Cemetery at Arlington and elsewhere.

This has been declared before, but the Senator's statement comes opportunely, because we have been hearing again about the necessity of preserving the sterner virtues and the "fighting edge." It may be true that a nation which is unwilling to fight under any circumstances is lost; but against that set the staggering losses, in the last fifteen hundred years, that have arisen through national willingness to fight. If the United States, traditionally peaceful, rushed into a needless war as recently as 1898 it does not seem that the western world has reached a point where anybody need worry about a decay of national belligerency. The danger is still on the other side. What we really need to cultivate and be instructed about is the milder virtues and national willingness to reason.

## Why Not Have the Facts?

A BILL before Congress provides for an investigation by the Government of the liquor traffic in the United States. Probably many people will object to it as another dangerous extension of Federal activity to the derogation of states' rights, and still others on the ground of cost; but, with the possible exception of the tariff, we can think of no other subject which the Government might scientifically and impartially investigate with larger profit, and it is continually investigating many subjects. Hardly even with respect to the tariff is there greater dispute over the facts in the case, and hardly even with respect to the tariff are the people, we think, more anxious to learn the truth.

We have statistics showing that prohibition is promptly followed by a marked decrease in drunkenness and disorderly conduct, and other statistics showing that prohibition is followed by an increased consumption of liquor. Statements by brewers' associations and by anti-saloon societies, by dry administrations and by wet administrations, are liable to the imputation of partisan bias. The pendulum swings now toward prohibition, now away from it. An impartial investigation, say, by the Department of Commerce and Labor, ought to be very helpful in determining the facts and guiding public opinion. That, on the whole, we handle the liquor question badly, and that it is highly important to handle it well, will hardly be disputed. In view of the great revenue which it derives from the liquor traffic, the Government could hardly object on the ground of cost.

## The Railroads' Hallucination

WE ARE rather distressed about the railroads. "If the roads are to remain solvent," said the president of a trunk line recently, "the only recourse now is an advance in freight rates," and at about the same time the sixth or seventh important increase in railroad dividends during 1910 was announced. We don't doubt that the roads themselves believe they are going into bankruptcy, even though their own official reports show that they are enjoying a greater income and paying their stockholders higher dividends than ever before, for to doubt that would be to impugn their veracity; but this belief on their part shows a chronically disordered state of nerves. For several years the roads have imagined themselves to be upon the brink of insolvency. They felt sure the Hepburn Bill was going to send them into the gulf; and they regarded the attempt of several Western states to reduce passenger rates as a last straw. At present, when they are up to their necks in money, so to speak, they see nothing but receivers camping on the doorstep.

As an argument in favor of thoroughgoing governmental regulation of railroads, the present attempt to raise freight rates is unanswerable and overwhelming. More conclusive proof that the roads should not have a free hand in fixing rates could not be desired.

## The Railroad in Politics

A NOVEL and astonishing crime was recently invented by a humble telegraph operator in California. He was employed by a railroad company and, notwithstanding that fact, he participated in politics. That was his offense. Discovering it, the division superintendent promptly indited—and, apparently, caused to be published—a note of dismissal, in part as follows:

*Dear Sir:* I note that you have entered the race for nomination for mayor of your city, which puts the company in a false light with the people. . . . I would be pleased to have your resignation.

If an employee ran for mayor the people might get an injurious notion that the railroad was trying to interfere with their political affairs, or even suspect it of shaping those affairs to its own selfish ends. The corporation which will not suffer itself to be put in this false and harmful light is the Southern Pacific, whose chief counsel is commonly referrred to as the boss of California politics.

## Afraid of a Word?

PRESIDENT TAFT'S latest statement of his purposes, in a recent magazine, makes it clear once more that, when it comes to the trusts, all political parties, except the Socialists, are at sea in the same boat. They see the same problem and propose to deal with it in the same way. This problem arises from the long-continued, steady drift toward monopolistic combinations. Regular Republicans, insurgent Republicans and Democrats propose to handle it by checking the drift—breaking up monopolistic combinations that now exist and preventing new ones. We think this program utterly futile, partly because the country has been following it for twenty years, during which time ever larger and more powerful combinations have been formed. It is only in respect to railroads that the country has made any progress whatever in coping with monopolistic combinations; and with regard to the country's progress in that particular, President Taft says, "I am utterly opposed to socialism; but in the powers given the Government to fix rates it must be admitted that, in our relation to railroad corporations, we have gone a long way in the direction of socialism."

In other words, then, it is only by being "socialistic" that we have had any success whatever in dealing with monopolistic combinations; and if the "socialistic" way is the successful way, why doesn't somebody propose to follow it further? Is it because we are frightened at a word?

Factory inspection and child-labor laws are socialistic, also, but we do not hesitate to adopt them, nor does adopting them make us converts to the whole Socialist platform. We don't believe there will be an end of the trust problem without an Interstate Commerce Commission having jurisdiction over industrial combinations, and whichever party first frankly adopts that "socialistic" expedient will probably score an advantage.

## Lower Cost of Living

MANY excellent judges agree that we are over the worst of our troubles with high cost of living. Prices no longer tend to advance and it is easy to discover plausible reasons why they should decline considerably. High prices and expanding business have attracted an enormous quantity of goods from Europe and prevented any corresponding increase in our exports. To settle an adverse trade balance we shipped millions of gold abroad and filled the gap by further borrowing. For some time the country has been living to a degree on borrowed foreign money, which must be repaid sooner or later. Over the West money is rather tight for this season, and in the East good bonds, at the moment, are almost unsalable. The theory is that we haven't cash enough to carry on business at prices which have prevailed and to pay our debts abroad; but at lower prices, attractive to European buyers, we can pay the debts in goods and will have cash enough to go around at home. For some time pig-iron—often called trade's barometer—has been declining.

It is easy to find reasons why prices should decline, as easy as it was three years ago to find reasons why they should advance; but it is impossible to find a good reason why they should decline so much as they probably will if they decline at all. The machine is so constituted that it almost never moves just far enough to answer the causes which have set it going in a given direction.

# WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

## Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

### The Poet Politician

IF IT had not been for one thing just one, tiny thing there is no doubt that the Honorable Major-General Charles Dick, Senator from Ohio, would have become a merchant prince in Akron, his native city, instead of deserting trade and coming to illuminate the citizen soldiery of Ohio and the soldiering citizens of the Senate.

Mr. Dick was a feed-dealer in his early days, a purveyor of hay, oats, corn, cut-fodder and other comestibles affected by horses and, since these food-reform waves, by humans too. No; far be it from any person to assert that feed-dealers are not as necessary to the general scheme of things as United States Senators – probably more so from an equine point of view; and it is probable the young Dick had planned his future as a long and prosperous period wherein he would sell feed and retire in due time after founding a veterinary chair in some college.

Still, few of our early dreams come true; notably in the case of Dick. His hopes and ambitions and aspirations were to have a rude shock, and it came one morning when he was in the store genially waiting on his customers, with a few sprigs of hay in his hair and some bran on his sleeves. The telephone bell rang.

"Hello!" said a voice. "Is this Dick's Feed Emporium?"

"It is."

"Then send up ten bushels of oats."

"Who for?" asked Mr. Dick, taking up his order-book.

"For the horse, you lobster!"

Right then and there, at that identical moment, the whole current of the life of Charles Dick changed. He threw the order-book into the nearest oat-bin and went out to become a lawyer, a soldier, a politician, a Senator. On such small events hang the destinies of men. Had not the person at the other end of that telephone wire spoken as he did speak—but why explore the obvious? The facts are there, patent and patented. That jarring josh produced a statesman.

A statesman is a man who serves the state—if anybody should inquire. Charles Dick has never faltered. He has served the state every time and all the time the state would let him, and he is anxious to continue in the rôle. Unwilling, at this time, to retire to Akron and rest on the abundant laurels he has won, it is his plan to remain on duty – if they will let him. All that is necessary for him to accomplish is the formality of another election, and then, for six laborious years, he will continue serving the state, and at the same time continue as the only Senator who wears one of those drooping, artistic ties that fall in graceful profusion over certain of our most impassioned bosoms, including Dick's.

This brings me to another thought: Is it not possible, when one thinks of that tie and contemplates the soulful profile that Dick always flings to the breeze when he has his picture taken—is it not possible that, in addition to being a lawyer, a soldier, a politician and a Senator, Dick is, secretly, at least, a poet? He certainly has all the facial specifications of a poet; likewise, the hirsute. I have never considered him as a poet heretofore, but it may be he is. It may be all this cold, stern exterior of the man who is a member of the greatest deliberative body in the world, as well as the greatest deliberate body in the world – as the Congressional Record will show any day—is for deceptive purposes. It may be he assumes this air and attitude of a statesman to cloak his real feelings as a poet, and that, in the solitudes of the night, he writes sonnets and epics and limericks, and pours out his soul in rhapsodies and roundelays. This may be so. I do not say it is. I merely suggest it, contenting myself with the statement that he looks the part. The makeup is fine.

#### Life Under the Wing of Hanna

HOWEVER, to return to our discarded oats and other feed, when Charles Dick walked out of his store, in those days now long gone, he studied law and studied politics. He got a diploma out of the law and a job out of the politics. He became county auditor or assessor, or whatever it was he became. At any rate he became the man who has to do with those gentlemen who seek to make as much money and pay as little taxes as possible, and he took several of them by their various ears and shook a lot of back taxes and a lot of increased taxes out of them their pockets, not their ears. This did not tend to increase his popularity with the gentlemen who had to disgorge, but it helped a lot with the great mass of the voting population. Presently Mr. Dick went to Congress.

Still, during these various adventures, and before and after, Dick had become attached to the Hanna-McKinley machine and to the state committee. He displayed amiable traits that endeared him to Mark Hanna, and Mark made him a protégé. Being a protégé of the late Mark's consisted in doing what Mark said to do—neatly, expeditiously, and with as little noise as possible. The late Mark had what might be said to be an obsession for neatness, expedition and quiet. Charles Dick was all three. He statesmanized betweentimes with the full approval of Mark, but he was always on tap when Mark wanted to play some politics; and it may be remarked as well here as later that those persons who have accused Charles Dick of being no politician have about as much idea of the true situation in that regard as they had of the comet. He is an extraordinarily good politician.

Coincident with all this was his career as a soldier. He joined the militia. Promotions and elections came along in natural course, accelerated now and then, perhaps, by a few politics, until the boy who had enlisted in the national guard because he was determined to be a soldier became a major-general who, on parade days, wears so much bullion he looks like a jeweler's window. It was not all home soldiering, however. When there came the call for volunteers to drive back invading Spanish hordes in 1898 Dick responded among the first and went to whatever front he fronted as an officer of the Eighth Volunteer Ohio Infantry. If I remember correctly he was a major. It may have been colonel. It matters not. He was there.

After the war was over and Dick returned to the pursuits of peace he took his old place as the right hand of Hanna. Then, inopportunely for everybody but Dick, but to Dick's great distress, nevertheless, Hanna died. Had Hanna died ninety days earlier or ninety days later it is likely Dick would still be in the House. As it was, the Ohio legislature was in session when Hanna died, and Dick seized the opportunity, went before the legislature and was elected to the Senate before anybody had a chance to think twice, except Myron T. Herrick, of course, and J. B. Foraker, who thought many times, but whose thoughts cannot be presented here.

A year or two ago the Ohio legislature made up its mind that United States Senators should be elected by the direct vote of the people. They didn't know just how to bring that about, but they had an idea that it might be a good plan to have a primary, and they had one recently. Dick ran for Senator. No other Republican did. Dick got a lot of votes, and says he has the indorsement. Others, including the aforesaid Myron T. Herrick, who has always thought himself fitted for high public office, say this indorsement amounts to nothing; and before that is settled there will be much politics, in which Charles Dick will have a liberal part.

Dick has a good deal of genius for details in politics. He is thoroughly a machine man in a state where there has always been opposition, sometimes fierce, to the machine. He is a patient, deliberate, secretive, resourceful person indeed, by that very faculty of patience he has gained many results. He has been in many hard fights, and is in a hard one now; but he is calm and deliberate in his movements, and he will get back to the Senate or he will make it very interesting for whoever may succeed him. He doesn't make much noise in the Senate – but he is not a noisy person.

Strange that he has never been classified before. Here he has been concealing his inner emotions with those designations of lawyer, politician, soldier and Senator. One glance at that tie and that profile, and it is all off. He surely is artistic. If he doesn't write poetry he paints pictures, and if he doesn't paint pictures he pounds brass. He does something – usually Myron T. Herrick.

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He Surely is Artistic

### The Prodigal Preacher

THERE was a conference of ministers at Asheville. Two or three hundred of them were there. A layman went in to dinner at one of the hotels.

"'Rastus," he said to one of the waiters, "how are these ministers treating you?"

"Wal, suh," 'Rastus replied, "I ain't got nuffin yit, but they's one who 'lows to me dat if I'll wait on him fust all de time an' never mind nuffin erbout what dem others want, an' bring him all dem titbits an' choice cuts, he'll present me wif a Bible."

### Saint Peter Scored

HANNIS TAYLOR, formerly Minister to Spain and a great Constitutional authority, once lived in Mississippi, and has a great fund of Southern stories. He told, recently, of the man from Jackson, Mississippi, who died and went to Heaven. After he had been there a few days he went up to Saint Peter and said: "Saint Peter, as you know, I am from Jackson, Mississippi, a middling small city, and I can't get used to this bigness up here. It's beyond me. I can't grasp it. I wish you would give me some idea or comparison with the things of the world I have left, so I can find myself and grasp this."

"Well," said Saint Peter, "you know what a cent was down there?"

"Yes."

"That's the same as a million dollars up here. And you know what a minute was down there?"

"Yes."

"That's the same as a hundred thousand years up here."

The Jackson man pondered for quite a time. Then he approached Saint Peter again and said: "Saint Peter, lend me a cent, will you?"

"I will," replied Saint Peter; "in a minute."

### Alone in the Field

A YOUNG Chicago man went to a Western town in the first days of the oil excitement out there to see what was stirring.

The day after he arrived he went into a restaurant to get his breakfast and found an old friend sitting at the table to which he was assigned.

"Hello!" said the man at the table. "When did you come in, Jim?"

"I got here yesterday. How long have you been here?"

"Six months. What are you going to do?"

"Oh, just look around and try to make an honest dollar."

"Well," said the six-months man, "you ought to make your fortune. You won't have any competition."

### The Hall of Fame

℄ Andrew Carnegie hasn't refused to give an interview in the past seven years. Before that he never gave any.

℄ Among the statesmen who were book agents in their early days are Senator Beveridge of Indiana and Senator Carter of Montana.

℄ Representative Bartholdt, of St. Louis, the great apostle of peace, plays the violin, which doesn't make for any peace in his neighborhood.

℄ H. W. Child, who owns and runs the hotels and stages in the Yellowstone Park, is a great judge of horses and owns twelve or fifteen hundred of them.

℄ Mr. Justice McKenna is especially glad to have Governor Hughes come to the Supreme Court bench, for Mr. Justice McKenna wears a few whiskers himself.

℄ Robert Davis, who edits many of Mr. Munsey's magazines, invented a wooden bait for bass last year and spent the winter conducting a correspondence school educating the bass in his favorite Maine lake how to take it. He expects great sport this year.

# The Senator's Secretary

THE only Democrat in Congress, in either division, who does not see a great luminous star of hope every night just abaft the Washington Monument, with one beam shining on the White House and another bathing the House end of the Capitol in glory, is Senator Gore of Oklahoma, and he's blind. Still, he doesn't have to see it. He feels it, and knows it is there.

The Democrats have now passed the doubtful stage in regard to the political makeup of the next House. They are certain the Democrats will win; so certain that they are squabbling already as to whether they will let Champ Clark be Speaker or whether some one else shall have the job. Of course, they may not win, but the chances at this time seem to indicate they will, and they are all perked up about it. The alleged Republican majority in the present House is less than fifty—that is, when the present House organized the Republicans had a majority of forty-seven, but two Democrats have succeeded Republicans who died. In addition, there is a hefty band of Republican insurgents who vote as they please, often with the Democrats, and so far as the organization is concerned the majority is merely nominal.

Now, a majority of forty-five or fifty is reasonably large when it is a majority, with all the boys working in unison and obeying the leaders on every proposition; but when it comes to election time it is only necessary to overturn half of a majority and one more seat to put the shoe on the other foot. Thus, the problem of the Democrats is to gain, in the present situation, some twenty-three or twenty-four seats to give their party a majority of one. If that many seats are gained next fall by the Democrats, more seats still can be gained, for conditions throughout the country that will overturn twenty-four, say, Republicans who now hold seats in the House will be general enough to overturn many more than twenty-four seats.

### The Coming Licking

Every Democrat will insist and most of the Republicans will admit that conditions throughout the country point to a very rocky road for the Republicans who seek to go to Congress. The Republicans are disorganized, demoralized and dismayed. They have lost their organization. They are overwhelmed by the strength of the insurgent movement in states heretofore staunchly Republican. Many of them put it this way: "Oh, well, the Republican party is due for a licking anyhow, and we might as well take it now as any other time, and have it over and done with by the time the next Presidential election comes around."

The Democrats are more sanguine. They think they will win the House this fall and the Presidency in 1912, probably on the ground that they might as well hope while the hoping is good. It is a long time until 1912, but it isn't very long until November next, and the hope of the House, at least, seems well justified. Unless the Grand Old Party can do more, through its leaders in the House, to straighten things out in the country than they are doing or have done they will get the licking they think is due, and it will be a good hickory-club licking, followed by many bruises and many sore heads.

A movement that has been in progress for two years or more—as this insurgent movement has been in the Republican party, and growing all the time, cannot be stopped in the time between the adjournment of Congress and election day. It is too healthy for that. Moreover, it has been only a few weeks since the obtuse leaders of the Republicans in the House of Representatives have admitted there was any movement among the people at all. Not in many years has there been so flagrant a disregard of political signs. They had to be hit with an axe, and the axe was finally used—notably in the Fourteenth Massachusetts District and in the Thirty-second New York District, where big Republican majorities were turned into almost as big Democratic majorities at two bye elections.

All this has turned the perfunctory opposition of the Democrats in the House to a solid, compact, aggressive opposition. For the first time in a decade the Democrats are reasonably well united, and from being a collection of squads have come to be a fairly-well-disciplined regiment. The Democrats have the confidence. The Republicans are disheartened at the rebellion in their own party and at the failure of the people to rally to the old cries. Moreover, the Administration isn't making any headway.

"What does this outlook remind you of?" asked one Republican stand-patter of another.

"I dassent say."

"It reminds me of the two men who went to the lodging-house one night and took a room together. After they had been in bed half an hour the man next the wall nudged the other and said, 'Get up and open a door or a window. It's suffocating here. We must have air.'

"The other man got up and felt along the wall. He found a door and opened it, thinking it was an outside door. Instead, it was a door to a room that had been used as a pantry.

"When he got back to bed his companion said, 'Did you open a window or a door?'

"'A door.'

"'How's the weather outside?'

"'It's black as tar and smells like cheese.'"

That about describes the Republican situation. If there is any Republican star of hope it is obscured by heavy nimbus clouds. When one finds Sereno E. Payne talking for two hours and a quarter in defense of the tariff bill that bears his name, and getting hooted at by many of the Republican editors in the country; when one finds Uncle Joe Cannon talking about hanging insurgents to convenient lamp-posts; when one sees Nelson W. Aldrich beaten to a standstill on an amendment to the railroad bill in the Senate; when the Administration steps on every bit of fly-paper stuck around by the fellows who are after Ballinger, and gets in worse every minute—to say nothing of a dozen other evidences of what is going on—there can be no other conclusion than the one reached both by the Republicans and by the Democrats in Congress, that is, that this is most likely to be a Democratic year.

The way the Democrats have chirked up is amusing and interesting. For years and years the Democrats in the House, split into little groups or running wild individually, did not present even an intelligent opposition. They emitted loud cries, but they got nowhere. When a Democrat made a speech about his party it was merely words, with no fire back of it. In those days the Democrats were discouraged and the Republicans militant. Now it has changed about. There isn't a political speech made by a Democrat that hasn't force and fire in it, which merely means that the Democrat who is making the speech believes what he is saying, instead of saying it and hoping it is so.

### Bill Sulzer's Fireworks

Political oratory counts for little, especially in Congress. It is always for home consumption. Not ten votes in ten years have been changed by speeches in the House. Every man knows how he is going to vote before the speaking begins, and all the language in the world will not change him. Still, when a speaker whoops it up and is backed by a conviction, he whoops it up to a better purpose than when he lets the eagle soar and all the time is thinking of a crow.

Recently there were a couple of Democratic perorations in the House that deserve more than burial in the musty Congressional Record. Bill Sulzer ripped the burning stars out of the sempiternal sky one day. Said Bill: "The political pendulum is swinging toward the party of Jefferson. The finger on the dial-plate of political destiny points to the Sage of Monticello"; and then he told us what Democracy stands for, which shows him to be a very knowledgeous person; for, until lately, few people could make that statement with any definiteness. But, after that, he tore into the stretch, head up and tail rising. "The Democratic party will never die," he said, "until the pillars of the Republic totter and crumble, and liberty is no more"; and he proceeded with this reading notice, which, I submit, is a good one: "It will live to voice the aspirations of liberty and to perpetuate the freedom of the fathers; it will live to remedy every political evil; to expose every economic heresy and to destroy every governmental abuse. It will live to push onward the forces of reform and to lift humanity to a higher plane in the march of civilization."

Then William dropped into poetry, only he strung it along as prose.

Of course, he had to ring in something about the predatory plutes, and that jarred his Muse off her perch; so he got down to prose again and continued: "It will live to stop the predatory few from exploiting the protesting many, and doing all under the cloak of the law." He made a few magnificent remarks about the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence, T. Jefferson and A. Lincoln, and the last set piece was fired, and Bill blew up like this: "It will live because it has a mission—a mission that can never die; the true mission of Democracy—to make mankind brothers and all the world free."

Great applause!

That, probably, will hold those scared Republicans for quite a time, but, whether or not more was needed, more was supplied. Along came Champ Clark, two days later, and, after taking a few square feet of hide off the Honorable Sereno E. Payne in the way of answering that eminent stand-patter's defense of his own tariff, he lighted his skyrockets all at once.

### Payne's Meaning But

"Mr. Chairman Payne," he said, "says that he and his cohorts will meet us in November. Glory be! Glory be! I never looked forward with such joy as I do to the first Tuesday after the first Monday of November next, except my wedding day and the days on which my children were born. My Democratic brethren, at last, after hard trials and tribulations, thank God, we stand here shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart, solid as a stone wall, inspired by the hope of coming victory. Democrats are getting together everywhere, while the Republican party presents to the astonished gaze of men a dissolving view. Oh, yes, my Republican friends, you will meet us in November because you cannot help yourselves! And when you do meet us in November you will receive the bloodiest licking you have had since 1892. Up, guards, and at them!"

Now, that is the way they feel. When Chairman Payne concluded his defense of his tariff he plucked this bouquet of rhetoric from his private bed and stuck it in the buttonhole of the majority, hoping they might be revived by its fragrance and beauteous color: "We will meet you in November. We will meet you with this law. We will meet you with your food prices. We will meet you with lower food prices, notwithstanding what you say about this law. You exult now, as you always do in May, as you do through the year. We celebrate in November."

Whereat there was great applause among the stand-patters; but the Honorable Sereno, who should have quit right there, did not. Instead he voiced his fear, but tried to put a triumphant edge on it. He hedged, saying: "If God in His infinite providence should afflict us with another Democratic Administration it would only repeat what history has told before, an early return of the only party that has been equal to the task of running the Government for the past fifty years; a return with banners flying, with fresh courage and fresh resolves to lift high the standard of patriotism, to legislate wisely for the people, and in such a manner that your hopes, gentlemen of the other side, will not be revived again for another period of at least sixteen years."

That part of the bouquet did not smell so sweet. "Of course," said the Honorable Sereno, "this cannot happen; but, if it does happen ——" and so on and so forth.

There isn't a man of them who does not think it will happen—not a man of them, from Cannon and Payne and Dalzell and Tawney down to the newest and most inconspicuous man on the majority side. Perhaps it won't. Perhaps the Republicans may hold the House. I am not prophesying or predicting. What I am saying is that the blue funk the Republicans are in is so blue it is almost purple.

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You are the only ones who can decide whether or not it completely satisfies you. And you cannot decide fairly until you have actually tried it on your table.

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I used to respond to each call,
As slow as the Dead March in Saul.
But *Campbell's* "Tomato"
So stirred my leg-gait-o
That now they can't catch me at all.

# Marketing a Motor

By Walter V. Woehlke

SEVEN or eight years ago, when motormania had not yet reached the proportions of a national epidemic, automobiles were bought from the dealers as eggs are bought at the corner grocery. Nowadays, when new cases of the disease break out daily around numerous centers of infection on every street, motor cars are no longer bought they are sold. Though the result of both transactions is the same, there is a vast difference, viewed from the standpoint of the salesman.

A carload of single-cylinder, medium-priced runabouts, the first of the kind shipped to that point, arrived in a Western city in the early days of the industry. Before the draft attached to the bill of lading had been taken up by the dealer two physicians were in the freight yard spotting the car that contained the runabouts. An hour after the door of the freight car had been opened three members of the medical fraternity were perched on top of as many machines, determined to hold the fort until the dealer should take their money and sign the bill of sale. The entire shipment of automobiles was bought, paid for and delivered in the freight yard before evening.

The other day a retired real-estate dealer, while exchanging views on the weather across the back fence, casually and in a purely platonic way expressed his admiration for his neighbor's touring car. Two hours later he was gliding through the park behind a purring thirty-horse-power gasoline engine, the smooth young man at his elbow alternately pointing out the beauties of the landscape and the easy-riding qualities of the car, at the same time casting furtive glances at a second machine with a lone occupant that followed like a shadow a few yards in the rear. When the reformed realty dealer managed to get away from his new friend and return to his home he found a short note telling him that his wife and daughter had gone for an automobile ride. Scarcely had he read the note when the doorbell rang and another invitation was extended by a second smooth young man to become his guest in a smooth-running motor car. Before breakfast the next morning more invitations of the same character began to come in, and on the afternoon of the fourth day the family succumbed to the inoculation.

### The Broadening Market

During the year when the two physicians spotted the freight car containing the coveted runabouts the factories turned out less than fifteen thousand automobiles, which were bought by people having an abundance of money and time. This year the output of the American motor vehicle factories passed the one-hundred-and-fifty-thousand mark, a large portion of the total being absorbed by men suffering neither from an excess of spare time nor of spare cash. Every year the market for motor cars has broadened and extended into new classes and fields, every summer the performance of the machines has become more consistently reliable, every spring the demand has increased, and yet the task of the salesman has become more difficult. Today, when nearly every one having the cash is a promising prospect, the individual salesman has to hustle as he never hustled before to come up to the sales record of the preceding years. Where five or six years ago he shared the restricted field with eight or nine rivals pushing different makes, he now has fifty or sixty workers to contend with, and among them competition is of that free, unrestrained variety the Interstate Commerce Commission vainly sighs for.

The greatest problem confronting the automobile salesman today is the question of how to keep his prospect away from the competitors. Butting-in has been developed into a science in the motor-car trade. The salesman not only stores away in the cells of his gray matter the faces and names of as many prospective buyers as the convolutions will hold, he not only knows every rival salesman in town, but he also watches the business of the competitors with hawklike eyes. He must, if he wants to land his share of the money.

Jones, the head salesman of an agency, left temporarily without assistance in the showroom, was on the point of closing a difficult sale when a prosperous-looking man entered with a businesslike air and began a critical examination of a new-model roadster. Torn between conflicting prospects, Jones managed to slip over to the new arrival, promising to wait on him within five minutes. The closing of the sale, however, consumed half an hour, and when the salesman finally had the check the stranger had disappeared. Racking his brain for a clew to the identity of the man, Jones remembered having seen the face in one of the larger jewelry stores and immediately proceeded to make the rounds of the diamond marts.

His trained memory served him well. After two hours he located the stranger, but too late. The jeweler had already bought a similar car from Jones' rival on the opposite side of the street, who, watching through the plate-glass window, had followed the jeweler, found him in the right frame of mind and completed the deal.

### The Agent Who Crowed too Soon

Even when the sale has been closed and a deposit made the salesman is not safe from his competitors. The early bird may get the worm, but when he crows about it before swallowing the titbit the worm may escape into another beak. A dealer, while crowing in the public prints about the number of sales he had made, mentioned the name and address of a buyer who had contracted for a six-cylinder touring car, to be delivered within ten days. The morning after the motor chanticleer's crow, the salesman of a rival dealer entered the buyer's office, produced a hundred-dollar banknote and handed it over, saying:

"This is neither a gift, a rebate nor a bribe. I'm only betting with myself that you will like our six-cylinder, seven-passenger model better than the one you have contracted for. I know beforehand what your decision will be, if you will only give the car a trial. If it does what I claim for it, the bill covers your deposit, and I am willing to forfeit the money if I can't convince you that it will be to your advantage to buy my car." The salesman won his bet, lost the hundred dollars and split a commission of seven hundred dollars with his employer on the strength of the competitor's premature crow.

A few years ago, when the hydra-headed competition was beginning to turn his hair gray, a salesman decided to establish a colony for the easy and speedy divorce of the prospect and his money. He selected a small country town some eighty miles distant from headquarters for the colony, and proceeded with infinite care and patience to raise a crop of satisfied customers. Today he has sixteen of them. His car monopolizes the automobile business of that town; and the salesman, by carefully instructing the buyers in the operation and care of the machines, by keeping the cars in excellent condition for the users free of charge, by entertaining the customers when they come to town, keeps them in such good humor, maintains such strong ties of good will and friendship, that few prospects hurried beyond reach of the rivals to the colony can resist the gauntlet of sincere boosters. As a rule, the salesman returns from his preserve with a smile on his face and a check in his pocket. Throughout the country others have imitated his plan successfully and have established one-car towns, putting money into their pockets during the process of building the colonies.

The automobile dealer works under peculiar conditions, both in the buying and in the selling end of his business. In placing his order many months ahead of the selling season he must be able to estimate accurately the number of cars of each model he will be able to dispose of. If his estimate is too close he may lose thousands of dollars in commissions through his inability to supply the demand. Should his order be too large, the end of the selling season will find him with a number of unsold machines on hand. Unlike wine, automobiles do not increase in value with

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Address
My dealer's name is

age. When the first 1911 models begin to appear the unsold 1910 car shrinks in value more than the dealer's average commission of twenty per cent amounts to. And the dealer, by the terms of his contract, cannot cut his order when he finds that he will be overstocked. Ten per cent of his order is on deposit with the manufacturer, and unless he can come to terms with the house this money is forfeited on every car he refuses to accept. The selling season is short. It begins with the booking of advance orders at the shows in early spring, and its fag-end reaches scarcely into the dogdays. During this short period carload follows carload at short intervals, each one making new and heavy inroads upon his working capital. Therefore, having in mind the ten-per-cent deposit, remembering the schedule of deliveries with their drafts attached to the bills of lading and the end of the selling season, fixing his eyes on the bonnet of next year's model looming up on the horizon, he instructs his salesmen to disregard brands at the spring round-up, to cut the fences of competitors, invade preserves, stampede herds, bring in buyers and bring 'em in quick.

They do bring them in, even if they have to use the muzzle of a revolver as the argument that closes the deal. An undersized salesman, who made up for his lack in height by a comfortable roundness of stomach, a beaming face oozing good nature and a keen knowledge of character, had succeeded in prying a much-coveted six-footer fresh from a big oil strike out of the jaws of a rival dealer and had given him a demonstration lasting a day, a night and a morning. As the car, on its way to its home port, passed the batteries of the competition along auto row, the salesman was ready to close the deal, but the prospect was not.

"No hurry about that," he said, pointing to the contract. "Sure I'll take the car. Just let me get my breath. I'll be around after lunch and fix it up."

"You won't if I can help it," muttered the salesman as he climbed out of the seat. With a grim smile he asked the slippery customer to step into the office, maneuvered him into the corner between desk and wall, produced a 45-caliber revolver with a ten-inch barrel and, leveling the unloaded weapon at the bulk of the oil man towering high above him, delivered himself of his pent-up wrath.

"See here, you overgrown well-digger," he snarled, "I've given you a ride that made my bones ache. I've made that car climb the side of a house on the high. I've pushed it into the deepest sand, the worst ruts and the biggest bumps in the country for your benefit. I've convinced you that this car is just what you want. I've taken two days to show you a good thing, and now it's up to you to get busy." He took a step nearer, lowered his voice, raised himself on his toes and hissed with a fine stage effect: "Come on now with the checkbook! Out with it, or I'll let daylight into you."

With a roar of delight the oil man picked up the rotund figure of the sputtering agent, pushed him into a chair, slapped him on the back and proceeded to obey the peremptory command.

### The "Sign Here" Method

The automobile buyer who is operated upon by the force method does not always see—and is not always intended to see—through the bluff. A former racing driver, whose line included a misses' size, low-priced runabout, had been working two days with a bashful young farmer who seemed incapable of making up his mind. On the morning of the third day the salesman determined to assist the agriculturalist to come to a sudden decision. Selecting a winding road in the hilly portion of the park, a road that skirted deep precipices and abounded in sharp turns and serpentine twists, he made cold drops of perspiration roll down the prospect's face, made his hair stand on end and his eyes bulge as the car skidded around the rocky curves, straightened out and flew down grade along the edge of deep chasms with undiminished speed, while the driver, apparently heedless of the dangers lurking ahead and on either side, was chatting without seemingly paying the least attention to the road, steering with one hand while the other one was pointing out the beauties of the landscape to the customer's unseeing eyes.

At the beginning of a steep, uninviting descent the salesman brought the diminutive car to a sudden stop, whirled around and faced the limp prospect, shaking his finger at him impressively. "Now that you have seen what the car will do you want to buy it, don't you?" he said sharply. "Sign here." He pushed the contract and a fountain pen into fingers stiff from clutching the sides of the seat. "The deposit will be two hundred dollars, balance on delivery of car. Do you want it shipped to you or would you rather drive it to your home?"

The sale was made on the spot, and the buyer at once assumed control in determining the route and the rate of speed for the trip back to the salesroom.

There are two classes of automobile salesmen: those that rose from the ranks of mechanics and drivers, men thoroughly familiar with the intricate mechanism of a motor car, many of them graduates of the preparatory school, the bicycle shop; and the newcomers in the field, trained salesmen attracted by the large incomes earned in the golden age of the automobile trade when competition was scarcely worth mentioning, men who could better overcome the objections of a prospect than the protests of a refractory engine, who thoroughly understood the art of selling, even if their knowledge of gasoline motors was limited. As late as four or five years ago, when most of the automobile buyers still insisted upon seeing the motor work, when disk and cone clutch, carbureter, sliding gear and planetary transmission were not yet of interest to innocent children, when no one cared whether the rear axle was alive or dead—in those days the technical salesman shone in all his oily glory. He might not be able to use the standard approach to reach the buyer's pocketbook, but he could use a monkey-wrench and reach the heart of the automobile with it; he could persuade a bucking crank-shaft to settle down to business, but the erratic actions of the crank buyer mystified him.

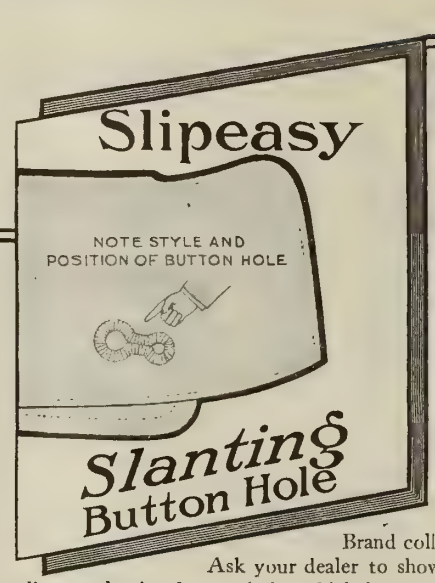
### Salesmanship vs. Mechanical Knowledge

Profound knowledge of gasoline motors is at a discount among latter-day automobile agents. The theory and practice of scientific salesmanship is just now of more value to them than a liberal education in internal-combustion engineering. Instead of raising the hood and dissecting the motor for the benefit of the prospect, they keep the bonnet down and confine their arguments largely to the performance of the car, its easy-riding qualities, the beauty of its lines and finish, the roominess of the tonneau, the absence of noise in its operation, its speed, power and hill-climbing ability.

The shop manager of a small automobile factory discovered that excessive technical knowledge is of little use compared to selling ability when he tried to put his expert knowledge to work in the salesroom. For a full month he explained the multitudinous details of motor and transmission to prospective buyers. When he failed to close a single sale during the four weeks he retired from the field of trade to the shop. While he was still struggling with the A, B, C of salesmanship the firm added a shoe drummer to its selling staff, a man who could not tell a carbureter from a magneto before the sales-manager took him in hand. During his first month the shoe drummer disposed of two cars, and as he became familiar with his new line his sales increased to such an extent that a concern handling steam cars offered him better inducements. When he quit the line to return to gasoline vehicles, after having sold cars with a total value of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, he had not even gone to the trouble of learning how to fire a steamer. He was thoroughly grounded, however, in the art of firing the enthusiasm of the prospect, of winning his confidence and holding it.

In one instance pride of technical knowledge almost cost a dealer the sale of a four-thousand-dollar car, the commission of eight hundred dollars being saved only through the intervention of a typewriter salesman who had been in the automobile business but a short time. A well-dressed, incisive stranger, talking in short, chopped-off sentences, entered the dealer's salesroom, stated that he knew all about the five-passenger model, liked it, wanted it, was willing to pay the price, but would require a short demonstration to see how the new method of lubricating the pistons worked.

Returning from the ride, the stranger subjected the motor to a rapid inspection.


## How much do you pay for collars?

How often do you have to buy collars?

How often does it strike you that the collar box never seems to have a good collar in it?

Did you ever find that the second time a collar comes from the laundry the button hole is torn and broken?

Don't pay 15c (2 for 25c) or more for collars, unless you know that the collar is linen. Don't be deceived by generalities about "best material."

*Linen* or *not linen*, that's the question. That is what decides whether you get your money's worth or not. Barker Brand collars wear longer because they are linen.

Ask your dealer to show you the newest Summer styles with the slipeasy slanting button hole, which is an exclusive Barker feature. The shank of the button fits around the hole at the extreme end and stays there. It cannot slip back or loosen the collar.

## THE WATKINS

**¼ and ¾ sizes**

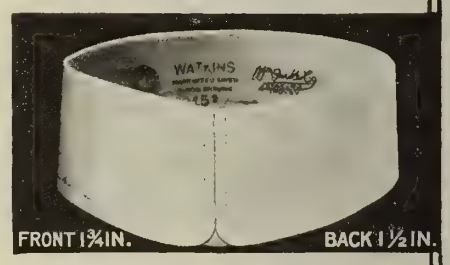
A high fold collar that looks and feels well and fits perfectly.

For your protection, all Barker Brand collars bear the Bull Dog trade mark. Always look for it. It insures a linen collar, perfect wear and best laundry qualities. Many styles to select from in ¼ and ¾ sizes—all 2 for 25c.

*If your dealer cannot supply you*, send $1.00 for 8 collars which will be delivered postpaid to you.

**Barker 2 for 25c Collars Are Linen**

**The Watkins**




*A New Style*

**WM. BARKER CO.**

**Makers** **Troy, N.Y.**

# INDESTRUCTO

Trade **TRUNKS** Mark

## Make Ideal Wedding Gifts

THERE is nothing more appropriate—more acceptable—as a wedding present, than an Indestructo Trunk. It is a gift for a lifetime. Its graceful outlines, rich, natural, hardwood finish and heavy brassing, mark it as the trunk beautiful—while its deep, convenient, roomy trays appeal especially to the woman who likes to have everything in its place.

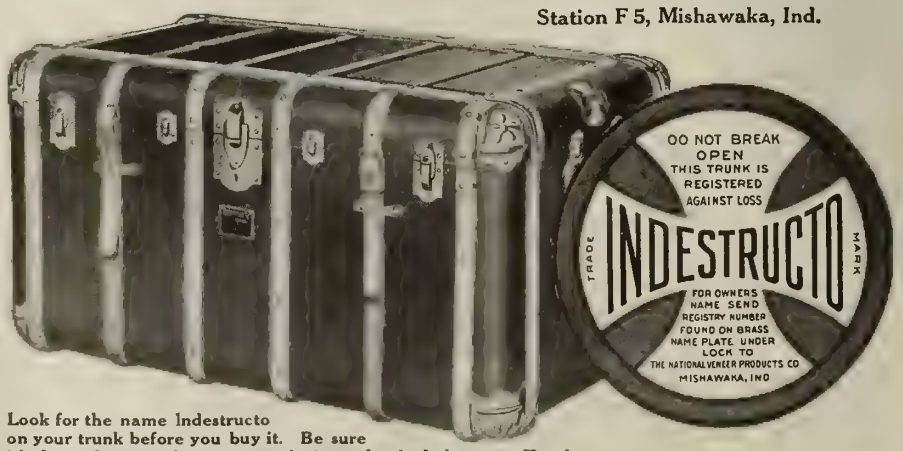
## Better than Any—and Better than Ever

The Indestructo is the *only guaranteed trunk*. If your Indestructo is destroyed beyond repair within five years of the day of your purchase, we give you a new one. Further, if it is damaged while traveling and needs repairing within the five years, we make the repairs free of charge to you.

Indestructo Trunks are sold by the store which ranks first in its class in each city. Send for our booklet "About a Traveler"—a De Luxe edition for 1910—authoritative and interesting—beautifully illustrated—gives valuable information to travelers about railways, steamships, hotels, service, tips, etc. Send us a postal or letter, enclosing seven two-cent stamps, and we will mail you a copy at once. Address

**National Veneer Products Co.**

**Station F 5, Mishawaka, Ind.**


DO NOT BREAK OPEN
THIS TRUNK IS REGISTERED AGAINST LOSS
TRADE
INDESTRUCTO
MARK
FOR OWNERS NAME SEND REGISTRY NUMBER FOUND ON BRASS NAME PLATE UNDER LOCK TO
THE NATIONAL VENEER PRODUCTS CO
MISHAWAKA, IND

**Look for the name Indestructo on your trunk before you buy it. Be sure it's there—because there are no substitutes for the Indestructo Trunk.**

"Good car, well built, well designed," he snapped. "Don't like that new-fangled piston lubrication, though. Not half as good as the old one."

The dealer immediately came to the rescue of the maligned improvement, setting forth its good points and advantages in detail, but the customer was stubborn and refused to be convinced. Within five minutes the liveliest kind of an argument was in progress, an argument that grew continuously in scope and volume until the irate customer departed, his temper in fragments but his checkbook intact, leaving behind him a card bearing the name and address of one of the foremost authorities on internal-combustion engineering in the country.

Not with any hope of selling the car, but simply to enlarge the young man's experience, the dealer sent the former typewriter salesman after the irate authority. The novice did not know how the piston was lubricated and did not care whether it was greased at all, but he knew enough of salesmanship to pour healing oil upon the expert's wounded feelings, to defer to his opinions, to admit readily the truth of every axiom on piston lubricating set forth by the engineer, keeping carefully away from any argument and confining his side of the case to the cautious statement that probably the manufacturers had made exhaustive tests of the new method with satisfactory results before incorporating it in their models. Having smoothed the eminent authority's ruffled feathers and put him into good humor, the salesman proceeded to the attack. When he left he carried the signed contract and a deposit.

Conditions in the motor-car business are rapidly approaching the standards adopted by older lines of trade. Already the salesman who relies solely upon his selling art, his personality and ingenuity, without acquiring a comprehensive knowledge of the automobile, is beginning to skid and drop back. The future of the big industry is mortgaged to the man who knows his car from the rim of the wheels to the lining of the seats, knows it as well as he knows the science of salesmanship. The study of psychology will be of great value to him, but he must also don overalls, roll up his sleeves and get at the heart, the circulation and digestion of the automobile in the shop, if he hopes to stay in the front rank.

An insurance solicitor, who having heard the wild honk of the motor car had heeded the call and forsaken mortality tables, deferred dividends and surrender values to follow the rosy path of the joy rider, discovered his lack of technical knowledge in time to lose only two months' work. After spending six weeks in the garage he considered himself competent to sell motor cars. His first prospect congealed, turned into ice and melted away when the new salesman could not give him a detailed description of the braking apparatus; the shop foreman was called in when another prospect asked whether the front axle was drilled at the spring seats, or whether the spring seats had been forged integrally with the axle; the victim of the joy ride's lure did not return to policies and premiums, however, until the wife of his third customer demanded of him the reason for the abandonment of the gear pump in the new model in favor of the centrifugal circulating pump.

The automobile industry, despite its colossal growth in the last five years, is still in its adolescence. There is still plenty of room in the business, especially near the top, both in the manufacturing and the selling ends; but it takes long and laboriously acquired experience to get there. The desire alone will not hew out a path. A dozen years ago the manager of a drygoods store in a New England town decided that the horseless-vehicle business offered better chances than drygoods, a decision which, though laughed at in those days, proved the salesman's excellent judgment. He followed up his decision at once, deliberately gave up a position paying him two hundred a month, and went to work for twelve dollars a week as a helper in the shop of a concern manufacturing electrically-propelled carriages. He learned the business from the ground up, rose rapidly, was taken over as a valuable asset when the concern was merged with a larger factory, and within four years he was sales-manager of the merger, at that time the most important firm in the automobile industry, with a salary five times the amount he had earned in the drygoods store.

Superior selling ability is an indispensable part of the up-to-date automobile salesman's outfit. Motor cars are not like rare books, old masters, Oriental rugs and other luxuries that increase in value with increasing age; rare books, rare prints and rare rugs require no expenditures after the purchase price is paid, but an automobile must be fed currency if it is to be of service to the buyer. Obviously, it requires a good salesman to dispose of a source of expense that depreciates in value from year to year. To dispose of expensive books, paintings or rugs the salesman must know more about his wares than the buyer. Automobile owners are continually enlarging their store of motor information, especially men of moderate means who have to keep expenses down, who take care of their own machines and attend the ever-growing number of automobile night schools. When it comes to the selection of a new car these men are from the very heart of Missouri, and the salesman who wants to reach this most rapidly expanding class of buyers must supplement his selling ability with the knowledge of the experienced motor-car mechanic.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Woehlke on selling automobiles.

# THRIFT

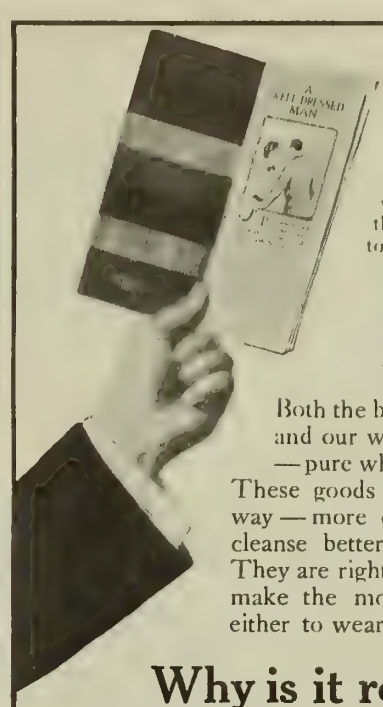
## Getting Out of Debt

ABOUT five years ago, in a certain manufacturing industry, there was a sales-manager of remarkable ability. Pretty much all of the selling tactics of that trade had been built upon his plans, his methods of organizing, and his genius for holding men together. At the same time he was erratic, seldom staying more than a year in one position, having worked for all the leading houses in succession, with a single exception. That was the biggest house in the industry. Its president had admired the man, and at the same time had been reluctant to hire him because he was so unstable.

The sales-manager's capacity for creating business, however, finally led this executive to investigate him. A private detective agency was commissioned to get information, and for several weeks it kept track of his comings and goings. When the facts lay before the president he found that the sales-manager's erratic ways were due largely to lack of ability to handle his own income. Despite handsome earnings, he was constantly in debt. An amazing following of parasites preyed upon him, worthless people who appealed to his sense of pity. After spending fifty dollars to dine a dozen hangers-on at a restaurant he would go home to find that his wife had hardly anything to eat in the house, and that she was being dunned by local merchants.

The president hired this sales-manager on contract after a frank talk, showing him where, for fully ten years, he had been laying the foundations of fortunes for others and losing his own share by moving on to lay a foundation for somebody else. Most of his business arrangements with employers had been made by himself when he was pressed for money. Going to a house that could pay five to seven thousand dollars for a sales-manager on present volume of sales, he offered to build a certain extra volume within one year provided his own commissions made it possible for him to earn ten or twelve thousand dollars. At the end of the year, instead of sticking there, he would make a still larger proposition to some other house. That robbed him of the cumulative results of his work, and was generally bad for the house too, because he hustled for shifting business instead of building solid connections.

His new employer laid out five years' work on a comprehensive basis. The sales-manager tabulated all his debts, and the boss put him into a sort of private bankruptcy, acting as his agent. A nominal,


**Ask your tailor for this new Shackamaxon booklet, "A Well-Dressed Man."**

Or we'll gladly send you a copy free if you'll write us for it. Every man who wants to wear the right clothes—and at the right time ought to read it.

**You especially ought to see the latest Shackamaxon summer serges.**

Both the blue serges in hundreds of fancy weaves, and our wonderfully attractive *white outing serges* —pure white and in many delicate stripe effects. These goods are far better than flannel in every way — more distinctive; keep their shape better; cleanse better; and always look spick and span. They are right up to the minute in style. And they make the most refreshing garments imaginable — either to wear or look at.

## Why is it real economy to wear tailor-made clothes?

Because a good tailor not only fits your individual lines—gives you style and the best choice of patterns and colorings; but he gives you *high-grade fabrics*, that outwear ordinary stuff two to one; and look well to the last thread.

If you want to dress well and at the same time save money, insist on having your next suit made of

**"Shackamaxon"**

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

## GUARANTEED FABRICS

**All pure fleece wool. Thoroughly shrunk**

## Made for merchant tailors only

No better fabrics are produced anywhere in the world. And, at the price, no foreign-made goods can equal them.

They are made of the finest wool that grows—the long perfect flexible fibre from live fleeces; and manufactured with the utmost care and skill at every step.

Pass your hand over these beautifully-finished fabrics—fine smooth silky worsteds; soft pliable cheviots, and velvety serges—you can *feel* their quality as well as see it. And it *stays*.

**If any suit of Shackamaxon fabric shrinks or fades, we'll pay for another suit.**

We make these fabrics in our own mills—4000 patterns or more every year. And we sell them—not through jobbers—but direct to the tailor so that he and you get unusual value.

Any good tailor who hasn't these fabrics will get them for you without delay. If necessary, write to us; and we'll tell you *by return mail* of a tailor in your own neighborhood who has them.

Look for the "Shackamaxon" trade-mark stamped on every suit-pattern. It is our pledge that *if any fault develops in this fabric at any time, we will make it good.*

J R KEIM & COMPANY, Shackamaxon Mills
Philadelphia

stated salary was to be paid him, but divided into three parts, one going to himself for personal expenses, the second to his wife for household purposes, and the third to pay off his debts—the president dealing with creditors and stopping the annoyance of duns. For all additional sales of a satisfactory character over an agreed amount he was to receive commissions that rose by percentages whenever he held new customers for the house, and these commissions were tied up in such a way that the sales-manager could not touch them. In effect, though he was put in a position to earn more than he had ever earned on his own most daring schemes, he was also placed upon shorter commons in the matter of spending-money, and his purchases on credit were supervised intelligently by the boss, who also tactfully relieved him of his worthless followers and changed the whole trend of his interests and associations.

The merits of this reconstruction plan lay as much in the boss' personal interest and supervision as in the financial scheme itself. It worked so well that the sales-manager was out of debt in eighteen months and during the second year began paying for a home on installments. When the five-year period ended he was made an officer in the company, and his commissions from sales were invested in its stock.

In another case, the branch-manager for a large corporation got into debt through wasteful living. At first his obligations were moderate, but he foolishly began gambling with the hope of winning enough to get out of debt without sacrifices. Instead, he lost most of his salary for several weeks and got in deeper. Then he borrowed money of loan sharks, continuing his play for a big stake, with still worse consequences. When hounded by creditors and sharks he took the desperate step of manipulating the company's accounts, holding out its money. This situation finally led a young assistant who knew the facts to go to headquarters with the story. An investigation was made, the manager confessed, and after weighing all the circumstances, pro and con, the guilty man was given a year to demonstrate that he could make amends. The president of the company paid off debts to loan sharks and relieved him of pressure from other creditors. He was also transferred to another job in another city, where his associates were changed and he had no authority. These measures, and the fact that he had committed a crime, kept him straight and kept him busy. As soon as worry stopped, and he saw a slow but certain way out of his tangles, he made excellent progress. In two years practically everything had been paid back to the company, debts wiped out, and the habit of managing thus formed made him thrifty.

Getting out of debt, like thrift itself, is largely a matter of management, and the first step, usually, is to have an accounting of assets and liabilities, to see where the money goes, and how to make it go further. Debt is more often the result of having too much money than of not having enough.

### The Debts of a Doctor

A professional man, for instance, gets his income chiefly in fees, which are paid in pretty large amounts, and come in very irregularly. For two months he will receive checks due for past work, and then during the following month or two perhaps receive nothing. This irregularity of income got a certain doctor into debt, for when several good fees were paid up in the same week he had a pocketful of money and spent carelessly, while when bills for household, office and other necessary expenses came in later, he had to let them lie until more fees happened along.

This man had never kept any accounts except a list of the fees received. With this information, he used to say, whimsically, it was not necessary to keep track of his outgo, because the two balanced perfectly. But the time came when they didn't balance. There was too much outgo for income, and he had debts and worry, though by all standards of salary he should have been comfortably well off.

The overload of debt was a good thing in his case, for it compelled him to sit down, find out what he had earned yearly for several years, how fast his income was increasing, and what he spent for necessary expenses. The latter could be figured from bills and other known items. After allowing a liberal margin for office and household, clothing, amusements and other items, he found that there was a margin for saving of fully twenty-five per cent of his earnings, and that his income, increasing at the rate of about ten per cent a year, would yield a handsome competence for old age if he took reasonable precautions to hold expenses down and put away the money as it came in. So his debts were divided into several categories, distributed over the coming six months, and his income for the same period was parceled out in such a way that every dollar above a set sum for regular expenses, which he determined to pay in cash from that day, could be applied to pulling himself out of the hole of careless management. With such a schedule, a large check coming in gave him no feeling of opulence. Instead, it was already spent, and he put it in the bank and checked it out to cancel obligations. In four months he was solvent again, and from that time forth he has followed the same plan, investing the margin saved by management.

A retail merchant, doing a gross business of fully thirty thousand dollars a year, by purchases on credit and a careless method of taking inventory at yearly intervals sank all his original capital of five thousand dollars and exhausted his margin of credit before he realized that he was practically insolvent. The business had yielded him a good living, and with a fair amount of cash coming in each month from sales he had thought it profitable. He was confronted with the necessity for making an assignment before the end of the year or going to his chief creditors for a conference and advice. The latter course seemed best, and he took it. The largest creditor was a wholesale merchant of long experience. Meeting frankness with frankness, the wholesaler sent a credit man to go over stock and accounts. It was found that the retailer's capital and profits were tied up in slowselling goods. Lack of a modern cost system, showing the state of the business each month, had permitted these to accumulate on the shelves. This dead stock was dragged out, marked at prices that would clear it off, and sold at special sales. The money realized made the business solvent again, and with a modern system of stock-taking, better buying methods and quicker turning of capital, the merchant was soon making money—real money this time—which he could put in the bank.

### Debt a Symptom of Bad Methods

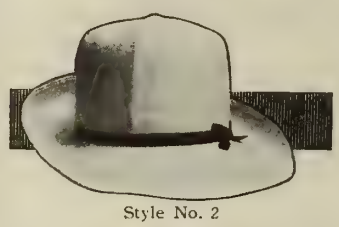
Debt is not always a matter of money alone. It is the danger signal of wrong methods of living and spending, wrong ways of thinking, wrong struggling against adversity. Bankruptcy of confidence and respect is a good deal worse than money insolvency, and very often the first thing to do is to right the man, so that money indebtedness can right itself.

The factory-manager of an Eastern machine-works became interested in a convict whose case attracted wide attention in the newspapers during his trial, and also when he finished his sentence and was discharged from prison. Except for the crime for which he had been punished, he seemed to have led a fairly decent life. This manager's sympathy was aroused when yellow newspapers published sensational stories about this ex-convict; so he wrote and offered him a job. The letter was answered by an uncle, who said the man had been driven into hiding by notoriety, and doubted whether the offer was made in good faith—it seemed merely a ruse of the newspapers to find him. The factory-manager sent a check to cover traveling expenses, and in a few days the ex-convict came into his office and was put to work under an assumed name. He knew nothing of machinery, but learned rapidly, and at the end of his first year was earning good wages. A girl who had stuck by him came on and they were married, and the manager helped them get a home on installments. Today that ex-convict holds the cleanest record in the plant—though it employs several thousand skilled mechanics—has money in the bank, and has almost paid for his home. The manager took steps to have his name changed by law, and the case has turned out so well in every way, simply through an extension of a little confidence, that he has since done the same for other discharged convicts. More than twenty of them are working in this plant, and are counted among its best men. Occasionally the manager gets hold of a bad egg, but his successes far outweigh his disappointments.


# A Genuine Panama Hat

***that retails all over this country at $15.00 to $18.00, delivered to you, express paid for*** **$6**

Style No. 1



Style No. 2

Style No. 3

Style No. 4

This hat is made of the *finest quality genuine Panama straw*, very closely woven and beautifully finished. It has a neat silk band and leather sweat band. It is featherweight, cool, dressy and adaptable to any shape desired.

The question you are asking yourself is, "How can they afford to sell a Panama Hat worth from $15.00 to $18.00 for $6.00?" We *import thousands* of them every year from South America, direct through the Port of Galveston. **We save you two profits.** Every hat is sold with this positive guarantee—

*Your Money Back if Not as Represented*

**Read What Mr. Frank E. Morrison, Secretary of Success Magazine, Says—**

"When in Houston, recently, I visited the show rooms of the Houston Hat Co. and after carefully examining the hats offered in this advertisement, I am *fully satisfied* that the equal of these hats cannot be found in any retail hat store at less than from $15.00 to $18.00 each."

Send your order NOW and remember—Your Money Back if You're Not Satisfied. State size and style desired. Address,

**HOUSTON HAT CO.**
***"Panama Hat Kings"***
**Dept. A** **Houston, Texas**

# PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION

THE examples below are but a few of many showing that perfect service, economical service and freedom from ignition-troubles will be yours if you use

## COLUMBIA MULTIPLE BATTERIES

**The Supreme Test of Taxicab Service**

On one of three cars in severe and continuous taxicab service, the Columbia Multiple registered 13,500 miles—the other two over 10,000 each. On all it was used as the sole source of electrical supply, and gave perfect service with no attention or trouble of any sort.

**Perfect Ignition on a 35-ft. Motor-boat**

A 35-ft. cruiser, with 4-cylinder engine, ran on the Columbia Multiple through Lakes Erie, St. Clair, Huron, and Georgian Bay, with perfect ignition and no sign of exhaustion. The distance—1200 miles—would equal fully 5000 in an automobile on account of its greater speed.

**1500 Hrs. on a Stationary Engine**

The Columbia Multiple supplied perfect ignition to a shop-engine in a well known gas-engine works from January 20, 1909, to August 15, 1909, running ten hours a day—1500 hours of reliable ignition for $5.00 or $6.00. Compare this with other sources in point of economy.

Columbia Multiple Batteries are not only the best complete source of electrical supply but are **superior to all other batteries for primary sparking or auxiliary service.**

**Sold by** leading automobile and electrical supply houses and garages everywhere. If your dealer does not handle, write us direct, giving his name.

**The Test of Actual Comparison**

A 40 h. p. Olds Palace car made an extended run through the White Mountains. It carried magneto, and Columbia Multiple as auxiliary. The owner switched from one to the other without regard to hills, speed or other conditions. The only difference was that the Columbia showed more advance in the spark, cost far less and was not subject to the many ignition-troubles of mechanical generators.

**Test the Columbia Multiple for Yourself**

The few illustrations given here show what hundreds of users are demonstrating every day. Test it out for yourself. If you are using a storage-battery for your car or boat, try the Columbia Multiple and compare cost per mile of service. Note also its freedom from sulphuric acid, complicated mechanical parts and other sources of trouble with storage-battery and magneto; and finally that it gives warning of exhaustion 100-200 miles ahead.

**Interesting Descriptive Booklet** sent free for the name of your dealer. It contains valuable information for every owner of an automobile or motor-boat.

Diagrams furnished free, showing Multiple Series method of wiring for those whose battery boxes will not permit the use of Columbia Multiple Battery.

Price $5.00 ($6.00 west of the Mississippi River).

**NATIONAL CARBON CO.**
**Largest Battery Manufacturers in the World**
**2007 W. 117th Street** **Cleveland, Ohio**

**A Good Old Friend In Summer Time**

Here is a friend who is a friend indeed, a kind who will not fail you, who will make every day this summer a more comfortable and beautiful day, the—

**USEEIT**
**WATER COOLER**

The ***Useeit*** Cooler gives you **pure** drinking water—just cool enough to be delicious and a real thirst quencher. The water does not touch the ice but passes from the sanitary glass bottle through a coiled pipe of pure block tin surrounded by ice; cools the water just as it's used, without waste.

The ***Useeit*** Cooler uses less ice, protects your health and gives you pure drinking water at a cost of only a few cents a day. It's the one clean, sanitary, **economical** water cooler on the market.

Used in more than 100,000 homes, offices and factories. Endorsed by doctors, nurses and hygienists and sold with a written guarantee of money back if you're not satisfied after 30 days trial.

*Every Useeit Cooler is sold with the understanding that your money will be refunded if you find it unsatisfactory after 30 days trial.*

Write today for the name of a man who will show you one.

**Consumers Cooler Co.**
**900 Carroll Ave., Michigan City, Ind.**

**DEALERS: Write for our unique selling plan. It will make money for you.**



MADE IN SALT LAKE

**McDonald's Coffee Cocoa**

**Originated by McDonald**

THE most popular table and Fountain Drink in America. Possessing the fragrance and satisfying qualities of the finest coffee; the full, rich properties of the choicest cocoa,—it is better than either.

**It is the Coffee Lover's Friend**

Quickly satisfies desire without injurious effects. Served at breakfast; ice cold with cream at Fountains.

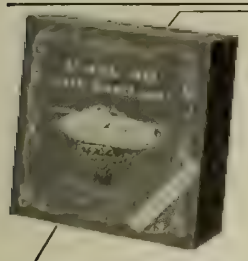
**McDonald's Coffee Cocoa is the Original**

Imitation will not be tolerated.

Distributors, Fountain Men, and Families write at once. Sample 50c—Expressage Prepaid.

**J. G. McDONALD CHOCOLATE CO., Salt Lake, Utah**
**Makers of World Famous Chocolates**





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# OUT-OF-DOORS

## Vacations in Tents and Canoes

THERE is no keener human joy than sitting down by the family lamp three or four months ahead of time and figuring on how the vacation of all, or at least the greatest individual part of the family, is going to be spent. Vacations usually reduce themselves to a couple of weeks of semi-discomfort, spent at some summer grafting joint, public or private, of greater or less proportions. Even if one prefers to camp out, that process has its own difficulties until you know how. All boys like to camp out, some men do, and few women do. These facts, however, need not complicate the sheer delight of talking about it, which sometimes is as good as any part of camping out, in the belief of ignorant and irreverent folk.

Two men or two boys, or a man and a boy, or a man and a woman, may have a very good time for a couple of weeks at any distance they like from civilization, on foot, in canoe or boat, or with a single pack animal. They can sleep all they like and eat all they care to and be perfectly comfortable, all at very little cost. Camping out is the cheapest way to spend a pleasant vacation, and the best after one has learned the knack of making one's self comfortable without very much luggage. There are fads in all things, and the fad of "going light" is one much affected by posers and theorists, as well as by actual old-timers who know what they are talking about. The art of going comfortably is far more important, and no old-timer has much respect for the man who comes back and brags of the discomforts which he has endured but might have avoided. It is possible to go comfortably and go light as well. Two men can carry in a boat or on their own backs all the outfit they need for a couple of weeks, including house, bed, kitchen and food.

### The Open-Faced Tent

The first qualification for a two-men trip of this sort is the other fellow. If you are not sure that you are the other fellow for the other fellow, then go alone. If you are sure that the other fellow is the other fellow for you, then freeze to him for life, for very likely you will not know half a dozen in a lifetime. Each of you must do his share in the packing and in the camp-work. Each must be game, fair and generous. The other fellow is, therefore, the most important requisite for a camping tour of any sort.

After your companion comes your tent, which cannot be a big or heavy one on a tramping or boat trip. An earlier article mentioned several sorts of tents, desirable in many different conditions. From these you can select a light and compact one. For summer use yet another sort is suggested by a writer who has tried it and found it practical. In shape this tent is precisely like the open-faced tent, with a short porch or permanent fly, described in the article before mentioned as taken from the old Nessmuk open-faced tent, which latter was usually stretched over a frame, and not by means of ropes and poles. Such a tent serves to keep off wind and dew, and to allow full view of the fire, which adds so much to camp comfort. To lie in bed and watch a campfire die away is to be happy while awake and dreamless while asleep.

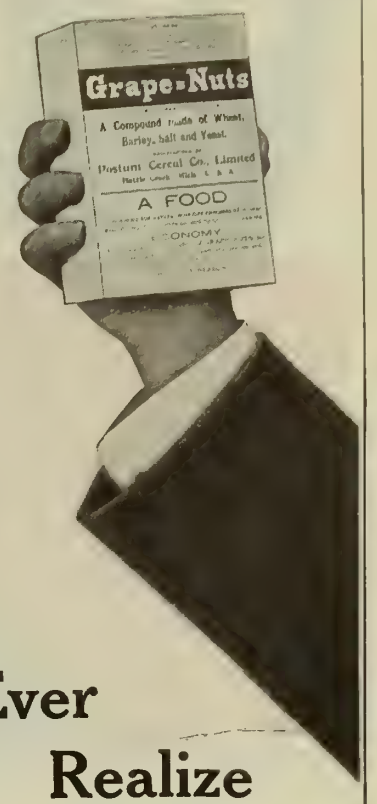
This open-faced tent stands a little higher than a man's head in front and slopes back to a two-foot wall in the rear, giving a floor space of about six by seven feet. If provided with a waterproof fly six or seven feet square, its permanent porch, which is only two feet deep, can be extended in front even to cover a little fire in rainy days, or the fly can be used to close the entire end of the tent, if desired. It should be remembered that the front of this tent does not come to a peak, but that the whole front opening is square, the tent being pitched by means of two crotched poles, one at each side of the opening. Guy-ropes stretched tight hold up the front ridge of the tent, which is a little more roomy than the pyramid tent with fly, because it is broad-topped and not peaked, though the rear slope is about the same.

### How to Keep Out Mosquitoes

Suppose, now, that the weather is very rainy or windy, and that you only want a sort of hole to crawl into until the storm passes over. The inventor of this tent points out that it may be turned into a wall tent without much trouble. You already have a two-foot wall at the rear and you can use the two-foot front porch as the other wall. Now, suppose you have a couple of loops sewed halfway up to the roof of the tent, one on each side, equidistant from the edges of these two walls. Run your ridge rope through these ears, stretch it tight over poles, which will need to be only four or five feet high in this case, drop the front porch down for the side wall—and there you are, with what was formerly the side of your tent now the end. You will have some extra folds of canvas on the end, but you can tie this up with tapes, if you have made your tent properly; or you can spread this extra canvas out over a bent bough, making a sort of Eskimo entrance to your tent at either or both ends, set at a little angle to the axis of the tent. There is something very desirable, as earlier pointed out, in this making of a tent-end full enough to serve as an angled entryway. It gives good ventilation and cuts off direct wind. Of course, in this case your wall tent will be only about four feet high, just large enough to sleep in, but able to stand a hard wind or a stiff rain, and to keep you warmer and drier than the open-face pitch would.

Such a tent—say seven feet wide, six feet deep, and the "wall" at each end two

*(Concluded on Page 32)*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**the enormous percent of Food Material contained in a package of**

# Grape-Nuts

In 100 parts of this world-famed food there are only about 2 parts waste!

Grape-Nuts is made of whole-wheat and barley, and contains all the rich food elements of these cereals prepared in such form (through scientific processes) that the food is rapidly digested. Thus quickly supplying the system with true food.

In making Grape-Nuts, the natural, elemental salts—"vital phosphates" (grown in the grains) are retained for the great and important use for which Nature has placed them in these grains:

These vital phosphates combine with the albuminous substances ("proteids") of the food for rebuilding worn-out brain, nerve and other tissue-cells.

Thus the value of food material in Grape-Nuts is extended beyond that of an easily digested food. It presents the starchy portion partially pre-digested, and also contains these vital parts for the rebuilding of Brain and Nerve cells.

These facts will be clear after using Grape-Nuts and cream regularly—say 10 days, or longer—

**"There's a Reason"**

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

# What Europe th

"STEADY, KERMIT! WE MUST HAVE ONE OF THESE."

A Cartoon by Ravenhill in "Punch."

# McCLURE'S

# nks of Roosevelt

Sydney Brooks, the foremost political writer of Europe, has written the best article on Roosevelt that has yet been written. It sums up Europe's impression of the ex-President. It will appear in the July Number of McClure's. Among other things Mr. Brooks says:

"If he (Mr. Roosevelt) were an Englishman, he would have explored every inch of the Empire, shot all the big game to be found in it, won his blue at Oxford or Cambridge, kept a pack of hounds, written some slashing books on Wellington and Nelson and the heroes of the Indian Mutiny, captured De Wet, annexed an Empire or two, and left an indelible mark on the politics of the nation as the Premier of a Progressive Conservative Ministry. As it is we have to roll half a dozen Englishmen together to get Mr. Roosevelt's full measure. Take Mr. F. C. Selous, the big-game hunter, add Dr. Fitchett, the semi-historian, add again the breeziness of Lord Charles Beresford, who might be at least half a Roosevelt himself if he were not an Irishman, add again Lord Curzon's instinct for domination and his superb self-confidence, mingle with something more than a dash of Lord Kitchener's remorseless efficiency, throw in at least as much decisiveness, practicality and belligerency as Mr. Chamberlain has ever commanded, and, finally, leaven the resultant with an ardour Gladstonian in its intensity — and you have a combination not by any means unlike the ex-President."

Europe's impressions of an American are always ten years ahead of that of his own country.

The same writer has in this number an estimate of the Kaiser, which a German official says is the best thing ever written about the German Emperor.

As if these two best articles of their kind in one number were not enough, there is a Thorndyke story, a Giovanna story and a Corazon story, as well as stories by Arnold Bennett and Jack London. John Burroughs has an animal story. "Toilers of Tenements" shows the conditions under which most luxuries are made.

Such a combination seems unusually good, even for McClure's.

All news stands—15 cents

# MAGAZINE

## A Good "Bite"

When fishing or outing take

# Snider Pork & Beans

in the lunch basket. There's appetizing nourishment in this delicious food—a wholesome, delicious meal—ready to serve from the can without cooking.

If there were nothing else, one would still be well-fed and comfortable, because **Snider Pork & Beans** contain such an abundance of the best nourishment—(beans are 84% nutriment)—just the elements Nature requires for building up firm tissues and vital energy.

It's convenient to have a few cans of **Snider Pork & Beans**—always ready for a "quick meal" or the unexpected guest—equally appropriate for home-folks or company. They can be served steaming hot by simply placing the can in boiling water before opening.

For a delightful summer luncheon dish, easily prepared—place portions of **Snider Pork & Beans** on fresh lettuce leaves, add some Snider Salad Dressing and serve with dainty sandwiches.

There are no disagreeable after effects from "**Snider-Process**" **Pork & Beans** because all the gas-forming elements found in beans cooked the ordinary way have been removed by the exclusive "**Snider-Process.**" Beans cooked the Snider way are tender and porous and easily digested by anyone.

**"It's the Process"**

**Snider Pork & Beans** and all Snider products comply with all Pure Food Laws of the world.

The T. A. Snider Preserve Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A.


*(Concluded from Page 29)*

feet wide—can be made in close-woven sail-cotton as light as three and a half ounces to the yard. You will have to waterproof it in that case, however, by linseed oil, sugar of lead, or paraffin. A good mixture is paraffin and beeswax, two parts to one, dissolved by naphtha and painted on when the tent is up. You can stain this mixture with aniline dyes if you like, and a green or tan tent looks very well. You can keep the weight down to about five pounds, and can be within seven or eight pounds even if you use still heavier material. Such a tent cannot be bought out of stock, but there is no better fun than trying to make a tent for yourself. One beauty of the home-made tent is that if it does not prove entirely satisfactory, its owner can always explain away the defects by putting the blame on the lady who ran the family sewing-machine!

You should have a small tent of cheese-cloth, or some say of surgeon's gauze—although the latter is not very permeable to air—to go inside your canvas house, if you use this open-front style. The worst pest of camping, and the most dangerous thing about camping, is mosquitoes. They spoil more vacations than any amount of bad weather, are carriers of malaria sometimes, or even breeders ofworse diseases. Yet you can camp out in a light tent, with open front, and be more comfortable than on the piazza or in the bed of the average summer-resort hotel.

Have your little mosquito tent made something the shape of your canvas tent, but about four feet high at the tallest end and a couple of feet high at the other. Make the top square, binding it with tape to strengthen it. Have the sides and ends long and full, shotted on the lower edge so that they will stay down. In using this inner tent, put its biggest end toward the back of your tent, so that the roofs will slope in opposite directions. Tie the corner tapes of your netting to a ring or tape which would be let in at the edge of the roof on each side. Stretch the outer end of your netting—which may extend outside the front of the tent and do no harm, since you want the open-air effect anyhow—by means of side ties to the front poles of the tent, or to the guy ropes. You now have an inside tent, with the most room over your head and face, with the roof sloping the reverse of the pitch of the tent proper. If it rains, pull it farther back into the tent. When not in use, throw the whole netting in the back of the tent, where it will not be in the way. This inside tent of netting is better than a door net in the open-face camps, which are difficult to make mosquito-proof. You can make this simply by building it the size of your tent floor and the height of your rear wall, and then just tying it in at the tent corners.

### Packing Your Camp-Gear

Your total weight of outfit thus far is inside of seven or eight pounds. It is always well to have a good poncho or tarpaulin for a floorcloth and cover, but such things are very heavy, and may be dispensed with if you can get boughs for a bed.

Two fellows who are chums can get along with two blankets, or even one heavy double one. You can't get your bed down much under eleven or twelve pounds, because the nights are apt to be cold. If they are cold, however, there will be no mosquitoes, and you can build a log fire. Even allowing a very good blanket weight, you can keep under twenty pounds for your house and bed; and all the material of these will go in one pack bag.

Some packers stick to the Indian tump-line or the pack harness, and some take pack baskets; but, all things considered, and especially in view of the ignorance of the average man how to adjust his pack straps properly, the best pack carrier is the woodsman's bag made with permanent straps, as used in the pine woods of the Northwest. This bag, with its adjustable flap-top, will carry a load of any size or weight. Its straps are set on at the right angles and can be adjusted in an instant.

Such a pack bag, loaded, will carry house and bed, and still be under twenty-five pounds. If all has been made very light indeed, it can be inside that weight and still have a three-and-a-half-pound axe strapped to it. Don't try to economize weight in your axe too much, and don't go out into the woods with just a little pocket-axe some clerk has sold you.

Each fellow can have one suit of clothes and no more, and must wear it. He can have one extra shirt and no more. If it gets cold he can put on his extra shirt. The lower articles of one's underwear can be washed without too much trouble, if one does not want to carry an extra pair. At least two extra pairs of woolen socks are always a good investment in camp. You can do without slippers or moccasins, and can get along with one good pair of shoes.

The grub and cook bag can get along with three or four pounds of utensils if you use aluminum, although it has few merits beyond lightness. You must have a frying-pan and a pot or kettle, and you don't really have to have anything else. Cups, forks, knives, spoons, plates, a coffee-pot even, are indispensable in the minds of most, but quite unnecessary if you haven't got them. You must compromise here between weight and comfort. Your axe and your cooking outfit will add say eight pounds to your kit.

### Things You Can Do Without

Suppose you are trying to keep each bag down as close as possible to twenty-five pounds in weight, as is very desirable for you to do if you are not accustomed to packing. Since the weight of the pack will decrease as you go along, you can start with thirty-five pounds each and get along—a woods cruiser will start with eighty pounds—but it is much better for you to try, at least by the family lamp, to cut each of these packs down to twenty-five pounds. You will have left, therefore, room for about sixteen or eighteen pounds of grub, at least. Of course, that would not feed two men for two weeks, but if you are any good at all you will be able to get fish or game, butter, eggs, chickens, perhaps even bread, once in a while.

You do not need a lot of dish towels or cloths. You need only one bar of soap. You don't need whisky or anything else in tin or glass. You can trim off the rind of your bacon or salt pork at home, because you are not going to eat the rind. A little sugar is all right, although tea or coffee is more wholesome without it, either at home or in the wilderness. Sugar is very heavy to carry, so chemists make a sort of substitute for it, which will do for tea or coffee. Tea is lighter to take than coffee; chocolate is compact but heavy. Rice is a good and portable food. You can cut your cornmeal down to three or four pounds, and your flour, or whole-wheat flour, to five pounds; and you will need very little salt if you are careful of it. Half a pound of raisins may come in handy some day, and so may a small amount of macaroni or spaghetti. You might take a small amount of dried apricots, or some other dried fruit, although you can get along without it. Your can of baking-powder will weigh very little. Tie your salt, pepper, sugar, tea or coffee in little waterproof bags. Weigh up now, and fill in the rest of the weight allowance with bacon, which is the most useful thing you can have in camp. If you could get jerked venison and parched corn you would have the best infantry ration the world ever knew, but you can't get it now.

With this outfit you can camp in a civilized, semi-civilized or wild country. You will not have to carry back much grub, and you can throw away your tent at the end of the trip if you like, as perhaps it would not be so durable next year. These two packs will go into any skiff or canoe, or you can carry them anywhere you like. You will not feel the extra weight of the fishing rods which you carry in your hand, or of the little .22 rifle which sometimes is a food provider; and in your pockets you can carry a few hooks, a line, reel, some flies, a couple of spoon hooks, and so on, along with a hundred cartridges or so. Thus equipped, it is astonishing with what confidence and independence two healthy men can cut loose from their usual civilized surroundings, and with what comfort, indeed what happiness, they can live out-of-doors during a considerable vacation trip.

This outfit really can be increased on a canoe cruise of a couple of weeks; and you can get a fine canoe that will carry you and the other fellow with such an outfit, and itself not weigh over one hundred pounds. You will astonish yourself at the make-shifts which you will invent to overcome camping discomforts as they arise.


The Florsheim SHOE

LOOK FOR NAME IN SHOE

Style A 1657
**The "Frat"**
Tan Blucher Oxford

White rope stitching of uppers an exclusive feature

**You** — with hard-to-fit feet, will save time, trouble and money by investigating the Florsheim Shoe. "Hugtite" Oxfords, that hug the heel, ankle and instep. "Natural Shape" lasts, that fit the feet as nature intended.

The "Frat" is a perfect combination of style and good taste, and one of the season's leaders.
"The Shoeman," our Spring and Summer booklet, illustrates a number of "Natural Shape" lasts, one of which is sure to please you. Mailed free on request.

**Ask your dealer about the Florsheim Shoe, or send us $5.25 to cover cost of shoes and express charges, and we will have our nearest dealer fill your order.**

*Most Styles $5.00 and $6.00*

**The Florsheim Shoe Company**
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Plump rosy growth is the result when you feed your baby on fresh milk modified by Mellin's Food.

Cow's milk by itself is too strong for a baby's digestion, but prepared with Mellin's Food it is easily digested and assimilated.

Get for baby, today, a bottle of

# Mellin's Food

We will be glad to send you a Trial Size Bottle of Mellin's Food with our helpful book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants," if you will write us.

Mellin's Food Co. Boston, Mass.

**Swish Zing—**

The R. S. Motorcycle is built for going, and it goes. No sputtering, no stuttering, no wheedling. The R. S. will take you anywhere—it will loaf with you or it will develop the speed of an express train, at your will. It will climb the side of a mountain. The R. S. motor is the coolest, lightest and most powerful found in any motorcycle. R. S. construction is so simple a boy can understand it. R. S. mechanism requires no attention from the rider. Write for catalog. Agents wanted.

READING STANDARD CO.,
*Makers Renowned Reading Standard Bicycles,*
River St., Reading, Pa.

IN SPORTS as well as in business, authentic New York Style is certain to give you dress distinction.

It is one of the features in

**Benjamin Clothes**

**Made in New York**

which positively cannot be found in any other make.

To appreciate the difference which exists between clothes having real New York Style and those for which authentic style is claimed, call on the Benjamin dealer and become familiar with the merits of garments bearing our label. Benjamin Clothes are moderate in price. They cost no more than other clothes which haven't the advantage of being made in New York.

One high class clothier in every city in America and in the greater capitals of Europe is now displaying Summer models in Benjamin Clothes. New York Fashions, a beautifully colored style book, mailed for four cents.

**Alfred Benjamin & Co.**

NEW YORK.

# Sense and Nonsense

Professor Frog (The Teacher): Why are You Crying, Willie?

Willie Porcupine: Why, All the Other Scholars are Playing Leap-Frog, and They Wouldn't Let Me Play Even Though I Offered to be Down All the Time. Boo Hoo!

### The Farmer's Feast

A FARMER who was taking his first long trip on a railroad train, found himself getting hungry. The train boy came through and, after some effort, sold the farmer three bananas for ten cents.

The farmer peeled the bananas, threw away the fruit and ate the skins.

Presently the boy came back. "Want some more bananas?" he asked.

"No, I guess not."

"Why, wasn't they good?"

"Oh, good's common, I suppose; but they's too durned much cob about them."

### The Teamster

A MINING-CAMP BALLAD

*With a five-ton copper load an' a rocky, rutty road,*
*An' a evil-minded bunch of mules to go it;*
*With a leather lash to sting as the sharpest turns I swing,*
*I haven't any picnic, an' I know it.*
*'Tis a long an' sudden drop—if I chance to go kerflop*
*There wouldn't be much left of me to grumble;*
*So I finds it very wise just to utilize my eyes,*
*For a half a mile is something of a tumble.*

*I haven't any kick at my chosen daily trick,*
*Which you can't exactly value till you've tried it,*
*But I'd like to have it said that it takes a steady head*
*With a pretty fair to middlin' brain inside it.*
*When the road is hard an' steep an' the yawnin' gulch is deep*
*An' the space you've got to travel in is narrow,*
*An' the mules is stubborn brutes, you can bet your shirt an' boots*
*That you've got to be some stronger than a sparrow.*

*So I drives 'em day by day down the rough an' crooked way,*
*An' although it seems I does it helter-skelter,*
*You can notice, if you will, that I doesn't take a spill,*
*An' I gets my load of copper to the smelter.*
*If my language isn't nice well, you try it once or twice*
*When the leaders an' the others gets to fussin',*
*An' you'll find, the same as me, when you try to make 'em "Gee!"*
*That a mule was never driven without cussin'.*

—*Berton Braley.*

### His Own Make

LOU EMERSON, a State Senator in New York, owns some big shirt factories up in the northern part of the state and is very rich.

One day he visited Republican headquarters in New York when B. B. Odell, Jr., was chairman. Odell was out and had left a flip young man in charge.

Emerson walked in. "Is Odell here?" he asked.

"Nope," replied the flip young man without getting up.

"Where is he?"

"Dunno."

"When will he be back?"

"Dunno."

Emerson turned to leave. "Who shall I say called?" asked the flip young man.

Emerson went over to the flip young man, caught hold of his shirt by the bosom and said, "Tell him the man who made that fifty-cent shirt you are wearing called."

### Classifying the Bride

A PROFESSOR in a Western university went to Missouri for his wife and married a pretty little country girl who had never been much away from home. Naturally, when the bride went to the university town and was thrown into the highly intellectual society of the university she was a bit nervous. The first time she and her husband went out to dinner she was taken in by an old, whiskered, bookish professor who had a hobby for investigating and classifying the various peculiarities of speech of the different sections of the country.

The timid little bride was trying to make conversation and was not doing very well at it because the old professor was immersed in his thoughts and his dinner. Finally she began to tell of an epidemic of scarlet fever that had prevailed in her Missouri home, and in describing what happened she said:

"When it was all over they disfected the ——"

"What's that, madam?" asked the old professor suddenly. "Did you say disfected? How interesting!"

He reached into his pocket, took out an envelope and a stub of pencil and continued eagerly: "Now, please say that again and then, if you will be so good, tell me exactly what part of Missouri you come from and whether disfected is in common use among your people instead of disinfected. Do they all say disfected down there, or is it confined to a few people? By that I mean, is disfected entirely local or is it the usage of a good-sized section of the country? Are there any other terms ——"

But the bride had fled, sobbing, from the room.

### Pardners

THE COWPUNCHER TO HIS PONY

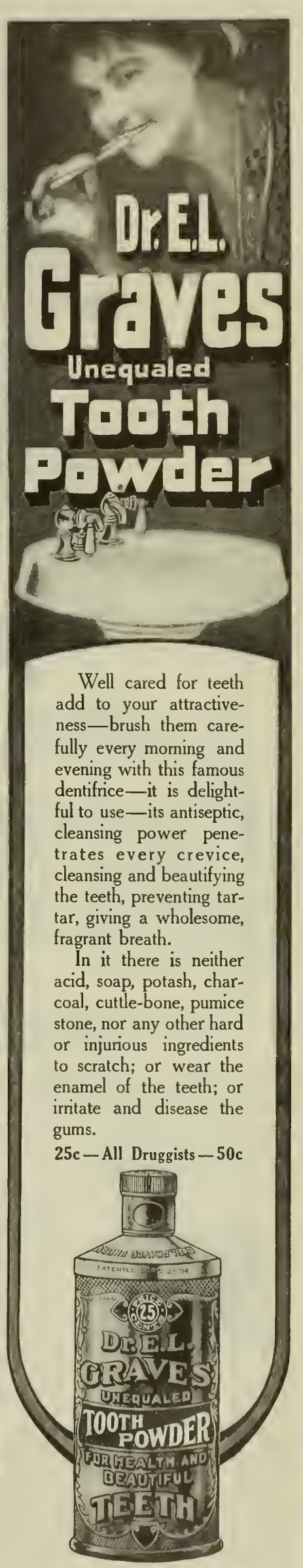
*You bad-eyed, tough-mouthed son of a gun,*
*Ye're a hard little beast to break,*
*But ye're good fer the fiercest kind of run*
*An' ye're quick as a rattlesnake.*
*You jolted me good when first we met*
*In the dust of the bare corral,*
*An' neither one of us will ferget*
*The fight that we fit, old pal.*

*But now—well, say, old hoss, if John*
*D. Rockefeller shud come*
*With all of the riches his paws are on*
*An' want to buy you, you bum,*
*I'd laugh in his face an' pat yer neck,*
*An' say to him loud an' strong,*
*"I wouldn't sell you this durned old wreck*
*Fer all of yer cash so-long!"*

*Fer we have slept on the barren plains*
*An' cuddled against the cold,*
*We've been through tempests of drivin' rains*
*When the heaviest thunder rolled;*
*We've raced with fire on the "lone prairee"*
*An' run from the mad stampede;*
*An' there ain't no money can buy from me*
*A pard of yer style an' breed.*

*So I reckon we'll stick together, pard,*
*Till one of us cashes in.*
*Ye're wiry an' tough an' mighty hard,*
*An' homelier, too, than sin;*
*But yer head's all there an' yer heart's all right,*
*An' you've been a good pardner too.*
*An' if you've a soul it's clean an' white*
*You ugly old scoundrel, you!*

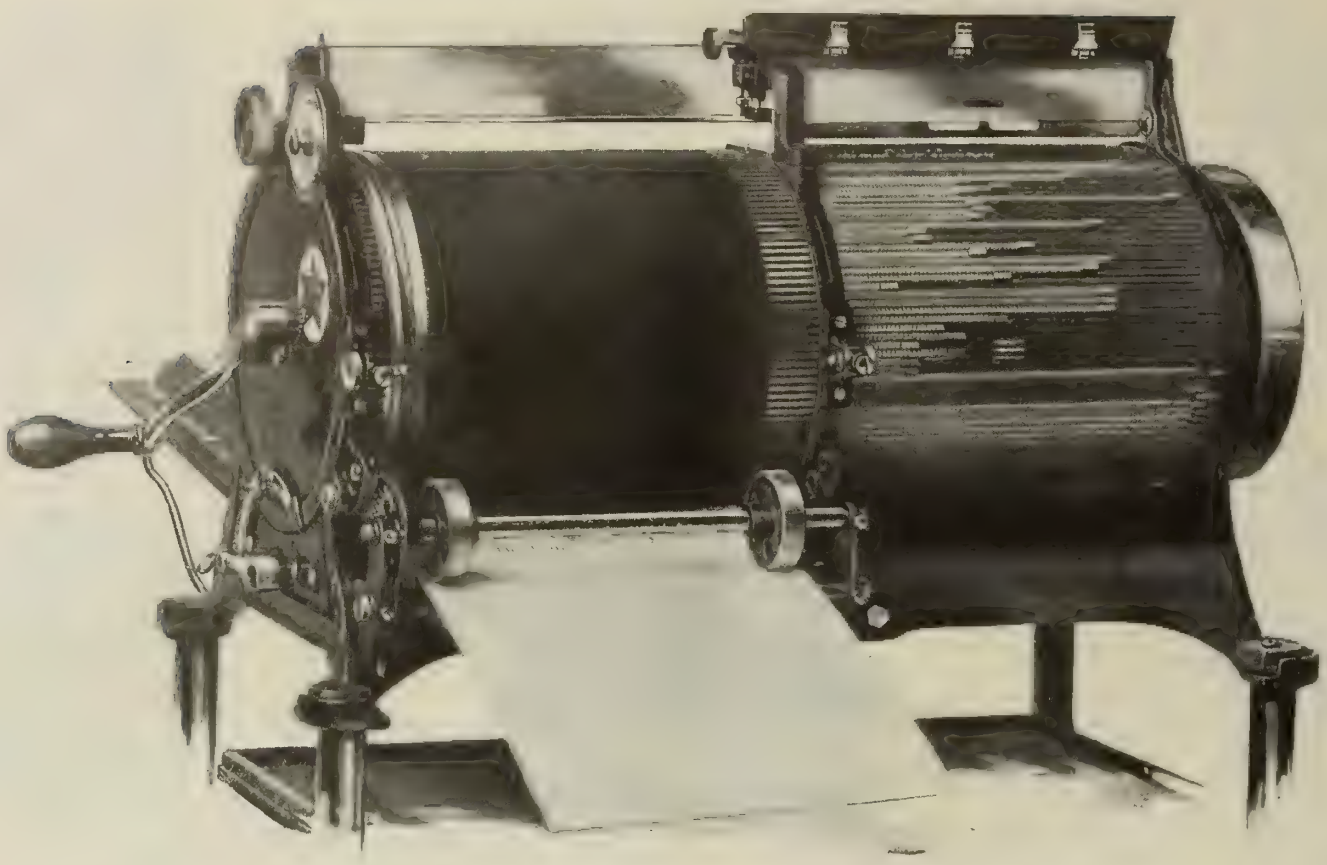
—*Berton Braley.*




Well cared for teeth add to your attractiveness—brush them carefully every morning and evening with this famous dentifrice—it is delightful to use—its antiseptic, cleansing power penetrates every crevice, cleansing and beautifying the teeth, preventing tartar, giving a wholesome, fragrant breath.

In it there is neither acid, soap, potash, charcoal, cuttle-bone, pumice stone, nor any other hard or injurious ingredients to scratch; or wear the enamel of the teeth; or irritate and disease the gums.

**25c—All Druggists—50c**



# MULTIGRAPH

## MULTIPLE TYPEWRITING

THE illustration at the top of this page shows the Multigraph as a multiple typewriter, which will produce two to six thousand perfect typewritten letters an hour, with a ribbon matched to your office typewriter.

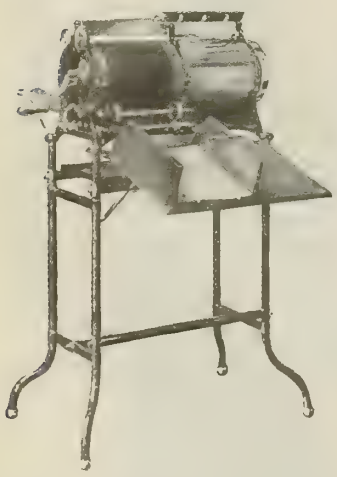
THE same machine can be transformed at will into a complete office printing-press, using printing-ink—not aniline—and printing from any face of type. The complete equipment is shown on the opposite page.

### Five Years of Multigraph Success and Progress

The Multigraph has always been a source of direct profit and direct saving to the user, often earning many times its cost in a single year.

But as Multigraph users have multiplied, the world over, Multigraph efficiency has increased, and its money-making possibilities more than doubled.

Today it is not only a perfect multiple typewriter, producing real typewritten letters with real typewriter type and ribbon; but it is also a complete printing-press, operated by hand or power as you choose, using typewriter or any other face of type (by means of electrotypes) and real printing ink.



In either of its two uses it means a great reduction in expense and a great increase in opportunity for the effective advertising that brings new business.

The above illustration shows the Multigraph as Multiple typewriter. On the opposite page it is shown completely equipped for office printing.

### Money-Saving and Money-Making with the Multigraph

The Multigraph enables your own employees to turn out all of your form-letters, office and factory forms, statements, circulars, pamphlets, folders, envelope-stuffers, booklets, tags and a great variety of other office and factory stationery and advertising.

The work can all be done by the average help in your office without any need of skilled labor.

When operated by hand its speed is limited only by the practice and skill of the operator.

It does your work when you want it and with the advantage of absolute privacy.

### Saves 25 to 75 Per Cent.

It saves 25% to 75% of the cost on all printed matter—and does the work not merely just as well, but better, than the average printer.

It enables you to do direct, convincing advertising *that will be read*, and to do it at vastly reduced cost—or to do twice as much for the same cost.

It enables you to print in any quantity desired, without increased expense or waste.

It enables you to introduce new office or factory forms whenever needed, and do many other things of advantage to your business, which have been put off, overlooked or given up on account of prohibitory expense.

### The Application of the Multigraph to YOUR Business

The application of the Multigraph to many lines of business has been carefully worked out from actual experience. The following is but a partial list of vocations in which it has proved a definite and permanent element for reducing expense and increasing profit:

**Retail dealers in all lines**
**Wholesale dealers and jobbers in all lines**
**Manufacturing establishments in all lines**

Abstract Companies
Advertising Agencies
Amusement Companies
Associations—Charitable or Fraternal
Auditing Concerns, Accountants and Appraisers
Banks
Boards of Trade
Chambers of Commerce
Clothiers and Tailors
Commission Merchants
Department and General Stores
Detective Agencies
Engravers and Electrotypers
Gas and Electric Companies
Hotels and Restaurants
Insurance Companies and Agents
Laundries
Lumber Dealers
Mail-Order Houses
Manufacturers' Agents and Sales Agents
Mercantile, Collection and Credit Agencies
Merchandise Brokers
Municipal and State Departments
Nurserymen, Florists and Seedsmen
Packers, Preservers and Canners
Political Organizations
Printers and Lithographers
Promoters
Publishers
Railroad, Traction and Steamship Co's
Railroad Claim Bureaus
Real-Estate Agents
Religious Institutions
Stock, Bond and Investment Brokers
Surety and Bonding Companies

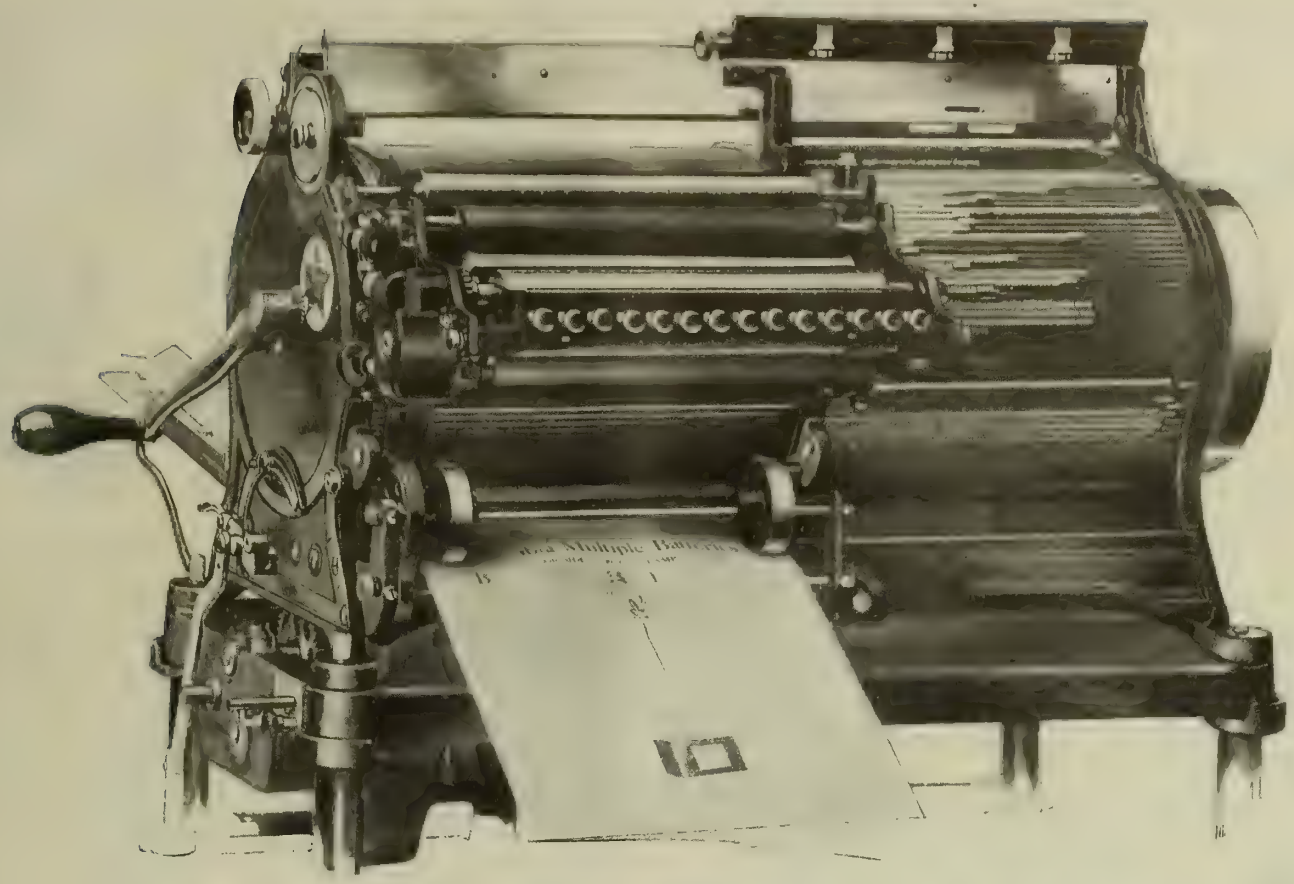
**Write for our free book, "More Profit with the Multigraph."** When you write, *use the letter head of your firm or corporation.* All inquiries from responsible persons, business men and department heads will receive our immediate and careful attention.

## The American Multigraph Sales Co.

**Branches All Over the World**

**Address all Communications to**

**1800 E. 40th Street Cleveland, U. S. A.**



# MULTIGRAPH

## PRINTING IN YOUR OWN OFFICE

ABOVE is an illustration of the same machine shown on the opposite page; but in this case it is equipped with the attachments that enable you to do all your office printing as well as multiple typewriting.

IT occupies no more space than an ordinary typewriter desk; it can be operated by your own employees; it turns out work that any master-printer might be proud of—and saves 25% to 75% of the cost.

### You CAN'T Buy a Multigraph Unless You Need It

Every Multigraph sale is based on the direct profit or direct saving of the user.

Somewhere near you is a Multigraph representative who is an expert in figuring printing-costs and in the application of the Multigraph to various business needs.

He will, if you wish it, first study your business, to find if you can use the Multigraph profitably. In case you do not have imperative need of it, he will tell you so frankly.

If you do, he will prove it by actual demonstration. If you buy, he will install the Multigraph for you and instruct your operator in its management.

**It will interest you to know** in dollars and cents just what the Multigraph can do for your business. Write us today, *using the letterhead of your firm or corporation.* All inquiries from responsible persons, business men and department heads will receive immediate attention and ensure an early call from our representative.

**The American Multigraph Sales Co.**

**Branches All Over the World**

**Address all Communications to**

**1800 E. 40th Street Cleveland, U. S. A.**

### Important Elements in the Multigraph Equipment

**The Printing-ink Attachment** ensures perfect transmission and distribution of ink — real printing ink — not aniline. It operates without any soiling of clothes, hands or paper. It enables you to do high-grade printing with your average office help.

**The Electric Drive** operates by means of a ⅛ horse-power motor, that can be instantly connected with any ordinary electric lamp socket. It ensures uniform speed and work, saves labor and adds practically nothing to your cost of operation.

**The Automatic Paper-feed** saves the exclusive attention of operator; shuts off power automatically when paper is exhausted; ensures uniform registration; once started, its operation is uniform and continuous.

**The Segmental Printing-drum** enables you to keep forms set up and print as needed. You can stop any job and substitute rush-work without distributing type, by removing that part of the printing-drum which carries your printing-forms, and substituting other segments almost instantly.

**Complete Your Equipment with the Universal Folder and Double Your Saving.** It will make any of the ordinary folds needed in letters, folders, statements, booklets, etc., at a cost of 2 or 3 cents a thousand as against printers', binders' or hand folding cost of 10 to 45 cents.

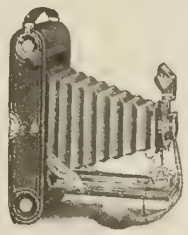
### A Few of the Many Well Known Multigraph Users

The following is a list of a few of the larger users of the Multigraph; using from one to ten and even more machines:

American Book Company.
American Sheet & Tin Plate Co.
American Steel & Wire Co.
Armour & Company.
Atlas Portland Cement Co.
The Beaver Company of Buffalo.
J. G. Brill Company.
Butler Brothers.
Campbell Soup Company.
Chalmers Motor Car Co.
Chase National Bank.
Chicago Northwestern R. R. Co.
H. B. Claflin Company.
Cleveland Trust Company.
Correspondence Institute of America.
Dodge Manufacturing Co.
Equitable Life Insurance Co.
N. K. Fairbank & Co.
William Galloway & Co.
Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co.
International Stock Food Co.
H. W. Johns-Manville Co.
Marshall Field & Co.
Mellin's Food Company.
Missouri Pacific Railway Co.
Moline Plow Company.
Montgomery Ward & Co.
Mutual Life Insurance Co.
National Biscuit Company.
National Carbon Company.
National Cash Register Co.
National Cloak & Suit Company.
National Lead Company.
New York Central Lines.
New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R. Co.
Oliver Chilled Plow Company.
Packard Motor Car Company
Pennsylvania Railroad Company.
Pittsburg Milling Company
Quaker Oats Company
Regal Shoe Company
The Siegel Cooper Company
Simmons Hardware Company
Standard Oil Company
States of Pennsylvania, Illinois and many others
The Sterling Debenture Co.
Studebaker Manufacturing Co.
Transcontinental Passenger Ass'n.
United Cigar Stores.
U. S. Government — All Departments.
Washburn-Crosby Company.
Westinghouse Air-brake Co.
Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co.
Winchester Repeating Arms Co.
Winton Motor Car Company.

The illustration above shows the Multigraph completely equipped for printing. The same machine can also be used as a multiple typewriter.

Vacation Suggestions
from the
KODAK
CATALOGUE.



No. 3A
FOLDING
POCKET
KODAK

*Pictures 3¼ x 5½.*

**$20.00**

The most popular of all cameras; takes the full size post card picture, 3¼ x 5½ inches, proportions that are splendidly adapted for horizontal landscape views, and just right for full length portraits when used vertically.

Provided with every feature for the most serious work, yet so simple as to be effectively handled by the novice.

Equipment includes double Rapid Rectilinear Lens, Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter, Automatic Focusing Lock, Brilliant Reversible Finder and Tripod Sockets. Covered with fine black seal grain leather, nickeled fittings. Top coat pocket size.

No. 1A
FOLDING
POCKET
KODAK—
SPECIAL

*Pictures 2½ x 4¼.*

**$15.00**

Made for those who want a dainty little pocket camera with quality all through. Sufficiently light and compact to be carried in any ordinary coat pocket, this little camera possesses every requisite for serious work, and is withal, so simple as to afford excellent results from the start.

Equipment includes double combination Rapid Rectilinear Lens, fitted to the Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter, Automatic Focusing Lock, Tripod Sockets and Brilliant Reversible Finder. Covered with fine quality black seal grain leather, nickeled fittings.

No. 1
FOLDING
POCKET
KODAK

**$10.00**

*Pictures 2¼ x 3¼.*

The smallest and simplest of all the Pocket Kodaks. Especially designed for those who wish to take good pictures the simplest way. Pulling down the bed automatically springs the front into position, no focusing necessary—just locate the image in the finder and press the lever.

Equipped with first quality Meniscus Achromatic lens, fitted to Pocket Automatic Shutter, adjusted for both snap shot and time exposures. Brilliant Reversible Finder. Covered with black seal grain leather, nickeled fittings.

No. 2A
FOLDING
POCKET
BROWNIE

*Pictures 2½ x 4¼.*

**$7.00**

Inexpensive, devoid of all complications, extremely simple to understand and to operate, this dainty little pocket camera takes first class pictures. Equipped with first quality Meniscus Achromatic Lens, Pocket Automatic Shutter, (adapted for both snap shots and time exposures). Automatic Focusing Lock, Tripod Sockets and Reversible Finder. Covered with fine quality black imitation leather, nickeled fittings.

*Kodaks and Brownies, $1.00 to $111.00 Ask your dealer or write us for our complete catalogue.*

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y. *The Kodak City*


# Oddities and Novelties

### Substitutes for Rubber

IF THE London rubber boom served any useful purpose at all it was that of giving the modern industrial chemist a chance to be heard on behalf of his attempts to produce artificially the elastic gums that are employed for such widely different purposes as the insulation of electric conductors, the manufacture of pencilmark-erasers, and the production of combs, shoes, and a host of articles that are indispensable in our workaday lives.

Whatever may be the truth of the reports that find only too many believing ears on the London Stock Exchange, it seems quite certain that the India-rubber supply is insufficient enough to make the discovery of substitutes worth while. It is impossible to state how many compounds consisting of substances other than rubber have been invented. A hundred would probably be well within the actual number. The essential principle of most of them is a modified oil, usually a vegetable oil, boiled for hours and allowed to absorb oxygen so as to be converted into a more or less elastic solid. Ordinary rubber is vulcanized by the addition of sulphur; so are these oil compounds. The substances that lend themselves best to this process of vulcanization are linseed, corn, castor and colza oils. Pitch, tar, creosote, hemp, ozocerite and spermaceti are often added to the oil to produce a more definite mass.

Instead of oils, gelatin dissolved in creosote is employed by some chemists, the resulting mass being treated with agents that will render the gelatin soluble. One of the strangest rubber substitutes in this class is made from the skins of grapes under pressure. Another is made from carbolic acid.

It must be confessed that all these compounds are not so protean in their adaptability to various needs as real rubber. Most of them have been invented to meet only special requirements. The "grape rubber," which has been mentioned, is employed primarily for the insulation of telegraph cables. Some of the rubber substitutes produced from boiled oils might be employed in making presentable doormats, but not for serviceable automobile tires.

Many of the so-called artificial rubbers contain an appreciable amount of genuine rubber, incorporated with gums. The less rubber contained in such a compound the lower will be its selling price.

The modern chemist has discovered a way of making, from coal-tar, perfumes that are the exact chemical equivalents of the corresponding perfumes of Nature. He is now engaged in discovering a method of making rubber which shall be chemically indistinguishable from real rubber obtained from a tree. As yet he has not succeeded in accomplishing that difficult task. The slight success with which his efforts have thus far been crowned indicates, however, that some day he will make an artificial rubber, exactly like Nature's product, from turpentine, beet-sugar and calcium carbide.

### How Radium is Obtained

THE newspapers recently printed the casual announcement that "thirteen grams of radium chloride have been produced at the Imperial Austrian radium factory at Joachimsthal." Only the scientist can realize what that simple statement means, what stupendous labor is represented by this pinch of salt, and what vast operations were necessary to produce an almost pitifully small amount of the most precious thing in the world.

Every gram in those thirteen grams of radium represents the manipulation of no less than ten tons of pitchblende—the ore from which radium is reduced. In the process about eleven thousand pounds of chemicals and one hundred and ten thousand pounds of water are employed. Hence, these paltry thirteen grams of radium involved the handling of one hundred and thirty tons of ore, one hundred and forty-three thousand pounds of chemicals and one million four hundred and thirty thousand pounds of water. That is not all. More than a thousand crystallizations and reductions had to be made, requiring from a few hours to several days each. As the final few grains of radium are approached the processes become proportionately difficult. Even when the final product is obtained it is not chemically pure; for there is no such thing in the world's laboratories as chemically pure radium.

The pitchblende from which radium is obtained so painfully is mined near Joachimsthal, a village about twelve miles from Carlsbad. The mine was once worked for its silver but was abandoned as unproductive after the Thirty Years' War. When the Austrian Government took possession of the property it was discovered that the uranium which the old vein contained could be employed in the production of fine glazes on porcelain. For fifty years the mine was worked for the uranium that it contained, no one ever dreaming that the mine was worth far more than was represented by the glazed pottery dependent upon it.

Even when radium was discovered, and the Joachimsthal vein proved to be wonderfully rich in radium, the mine did not pay. Owning a radium mine has its drawbacks, because the demand for radium is not very lively.

Neither the mine nor the radium factory has ever paid for itself, despite the fact that radium is worth thousands of dollars an ounce. The annual output of the mine is about twenty tons of pitchblende. This small amount of precious ore is mined by one hundred men, who work eight hours a day. The Government works the mine partly for the purpose of keeping these poor men occupied and partly for the radium thus obtained.

### The Demolition of a Battleship

WHEN Congress periodically discusses the naval affairs of this country it is invariably pointed out by some member of the House or Senate that a vessel is almost obsolete before she is put in commission, such are the rapid advances made in naval architecture and such is the slowness of building ships. A crumb of comfort may perhaps be found in the fact that it takes longer to demolish a battleship than to build one.

How tedious is this picking apart of an ironclad is illustrated by the British battleship Thunderer, a vessel that never fired a hostile shot. Her mission of "insuring peace" having been brought to a close, because she is as much out of naval fashion as last year's hat, she has been turned over to a dismantler.

That person estimates that one hundred men will work for nearly two years in picking her apart.

### The Two Kinds of Flight

THERE are two ways of flying. Flapping oppositely disposed wings is one way; soaring is the other. Birds adopt both ways. It may be laid down as a general rule that small birds fly by flapping their wings and that large birds soar.

The smaller the creature the quicker is the wing-beat. Thus the common fly beats its wings three hundred and thirty times a second; the bee, one hundred and ninety; the wasp, one hundred and ten; the sparrow, thirteen; the wild duck, nine; the pigeon, eight; the screech-owl, five, and the buzzard, three. These are the figures of a noted authority on bird-flight.

Size and weight, as might be supposed, hamper a bird in rising from the ground. The sparrow begins its flight almost in a perpendicular line from the ground. On the other hand eagles, vultures, condors, and other large birds of prey, must run along the ground before they succeed in getting on the wing. Like the aeroplanes of man, they must be in motion before they can fly. Once aloft, however, the soaring birds have a distinct advantage over beating-wing birds so far as expenditure of muscular energy is concerned. The albatross has been known to drift along for hours without apparently moving a muscle. A twenty-pound condor after having gorged himself with ten pounds of carrion will float serenely at an altitude of three miles until he has digested his food. Frigate-birds have been observed to ascend a mile at the rate of one hundred feet a second without flapping a wing. The power that lies in every air-current is utilized by these most ingenious of flying-machines—an ideal which it is every aeronautic inventor's dream to reach.

Your Grocer
will Supply You with

**Fresh Codfish**

WHY be satisfied with old fashioned, dried, salted, tasteless Codfish? Such fish must be soaked thoroughly before it is fit to eat. The package, too, is neither sanitary nor air tight. Look into your box of prepared Codfish—more than likely it is mildewed and far from wholesome.

**BURNHAM & MORRILL FISH FLAKES**

is entirely different—different package—different fish. You'll be surprised to find what a difference it makes in

**Codfish Balls, Creamed Fish, Fish Hash, etc.**

How much more tasty and delicious they are—how much easier and quicker to prepare for the table.

**Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes Really Fresh Fish**

In the first place, Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes is really fresh fish—fresh and delicious when served in your home as the day the fish were caught—not dried and with absolutely no preservative of any sort. Just delicious fresh fish—cooked the same day taken from the ocean—immediately packed in parchment and hermetically sealed for your table.

**Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes The Package is Different**

The very extreme of care is used to make this package absolutely sanitary. The fish itself is packed in pure parchment and the container is made of extra coated tin, 50% more than the ordinary can. No solder or acid is used and no metal can come in contact with the fish. This perfect package positively indicates the high quality of the product.

**Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes are economical, too—**

**10c and 15c sizes**

ready for the table in two minutes—without soaking or boiling.

**Every Earnest Merchant** selling groceries will be glad to carry Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes, because it is absolutely the finest fish food product ever put on the market. When he finds that his best trade are asking for it he will put in a stock at once. Ask your dealer to get Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes for you—he will be glad to do so.

**"Good Eating"** is the title of a book that is of interest to every housewife. It contains many helpful table hints with suggested menus and twenty new and original recipes on various foods by Mrs. Janet McKenzie Hill, the famous domestic scientist and editor of the "Boston Cooking School Magazine." The book tells also about others of our good things for the table. *We send it free on request.*

**Special Offer** We want you to try this dainty, delicate fish food at once. If your dealer has not Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes in stock, send us 10c and we will send the regular 10c size for you to try. It costs us 18c—postage alone being 11c—but we are glad to do this because we know that you will be delighted with Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes and will never be satisfied with any other.

Please write today—Get acquainted with this Choice New England delicacy. Book of recipes "Good Eating" free or send 10c for Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes and Book of Recipes both.

**BURNHAM & MORRILL CO.**
Portland, Maine
**Packers of the Justly Celebrated Paris Sugar Corn**

# All Stationary Vacuum Cleaning Patents Brought Under One Control

The art of Vacuum Cleaning has been developed and perfected not by any one man, but by many men working independently.

One man, Kenney, the Father of Vacuum Cleaning in America, owned patents which gave him a virtual monopoly of the most vital ideas in vacuum cleaning.

Other men, several of them, controlled patents so essential to perfect Vacuum Cleaning that no good Stationary system could be installed without infringing on them.

But no one man, nor any body of men, has ever heretofore controlled a range of patents wide enough to cover the installation of a single *complete* Stationary Vacuum Cleaning System.

Each inventor, in building up a Stationary system around his own ideas, has infringed on others.

And the result of this war of inventors has been that the public has had the choice of accepting imperfect Stationary systems—or of inviting a storm of damage suits for infringements.

## The First Perfect, Complete Stationary System

What we have done is to bring all of the important Stationary cleaning patents under one control.

So that now, *for the first time*, it is possible to offer a perfect, complete Stationary Vacuum Cleaning System embodying *all* of the ingenuities of *all* of the best inventors.

So that now, *for the first time*, it is possible to offer a Stationary Vacuum Cleaning System which can be installed without fear of infringement and damage suits.

## The Protection of Eighty-Five Patents

We now own or control eighty-five patents, including not only the Kenney and Matchette patents, but all other patents necessary to produce the most perfect and complete Stationary Vacuum Cleaning System known to the art today.

Fully 80 per cent of all Stationary Vacuum Cleaning Systems now installed in America have been installed by firms which, under the present arrangements, are retiring in our favor, including The American Air Cleaning Co., Milwaukee, Wis.; Vacuum Cleaner Co., New York, N. Y.; Sanitary Devices Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.

And the 20 per cent not so installed seriously infringe on the patents which we now control.

## The End of High Prices

But in bringing together all of the important Stationary Vacuum Cleaning interests, we are able to offer the public a much greater benefit, even, than freedom from faulty systems and damage suits.

For we are in a position to place the manufacture of Stationary Vacuum Cleaning Systems on a business basis; to terminate the costly war of inventors; and to eliminate the extravagance and waste through which Stationary Vacuum Cleaning, in its early stages, has passed.

With all of the experimental work done, with all of the early mistakes paid for, and with the whole engineering experience of the art at our command, we propose to bring the prices of Stationary Vacuum Cleaning Systems within the reach of all.

## As Essential as Steam Heat or Sanitary Plumbing

It is our belief that Stationary Vacuum Cleaning, under the new conditions, must take its place with steam and hot water heat and with sanitary plumbing, as an essential to comfort and health.

We therefore propose to offer the new, perfected systems, not only to those who are constructing new buildings, but to those, as well, who desire to bring their present structures up to the minute in healthfulness, convenience and comfort.

Our plans are so designed that any building, old or new, can be equipped at a minimum of expense.

## Ask Your Plumber or Steam Fitter

Any plumber or steam fitter can install our "RICHMOND" Stationary Vacuum Cleaning System, or give prices and descriptions.

Or we will be pleased to place our engineering department at the disposal of any architect, builder or owner with vacuum cleaning problems to be solved.

The convenient coupon below will bring descriptive printed matter. Address

## WARNING

All persons are warned that henceforth all authorized stationary vacuum cleaning plants will bear The McCrum-Howell Company license plate. Systems offered without The McCrum-Howell Company license plate are infringements and will subject not only the makers thereof but also the purchasers and those who use them to damage suits, which in all cases will be promptly instituted. Please be sure to look for The McCrum-Howell Company license plate, which is to be found in each case on the vacuum producing apparatus.

## THE McCRUM-HOWELL CO.

GENERAL OFFICES:

**Park Ave. and 41st St., New York City**

**Branches and Agencies in All Cities**

MANUFACTURERS OF

"RICHMOND" Heating Systems — "RICHMOND" Bath Tubs, Lavatories and Sanitary Plumbing Devices — "RICHMOND" Concealed Transom Lifts
"RICHMOND" Suds Makers — "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaners
"RICHMOND" Vacuum Cleaning Systems

FIVE PLANTS: { One at Norwich, Conn. — Two at Uniontown, Pa. / One at Racine, Wis. — One at Chicago, Ill.

## MEMO COUPON

| | |
|---|---|
| Residences | Libraries |
| Apartments | Churches |
| Hotels | Theatres |
| Schools | Factories |
| Office Buildings | Stores |

NAME

ADDRESS

Simply mark an (X) before the subject in which you are interested. Mail the coupon to THE McCRUM-HOWELL CO., Park Avenue and 41st Street, New York, and full descriptive matter will be sent.

(S. E. P. 6-18)

# THE HOME LIFE OF JOHNSON

(Continued from Page 15)

rather a pleasant man to be associated with. When he was with his children or his grandchildren he relaxed, and relapsed into what must have been his endowment by nature—a genial, happy man for the hour—until official duties called him away from his family circle. For his wife Mr. Johnson manifested in many ways his real and abiding love. He was tender, considerate, anxious about her as few understood at the time; and Mrs. Johnson more than returned such feeling. She was, of course, very proud of him; for she knew how much harder he had been obliged to fight for eminence than if he had been born under other circumstances. And because he had won with such a handicap of poverty and lack of education, she was all the prouder of him. She was always solicitous for his comfort, telling Mrs. Patterson what he ought to have in the way of food, and how he liked to have this dish and that prepared, although Mrs. Patterson undoubtedly knew her father's tastes and looked out for them. Mrs. Johnson always asked about his room, and every day went to it to make sure that it was in order as her husband liked to have it, with everything in its proper place. And she was especially careful about the President's personal appearance, having realized long years before the importance of this. As a matter of fact, Mr. Johnson himself was particular to the point of fastidiousness about his dress, always wearing, when I knew him, a frock coat and a high, standing collar, well-fitting shoes or boots and carefully-cut trousers. But I am inclined to think that in his years of early manhood, when he first was married, he could not have been so particular, and that Mrs. Johnson's solicitous regard during the later years was a matter of long habit. The President was a very busy man—next to Mr. Cleveland, perhaps, the hardest worker who has lived in the White House during my forty-five years' experience there. He was in excellent health, but seldom took any exercise excepting when he would drive out into the country, and there, alighting from his carriage, walk up and down for an hour, his hands clasped back of him, while he thought out his policies and planned this measure or that line of action.

On other occasions he would take out to Rock Creek Park—a favorite place for recreation—his son Andrew and the five grandchildren; and there on a grassy slope the little folks would take off shoes and stockings and go wading in the soft water, looking for little fishes, trying to catch water-bugs or frogs, and having the best of good times, especially when Grandpa joined them in a contest as to who could skip stones the farthest and with the greatest number of skips. Better than almost any other memory of President Johnson I like to recall such pleasant afternoons when, for the moment, he and the little folks were all young together.

### Mrs. Johnson's Gowns

Mrs. Johnson's ideas as to the importance of proper dress were shown in her own case. She never wore extravagant clothing, but she always wore clothing of rich, expensive material, very simply but becomingly made. She knew the difference in fabrics and had excellent judgment as to them; and she employed the best dressmakers in Washington. Whenever she appeared in a new gown that was especially pleasing, the President's eyes would light up with pleasure and he would speak approvingly of it. Whereupon, being the dearest of old ladies, his wife would return an answering smile and pat him on the shoulder—just once, but enough to repay him for his compliment.

Mrs. Johnson was solicitous not merely for the members of her own family circle but for every one around her. Soon after arriving at the White House she gave instructions through Mrs. Patterson that she was to be informed whenever any of the servants or other employees of the Executive Mansion were ill, or in other trouble, or suffering bereavement. And until the day she left there she invariably looked after any who were suffering. Her kindness to those who were in distress was unusual. She would send not merely inquiries and words of cheer, but delicacies of all kinds and flowers and personal messages, with regret that the state of her own health prevented her from actively looking after their needs. She was a good woman, a true Christian woman, although she was not a member of any particular church, so far as I know, nor could she have attended services if she had been. Perhaps it was due to her influence more than to any other that President Johnson never used tobacco in any form, and seldom touched alcoholic beverages. I never knew him to go to the theater.

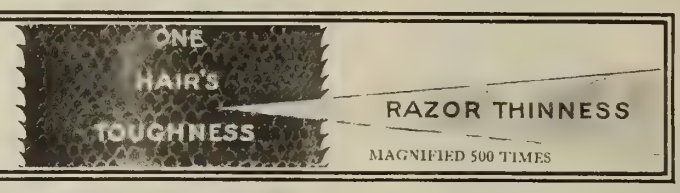
### The President's Unpopularity

The usual state dinners were given during Mr. Johnson's Administration, but Mrs. Patterson presided at them in place of her mother. The Thursday evening levees were also held regularly for the public, or for such of it as wished to attend and meet the President. Mrs. Johnson was present at two public receptions, but she had to sit down for a part of each evening while the guests were passing by in the long line. The men and women attending the levees during the Johnson Administration generally wore evening dress, although some occasionally appeared in plain clothing; and while a good many were present each Thursday evening, the people did not seem to come with the remarkable evidence of personal affection for the President that had almost always been shown by those who attended levees during Mr. Lincoln's time. It always seemed to me that there was no such cordiality shown by Mr. Johnson as was shown by his predecessor on such occasions. In the first place, President Johnson, though greatly loved and admired by some, was just as strongly disliked, even hated, by others—this, of course, because of his positive, assertive, well-nigh belligerent temperament and attitude. Then, again, it must be remembered that he was in immediate contrast with not merely one of the most remarkable Presidents we have ever had, but one of the most remarkable men whom history records—a man who was so great in vision, so noble, so generous of heart and spirit, that every one who met him loved him. Mr. Johnson's supporters were loyal and came to the levees, but these receptions were not attended by all who could be present, irrespective of whether they accepted and indorsed his political policies, as was the case in Lincoln's time.

It was not deemed necessary for President Johnson to be accompanied by personal bodyguards, as President Lincoln had been, for the war was over, and while times of tumult were not entirely gone, yet the positive enmity had begun to disappear between the North and the South—more rapidly, perhaps, than would have been the case but for the tremendous, sobering shock caused by Wilkes Booth's dastardly crime. When the new President first took up his duties soldiers were stationed both in front of the Executive Mansion and at its rear; but these uniformed men merely acted as sentries and were soon withdrawn; after which none guarded the President or the White House except such special officers as acted in the capacity of watchmen. It so happened that I was selected to accompany President Johnson whenever he went to any formal affair—such as a cornerstone-laying or the unveiling of a monument—during his entire Administration, excepting the time when he made his "swing around the circle," in the course of which he visited New York, Philadelphia, Albany, Cleveland, Chicago, and so on. But I never regarded my duties as being those of a personal guard to President Johnson in the sense that I had felt responsibility for Mr. Lincoln's safety.

President Johnson came back from this extended tour the most unpopular man in the country; venomously attacked by his political enemies, ridiculed and lampooned by opposition newspapers. Many people, thitherto undecided in their opinion of him, swiftly were growing to believe that he was a man to be suspected of almost any personal designs. Of this feeling both he and Mrs. Johnson were well aware, and I think that Mrs. Stover and Mrs. Patterson understood it, for certainly Senator Patterson kept informed of every development. But to me the remarkable thing is that in spite of the constantly increasing anxiety neither the President nor his wife seemed to show any fear as to the final outcome.

(Concluded on Page 40)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Yes, there are. Quite a forest of toughness.

A razor edge is 1/600,000th of an inch thin—thinnest thing on earth—and very delicate.

When this toughness and delicateness come together in a shave, off comes the edge. Only by expert stropping can you bend that turned edge back to sharpness. Do you not see the necessity of stropping?

Few can strop expertly, but the AutoStrop Safety Razor strops itself as handily, quickly and expertly as the head barber. That's why it gives you the crackling, satinish, head barber shave.

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Consists of a self-stropping razor (silver-plated), 12 blades and strop in small handsome case. Price $5, which is your total shaving expense for years, as a blade often lasts six months to one year.

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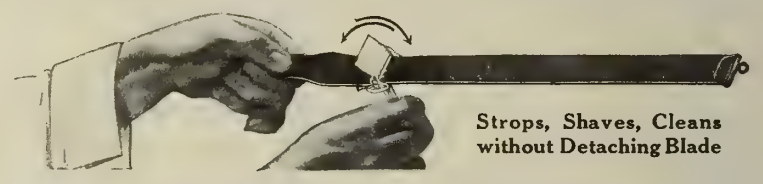
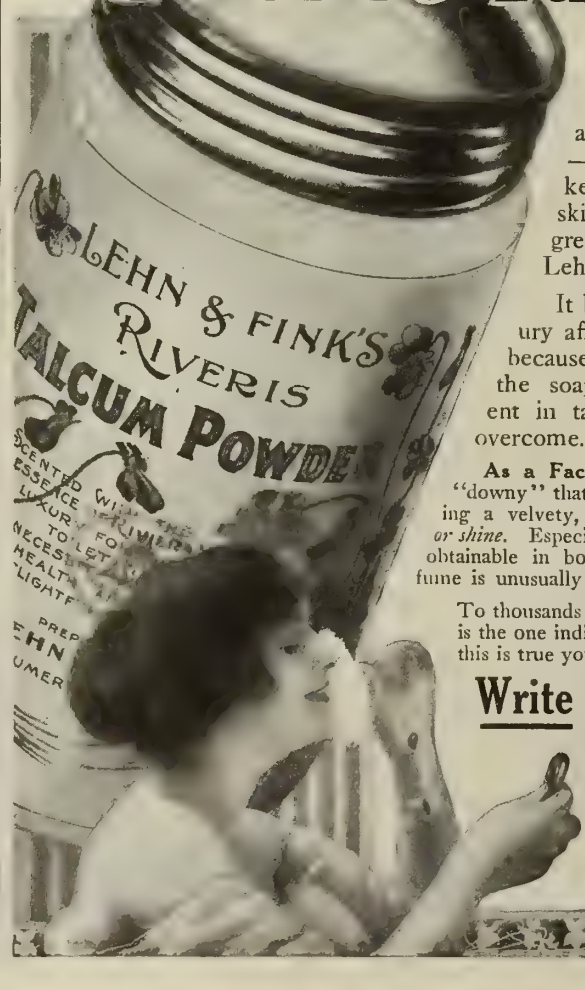


**Strops, Shaves, Cleans without Detaching Blade**

# LEHN & FINK'S
## Riveris Talcum

**(White and Flesh)**




TO destroy the odors of perspiration—to soothe and heal smarting, chafed skin—to refresh after exercise—to keep the body sweet and the skin healthy—you will find greatest comfort and efficiency in Lehn & Fink's Riveris Talcum.

It brings a touch of talcum luxury afforded by no other powder, because it is the one kind in which the soapy properties usually present in talcum have been thoroughly overcome.

**As a Face Powder** it is so smooth and "downy" that it may be used with a puff, leaving a velvety, beautified surface, *without gloss or shine.* Especially desirable for such use because obtainable in both flesh tint and white. Its perfume is unusually delicate and refined.

To thousands of women Lehn & Fink's Talcum is the one indispensable toilet article. Just why this is true you can best appreciate if you

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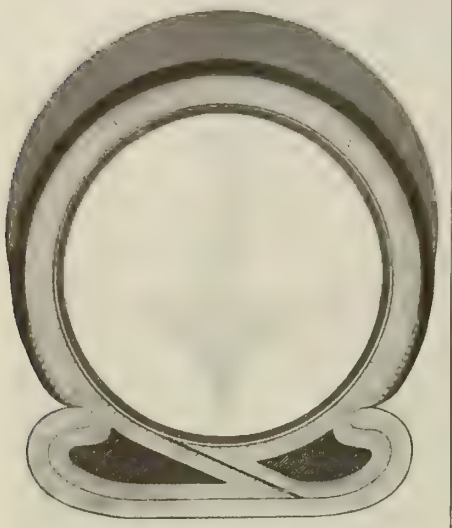

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EVERY tire-user should have a copy of our free Booklet "S," which tells why the **STEIN LAPLOCK TIRE** differs from all others in the vital points of construction that mean increased mileage, and freedom from tire-troubles.

All *good* tires are much alike in quality—that is simply a matter of careful selection of materials and careful workmanship.

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They furnish a complete solution to these important

## Tire-Problems

How to do away with the necessity of bolts and lugs;

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These and other tire-problems are answered in STEIN LAPLOCK TIRES. But we do not ask you to buy without first convincing yourself by reading in detail how the Stein Tire is made, and what a wonderful record of performance its construction has made possible.

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**The Stein Double-Cushion Tire Company**

Pneumatic Tire Dept.

Established 1901 AKRON, OHIO


*(Concluded from Page 38)*

The daily routine was unbroken at the White House; there was the same calmness and cheerfulness about the family life; and knowing, as I did, what was going on and the storm that was threatening the President, I marveled at it. But now I can see, as I have seen for many years, that the uninterrupted calm, the undisturbed peacefulness of the family was due primarily to the deeply reverent spirit of Mrs. Johnson, who was absolutely convinced of her husband's desire to do what was right, even though he might be mistaken. She seemed to feel that in the end an all-wise Providence would bring order out of what was approaching political chaos. Sure of her husband's desire to do his best for the country, she was equally sure that right would prevail, and even during the long weeks of the impeachment proceedings—lasting from March 23 to May 16, when the verdict was rendered—she never lost courage, not for an hour.

I was in the Capitol on May 16, anxiously waiting for the verdict. When the acquittal of the President was announced I sprang down the steps, ran the whole length of Pennsylvania Avenue at top speed and rushed up to the White House library, where the President and a few intimate supporters had gathered, to tell him the news. And it is a pleasure now to recall that after delivering the message to Mr. Johnson I hurried from the library to that little bedroom in the northwest corner of the Executive Mansion.

Hardly had I knocked on the door when I was told to come in. There sat Mrs. Johnson in her rocking-chair, her busy hands holding some sewing.

As I stepped through the doorway, somewhat excited, no doubt, she looked up with her gentle smile of welcome, and was about to ask a question; but I could not restrain myself.

"He's acquitted!" I cried; "the President is acquitted!"

Then the frail little lady—who looked frailer than ever—rose from her chair and in both her emaciated hands took my right hand. Tears were in her eyes, but her voice was firm and she did not tremble once as she said:

"Crook, I knew he'd be acquitted; I knew it. . . . Thank you for coming to tell me."

That was all she said, and I left a moment later; but I shall never forget the picture of that feeble, wasted little woman standing so proudly and assuring me so positively that she had never doubted for one instant that her beloved husband would be proved innocent of the terrible charges that had been brought against him.

And I wish to say here and now that there never was a more truly patriotic man in the White House as President than Andrew Johnson.

### The Children's Parties

One pleasant feature of President Johnson's family life in the Executive Mansion that I like to recall to my own children is that of the egg-rolling on Easter Monday. Then, as now, this celebration of the coming of springtime was considered a great event by all the boys and girls in Washington who were so fortunate as to be present. On the afternoon previous the White House kitchen would be invaded by the youngsters of the President's family, who would have the merriest of times dyeing dozens and dozens of eggs, which would finally be put away safely for the next day's festivities. And when the next day came the long slopes to the south of the big building would be invaded by a host of little folks who would roll their eggs down the inclines as their successors do at present. On that day Mrs. Johnson came downstairs and sat in the portico, sheltered from the winds, where she could see all the fun and hear the shouts of laughter; and I am sure that nobody enjoyed the egg-rolling more than she. After it was over she would return to her room and her rocking-chair. Then the great East Room would be thrown open and many of the children would troop in there for an unrestrained romp. The doorkeeper would use his judgment as to those whom he admitted, and generally he admitted a host, especially all the many friends of the little folks belonging to the President's family. They would race up and down the great room, singing, shouting, playing games of every kind that could be played indoors. Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Stover, and perhaps two or three other ladies, would be present; and sitting upstairs in her little rocking-chair Mrs. Johnson would hear and rejoice in the childish voices below.

The first children's party ever held in the White House was given during President Johnson's term, on the evening of December 29, 1868—the President's birthday anniversary. Young folks of today may be interested in the facsimiles herewith reproduced of the invitation and the engraved order of dancing. Nowadays we would call such an event a children's dancing party, perhaps, or by some name other than the rather grandiloquent Juvenile Soirée, but it was given most successfully; and, as it was the first of its kind in the White House, one might say that it was the earliest recognition, from the highest official source in the United States, that boys and girls of ten and twelve years could come out in society at a full-fledged dancing party.

It will be noticed that the engraved cards stated that the invitation was given by "The Children of the President's Family," so, of course, each of the grandchildren played an equal part with the President's son as host or hostess. One point that will be observed was that the little guests were bidden to appear at six o'clock in the evening; and a very sensible thing, too. I am sure they enjoyed it all the more because they could come early and go home before their flying bodies and active brains were tired out by late hours.

### Farewell to the White House

As may be imagined, the rooms where the young guests danced and made merry were beautifully decorated with flowers. The great chandeliers were ablaze with lights, the music was the best of its kind, and the refreshments were all that could be desired and digested. I suppose that, compared with some of the most lavish children's parties given of recent years by very wealthy families in Boston, New York or Chicago, this first Juvenile Soirée held in the White House forty-two years ago might be considered a not very elaborate affair. But old fellows like myself, and even such of the little guests of that evening as are living today, can still look back to it as a marvel of social elegance, even of questionable extravagance. For in those days the child had not wholly come into his own. Nowadays, my young friends tell me, children dance the two-step and the waltz almost exclusively; and perhaps some of you who study the order of dancing for the Juvenile Soirée, here reproduced, may wonder what on earth the Esmeralda was, and the Varsovienne, the Basket Quadrille, and the Quadrille Sociable! You will see in the dance order only one waltz number.

Finally came the first week in March, as it comes to all Presidential Administrations—the opening week of March, 1868. Grant was to be inaugurated, Johnson was to go out; and the staff of the Executive Mansion were looking forward to new things, to changes, to a varying routine in this and that. For more than forty-five years I have been continuously on duty at the White House, in length of service outdating any other man now living; and yet I feel a real sadness as the time draws near for one President to leave and another to come in; for I have been invariably treated with a kindness as well as with consideration to which my subordinate duties certainly have not entitled me. The first few days of that March, 1868, were busy ones for all of us who had something to do with the personal side of the Johnson family. There was the packing of trunks, the gathering of personal belongings, the packing of boxes containing presents given members of the family by friends all over the country; and then, late in the evening of March 3, the departure of all but President Johnson and Mrs. Patterson, who remained overnight in the Executive Mansion. The others went directly to the residence of John F. Coyle, one of the editors and owners of the old National Intelligencer, a short distance away, where they stayed but for a few days before returning to Tennessee. There they tried to settle down. Notwithstanding her feebleness Mrs. Johnson outlived her husband for about a year, and every one of the others except Andrew Patterson is now laid to rest.

Editor's Note — This is the second of a series of articles by Colonel Crook on the Home Life of Our Presidents in the White House. The third will be published in an early number.


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I felt that there was no reason in the world except the middlemen and the retailers themselves why it was not possible to *sell direct* from the maker to the smoker. I knew that in that way only could a man buy cigars that he was paying eight and ten cents for, at five dollars per hundred.

I explained the idea to one of my friends.

"But the men *won't* write; they *won't* be changed from the old way of doing things," he argued.

But I came out in the magazines with an announcement, and in the plainest words I knew explained my offer and my Panatelas to the readers. My friend was wrong. The number of orders I received surpassed my most sanguine hopes; men *were* open to reason. Not only that, but the same men who first wrote for my Panatelas are still writing for and smoking them.

If you have not already investigated my offer this announcement is intended for you.

My Panatela is hand made by men cigar makers (no child labor) in the cleanest and best ventilated cigar factory that I know, of clear long Havana filler grown in Cuba. The wrapper is genuine Sumatra. It is the duplicate of the best 10c store cigar.

**MY OFFER IS: I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatela Cigars on approval to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased, and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.**

In ordering please inclose business card or give references. State which you prefer, light, medium or dark cigars.

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is one that is light and easily carried—that won't wrinkle and get out of shape—that can be carried in a picnic basket—yet is jaunty and smart when you put it on.

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The Gillette is a builder of regular habits.

Own a Gillette—be master of your time—shave in three minutes. No stropping, no honing. You don't have to take a correspondence course to learn how to use it. Just buy it and shave.

Thirty thousand dealers sell the Gillette. If there is no one in your neighborhood send us $5 and we'll send the razor and twelve double-edged blades by return mail.

Write and we will send you a pamphlet—Dept. A.

*King C. Gillette*

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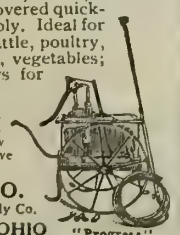


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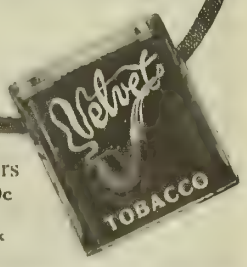


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Now, we will not give you any grand prize—or a lot of free stuff if you answer this ad. Nor do we claim to make you rich in a week. But if you are ambitious to develop your talent with a successful cartoonist, so you can make money, send a copy of this picture, with 6c. in stamps for portfolio of cartoons and sample lesson plate, and let us explain.
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313 Kingmoore Bldg., Cleveland, O.

# A CIRCUIT RIDER'S WIFE

*(Concluded from Page 9)*

ground that a preacher's wife can keep her eye properly upon his congregation and be able to estimate the causes and effects of his discourse—I have sometimes suspected, indeed, that better saints occupy this amen corner for a less excusable curiosity about the doings in the congregation. William closed the hymnbook, looked out over the blur of faces before him and said:

"Brother A will lead us in prayer."

If he had suddenly struck a short-circuit and let loose a flash of electricity in the house the shock would not have been more perceptible. Everybody knew that Brother A could not lead in prayer except William, who was already on his knees with closed eyes and the Patmos look on his blind face. Every head was bowed except those of Brother A and Brother B. They were quarreling fiercely over the back of the bench that separated them. The sweat was standing out on Brother A's forehead, his brows bristled with horror, while Brother B smiled calmly at him.

"Go on, B! You know I can't pray in public!" I heard him hiss between his teeth.

"He didn't ask me; he called on you," retorted Brother B.

Thus they had it, back and forth, for more than a minute. Then William groaned, which added the one touch that rendered Brother A frantic. Casting a ferociously damaging look at Brother B, he nudged the lady sitting beside him and whispered:

"Please, ma'am, lead this prayer—I can't!"

And she led it in a sweet high treble that must have surprised William and even the angels in Heaven, if they were expecting to hear the petition in the ordinary masculine bass which is usually characteristic of such petitions.

As I have said, we were sent now to small stations, village churches, or mission churches in the factory edges of the big cities; but William's years, the hardships and anxieties, both earthly and unearthly, to which he had been exposed, began to tell on his strength. The year we were at Springdale, as the summer came on, he felt unequal to conducting without help the usual six weeks' protracted meeting. Though six weeks may seem a long time to hold such services, it is really a very short time for people to get revived and Heaven-minded in, when all the rest of the year they had been otherwise-minded. The wonder to me was that men who had driven hard bargains and hated some one or more neighbors for ten months—that women who had given themselves over to the littleness and lightness of a small fashionable life in a small town, or to gossip about those who did—could so quickly recover their moral and spiritual standards in a revival. I remember that it was William's custom, as soon as there was the least interest manifested, to have a very searching service for his church-members in which he called upon all those who were at enmity with one another to rectify whatever wrong they had committed and to be reconciled. Nearly always some stiffnecked steward had had a row with somebody else, apt as not a sinner. He would be expected to go out and find the man, whoever it was, and patch up the difficulty, and to report at the next service. I can see, now, the old spiritual hardheads in William's congregations with whom, year in and year out, he had the greatest trouble. They always managed to fall out with somebody between revivals; but nothing in or out of the Kingdom of Heaven would make such a one admit he was in the wrong, or induce him to go to the other person and attempt a reconciliation. The most you could get out of any one of them would be that, if his enemy came to him and asked his pardon, he was willing to forgive him. If the said enemy was a good-natured fellow, William usually managed to get him to make this concession, otherwise the old hard-head remained cold and aggrieved throughout the revival, maybe casting a damper over the whole meeting. No one who has not been through it can understand how heartbreaking all this is to the preacher, and how wearing on his human nerves. Thus, I say, it came to pass that William was wearing out and no longer able to get through a protracted meeting alone. So, at Springdale, he engaged Brother Dunn to come and help him.

Brother Dunn was what may be called a professional evangelist. We had never seen him, but he had a reputation for being "wonderfully successful" with sinners. And if sinners made a ripe harvest Springdale was as much in need of reapers as any place we had ever been.

I never knew how William felt, but I was not favorably impressed with Brother Dunn when he arrived on the late evening train, a frisky, dapper young man, who looked in the face as if his light was turned too high. That night as he preceded us up the aisle of the church, which was crowded to hear him, he showed to my mind a sort of irreverent confidence in the grace of God, as if he had the spigot of it in his vest-pocket.

The service that followed was indescribable in any religious language, or even in any secular language. Brother Dunn brought his own hymnbooks with him and distributed them in the congregation with an activity and conversational freedom that made him acquainted at once. The hymns proved to be nursery rhymes of salvation set to what may be described as lightly-spinning, dicky-bird music. Anybody could sing them, and everybody did, and the more they sang the more cheerful they looked, but not repentant. The service was composed mostly of these songs, interspersed now and then with wildly excruciating exhortations from Brother Dunn to repent and believe. He explained, with an occasional ha! ha! how easy it was to do, and there is no denying that the altar was filled with confused young people, who knelt and hid their eyes and behaved with singular reverence under the circumstances.

The cheating began when Brother Dunn attempted to make them "claim the blessing." He induced half a dozen young girls and two or three youths to "stand up and testify" that their sins had been forgiven, simple young creatures who had no more sense of the nature of sin or the depth of genuine repentance than field larks.

Later he frisked home with us, praising God in little foolish words, and rejoicing over the success of the service. Shortly after he retired to his room we heard a great commotion punctuated with staccato shouts. William hurried to the door to inquire what the trouble was. He discovered Brother Dunn hopping about the room in his nightshirt, slapping his palms together in a religious frenzy. He declared that as he prayed by his bed a light had appeared beside him.

William tried to look cheerful and blessed, but there is one thing I can always say for him: he was an honest man in dealing with the most illusive and deceptive things men have ever dealt in—that is, spiritual values; and the more he observed Brother Dunn the more his misgivings increased.

The next morning I met the evangelist in the hall.

"Halleluiah!" he exclaimed.

"What for?" I demanded coldly.

He gave some stammering reply. But that was the beginning of the end of his spiritual peace in our house. After that I consistently punctured his ecstasies, quoting some of the sternest Scriptures I could remember to confound him.

William remonstrated with me. He said Dunn said my lack of spirituality "depressed him."

"And, William, his lack of reverence incenses me. If you don't get rid of that cotton-haloed evangelist everybody in this town will claim a 'blessing' without repenting or being converted," I replied.

Fortunately Dunn dismissed himself. He said that it was impossible to have a revival in such an atmosphere. He implied as plainly as he could that he was sorry for William, accepted the sum of ten dollars, which had been promised him for his services, and left.

I have never known what to think of such preachers. No one who ever knew one can doubt his sincerity. But they cultivate a kind of spiritual idiocy and frenzy that is more damaging to souls than any amount of hypocrisy.

I have always been thankful that the joy of William in the religious life was a stern and great thing, no more resembling this lightness, this flippancy, than integrity resembles folly.

Editor's Note—This is the second of the two additional chapters taken from the Experiences of a Circuit Rider's Wife.

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Eat it with biscuit or spread on bread.

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# Yours truly

## PORK AND BEANS

## The Kind With the Flavor

Yours truly possesses every good thing known to all other pork and beans.
But in addition Yours truly have a wonderfully delicious flavor—
A flavor which comes only from the proper cooking of the choicest hand picked beans—
A streak-o'-lean-pork that was never intended for anything but Yours truly Pork and Beans—
And then all brought to a final state of absolute perfection by the addition of an epicure sauce of delightful quality.

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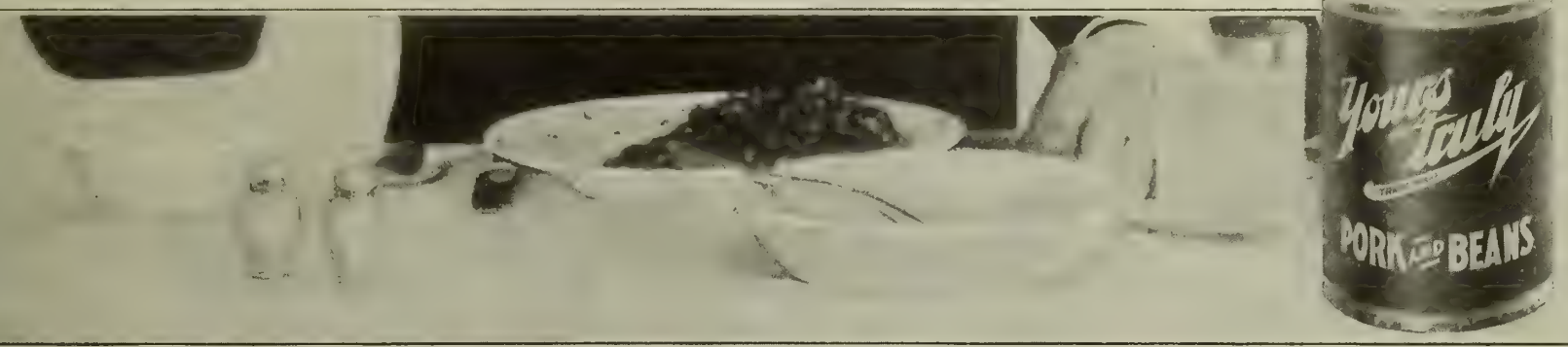
And the quality never varies. Every can is sterilized immediately before filling.
This protects their truly wonderful flavor, so that they reach your table without the slightest possibility of contamination.
One trial and Yours truly Pork and Beans will be "Yours truly" always, thereafter.
Ask your grocer. Insist on Yours truly. He has them or can get them for you.



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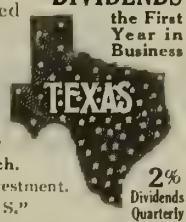


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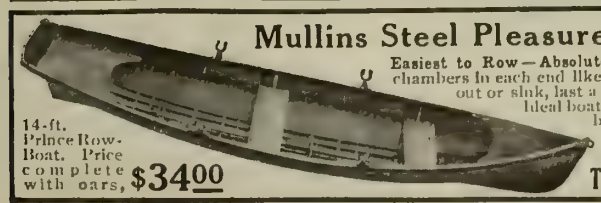

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# Warren-Detroit "30"

## This Big, Handsome Car Has the Strength as well as the Power—An uncommon car at a common price

SOME cars have the *power* but haven't the *strength*. Other cars have the strength but haven't the power. The Warren-Detroit "30" has both the power and the strength,—and the speed.

There is a reserve strength in its axles of over thirty per cent. A similar factor of safety in its frame, springs, and every part.

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Its clutch, cone type, with an aluminum cone, faced with finest grade of leather, is unequaled in quality and efficiency by any save those you find in cars at twice its price.

Its sliding gear transmission, selective type, is the equal of any used on any car at any price. Three speeds forward and reverse.

Its motor cylinders, 4 x 4½ inch, develop more usable, practical POWER than any other motor of similar size. Will give you more speed and greater pulling capacity.

Equipped with Double Ignition System; Bosch Magneto, with dry cells—same as in cars costing three thousand and upwards.

In refinement of detail as well as in strength and in power, the Warren-Detroit "30" will not suffer by comparison. Indeed we urge comparison to prove our QUALITY. We say "Just compare and you will buy a Warren-Detroit "30."

For in the Warren-Detroit "30" you get STANDARD CONSTRUCTION but MORE than Standard Value.

*NOTE: One of our stock models did better than a mile a minute in the fifty-mile race at the Los Angeles Motordrome races, April 9th. Power and Speed!*

See the Warren-Detroit Dealer or write us for further information.

## Warren Motor Car Co.
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Warren-Detroit "30" Demi-tonneau
110 inch Wheel Base, $1250
Including Double Ignition System

## The Bride's Beauty

with its girlish freshness and delicacy of complexion can be greatly enhanced if she will but remember that the very foundation of beauty is a clear healthy skin.

The chief causes of bad skin, irritation and blemishes are surely removed by Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, which cleanses the pores of all impurities. Used every day it keeps the skin smooth, clear and healthy, and will prevent bad effects from sunburn, windburn or other discomforts of hot weather.

**HINDS Honey and Almond CREAM**

will save *your* complexion this summer. It will keep your skin fair and soft, if used before and after exposure to the weather.

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream is absolutely harmless, even to the most delicate skin,—contains no grease or injurious ingredients, and is

*Guaranteed Not to Cause a Growth of Hair*

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream is best for the skin ailments of babies. For men who shave it cools and heals the tender, scraped skin. Price, 50 cents, at all dealers, or sent postpaid by us if not obtainable. Refuse all substitutes.

*Mail postal today for free trial bottle and booklet*

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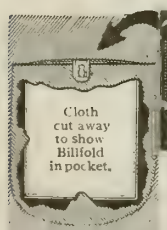


## The Security Bill-Fold You can't lose it

Locks in the pocket

$1.00 POSTPAID

Pull back your coat; look at your inside pocket; then at this adv. You'll understand how the **"Security Bill Fold" locks to your pocket.**

It is the first real protection against "picked pockets" or losing your money by jolts or falls. Every man who sees the "Security Bill Fold"—buys it. You need it.

**It can't leave your pocket unless *you unlock it,*** and with all its safety it is the simplest, thinnest, neatest, lightest, dressiest Bill Fold you ever saw. Size 3½" wide, 4½" long when **closed.** Pin a dollar bill to this adv.—**now**—and mail it to us, we will send a Security Bill Fold made from best quality leather with gun metal Security "lock" and clasp, by return mail. Use it for a few days. If you are not satisfied, return it and we will return your dollar. "Show it to your friends."

**Security Bill Fold Co.**
71 West 23d Street
New York.


# THE NIMBLE SIXPENCE

*(Concluded from Page 21)*

one general quarter for all the servants of the building up on the topmost floor.

In spite of the permeative thrift and frugality, it is a pleasure that in all these countries one may meet a fine and gracious hospitality, unaffected and charming. When a friend is welcomed there is no frugal backwardness.

I spent one day in driving, on his rounds, at his strong request, with an old German physician. "It is that you would like to know the people, is it not?" We went through half a dozen villages and over many miles of country roads, and at every house where we stopped I saw unmistakable evidences of economy and thrift; but also, in every house, there was wine or beer set out, with cake or other refreshment, and always the old doctor ate and drank, accepting the pleasant courtesy in the pleasant spirit in which it was offered. Hospitable himself, and not content with our being thus stayed with innumerable flagons, he could not bear to pass a roadside tavern without dropping in with me for a few moments, and we finished the day with dinner at his home and then drank our coffee in a little arbor near which a nightingale was sending forth her song.

Germans of the humbler classes frankly eat but little meat. Many do not have meat oftener than once a week, if that. "They eat potatoes," you will be told.

A German officer said to me: "Of course, a potato diet is not so good for the mind as meat; but we don't care for that in the army—we want machines."

And a Berlin business man, speaking of his employees, said: "Oh, they do just as well for us in the long run on vegetables as on meat. To be sure, they are not so quick, so alert, but they learn what they are told to do and they cost us but small wages."

The imperative Continental custom of saving for a *dot* for each daughter keeps frugality always in mind with all classes, for the higher the class the greater must be the *dot*. Not only do the heads of families stand for frugality but the children themselves are promptly taught to follow frugal lines.

### Leased Asparagus Tongs

At the fashionable girls' schools in France the American pupil notices with astonishment how tiny is the money allowance of the French girl of even a rich family, and how thinly furnished is her room. In all probability it will have little in it in the way of personal possessions besides the brush and comb, instead of the multitudinous knickknacks that would naturally be expected.

One of the oddest features of present-day European life, and especially English life, is the wide development of the system of renting articles of every description, so that one who wants a thing for a short time only need not lay out money in its purchase.

Towels cost fifty cents a dozen for thirty days; a pair of double linen sheets two dollars for six months; a baby carriage—a hint for Brooklyn!—costs in London one dollar and eighty cents a week or three dollars and seventy-five cents a month. You may rent bedsteads, knives and spoons. Nothing is too small for notice and nothing is too large. You may rent, at one of the greatest of London shops, well known on both sides of the Atlantic, an automobile by the hour, the day, the month or the year, and at this same shop you may rent a pair of asparagus tongs for a month for thirty-six cents—just long enough to carry you fairly through the asparagus season! You may rent an electroplated candlestick for two dollars and fifty cents for six months. You may rent crumb spoons and mustard pots, chairs and tables, and blankets and curtains. You may rent a pair of crutches for seventy-five cents a month, and—apparently just to show that absolutely nothing is forgotten—a hipbath for half a dollar a week.

Everywhere, and at all times, one is meeting schemes for saving money; schemes of frugality, schemes of economy and thrift. And it is only by the exercise of all this frugality, economy and thrift that Europe succeeds in her effort to face modern conditions with bravery, and keeps up charming and prosperous appearances.

## Give Everybody A Comfortable Summer

Yourself, the members of your family, your office force, your workmen.

It means pleasant days and cool nights to your family; health, comfort and better work in the case of your employés.

And it's all at your service if you'll use

**Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Fans**

And don't think that fans are only a summer-time luxury. Stagnant, impure air in winter will do more damage than overheated air in summer. Circulate fresh air with our economically operated fans.

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Thousands of satisfied users know that for economy of operation, serviceability and efficiency they stand without a rival.

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**WORN UNDER THE SHIRT** **PAT. JAN. 8 1908**

**SE NO SUSPENDERS**

**WORN UNDER THE SHIRT**

**Look** cool and half the summer battle of **keeping** cool is won. You **can't look cool** and **won't be cool** strapped up with ordinary suspenders over your shirt.

"SE-NO" Suspenders are designed expressly for summer comfort. They are light and cool, yet hold better than the tightest drawn belt. They button to the suspender buttons on your trousers without injuring any garment or cutting holes in the shirt.

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Ask for "SE-NO" Suspenders, 50c—the name is stamped on every buckle. If you can't get them of your dealer, we'll supply you by mail, postpaid.

**EAGLE SUSPENDER CO., 1210 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa.**



**5% EARN 5%**

on your savings. They should yield as large a return as consistent with safety. Let us show you how they may be made to earn 5% a year while safeguarded by the best of securities—select mortgages upon New York and Suburban Real Estate. Estab. 17 years. Conducted under New York Banking Dept. supervision. Earnings commence day your money is received and paid for every day until withdrawn. **Assets over $2,000,000, Surplus and Profits $175,000.** Write for booklet.

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INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS & LOAN CO. NEW YORK CITY



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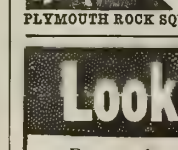
**WE PAY YOU 6% interest on $100 certificates of Deposit and 5% on smaller sums.** Safety assured by the Germania Bank, Trustee, holding $2,500,000 approved First Mortgages, together with $750,000 Capital, Surplus and Stockholder individual liability as security. No depositor has lost a dollar in past 20 years. The "Sulky Dollar" book explains plan operation. **Georgia State Savings Ass'n, 176 York Street, Savannah, Ga.**

**5% SMALLER SUMS**



## NEW SQUAB BOOK FREE



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## Look for Name Iwan Here!

Beware of any auger called an "Iwan Pattern" unless the full name "Iwan Bros., South Bend, Ind.," is stamped in the handle casting. The market is being flooded with cheaply made imitations by small manufacturers who are trying to profit by the well-advertised name and well-earned reputation of "Iwan." Protect yourself against these inferior augers—look for the full name and get full value.

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The Iwan Post Hole and Well Auger does away with aches and blisters and **pays for itself** in two days' time by the labor it saves. It digs a 3-foot post hole in three minutes in wet or dry hard-pan, solid clay, gumbo or gravel. With our cheap pipe extension it digs a 40 to 60-foot well in a day. It works on a scientific principle along lines of least resistance. Lasts a lifetime. Keeps sharp for years. Money back if not satisfactory.

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The use of the name Iwan in any **connection whatever** with a post hole auger or digger not made by Iwan Bros., South Bend, Ind., lays the user liable to prosecution.

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**IWAN BROS., Dept. 105, South Bend, Ind.**

**The Right Garter Idea**

No metal touches the leg!

If you have been wearing an elastic band around your leg that binds your muscles and impedes circulation—or if you have been wearing a galling strip of harness leather, you'll welcome the comfortable

# CONGRESS GARTER

Here is a new garter with a light, open-weave, non-elastic band that cannot bind. It fits the leg, lightly, coolly, and will not grow stringy. All the strain is taken up by the "happy thought" elastic triangle. This instantly adjusts itself to every moving muscle without pressure. The fastener grips the sock like a vise and never slips, will not tear nor let go until you loosen it.

Ask for and insist on the CONGRESS GARTER.

Sold everywhere at 25c a pair. Blue, pink, tan, navy, black and white.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct sending dealer's name.

**ARTHUR FRANKENSTEIN & CO.,**
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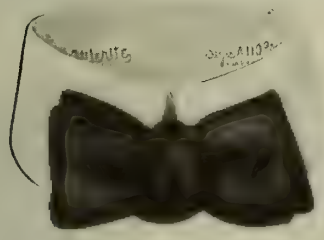
**514-516 Broadway, New York**



# 2 Poplin Club Ties

GUARANTEED

**Sent for $1 Postpaid**



These ties are guaranteed not to wrinkle up like ordinary silk ties.

If they wrinkle, let me know, and I will send back your money.

I have solved the problem of making the best ties at lowest cost.

My Club Ties are of silk poplin, 2 ins. wide, 33 ins. long (medium size), 35 ins. long (large size). They are reversible, giving double wear.

Guaranteed to outwear any other silk or satin tie made.

Made in Red, White, Cerise, Green, Gray, Black, Brown, Old Rose, Heliotrope, Light Blue, Medium Blue and Dark Blue.

The stores would have to charge you 75c to $1 each, if they were sold by the usual method.

Buy from me. Save money. Get a guaranteed article, returnable if not satisfactory. Save the annoyance and wasted time of shopping.

Send to-day for my new catalog (containing diagrams how to correctly tie all styles of men's ties), free upon application.

My goods are not sold by agents or retailers.

My motto,—"HIGH GRADE GOODS AT FIRST COST," and money returned if customer is dissatisfied. Reference any bank in Troy, N. Y.

**C. G. Cleminshaw, 291 River St., Troy, N.Y.**



# D&M

The D. & M. Official League Ball is guaranteed to last full 9 innings. The Government buys it for soldiers and sailors.

**It contains best material and is most rigidly inspected.**

*Ask your dealer for our Catalog of Athletic Goods and "Official Base Ball Rules for 1910."—FREE.* Or write us.

**The Draper & Maynard Co.**
DEPT. P
**Plymouth, N. H.**


# MYSTERIES OF THE LAW

*(Continued from Page 11)*

which he had wrapped in the piece of paper. Immediately the mask was remembered; it fitted exactly into the cut garment. The storekeeper was able to identify the men who had made the purchase, and the whole gang were finally apprehended.

Tremendous triviality! With a fragment of wrapping-paper, Destiny overthrew this criminal Goliath! That intelligence, with its broad horizon, with its grasp of all the great essentials, overlooking so little, had, nevertheless, failed to observe this fragment of paper. What an evidence of supreme contempt on the part of Destiny for criminal intelligence! Evil genius might foreguard itself as it liked, Destiny could overthrow it by the moving of a finger.

The mystery surrounding this elaborate crime—made as complete as the casing of a steel shell—nevertheless contained this tiny rift. And entering with the sharp edge of its chisel on this rift the law split the mystery asunder. The parties by whom the robbery was planned were those who in 1872 had robbed the Falls City National Bank in Louisville, Kentucky, of two hundred thousand dollars, and two years later had looted the bank vault at Quincy, Illinois, of several hundred thousand dollars.

The leader of the gang was a person of extraordinary ability. Preparatory to attempting the Northampton Bank robbery he obtained the aid of a skilled locksmith employed by a firm of safemakers. This workman, being in Northampton in 1875, was sent for by the officers of the bank to make some repairs in the locks. Intrusted with the keys used to open the outer doors of the vault, he took wax impressions of them, from which, on his return to New York, duplicate keys were made. This explained how the outer vault door was opened.

The robbers were compelled to assemble somewhere, and they had chosen this country schoolhouse as a place of rendezvous. Here they had left the piece of telltale paper, and in the loft the mutilated garment. Here also they had cunningly hidden the loot so well that it was not found by those who searched the schoolhouse.

The building was rigidly inspected, the partitions were knocked apart, and every portion of the structure save one, that could possibly be used as a hiding-place, was explored. In that single spot left unsearched the bonds were actually concealed. At one end of the lower room was a small platform on which the younger scholars used to stand to reach a blackboard. The robbers had taken up a board, placed the stolen booty inside, and fastened back the timber with screws. The heads of the screws, however, they covered with putty which had been painted the exact color of the paint on the platform. The searchers examined the board, but at the time the unbroken line of paint threw them off the scent and they overlooked the plunder when actually standing within a few inches of it.

### The Treasurer's Story

A striking case in which a carefully-executed plan was fatally wrecked by a single physical fact strangely overlooked by the criminal agent is that of Sonoma County vs. Stofen, decided by the Supreme Court of California, June 9, 1899. (56 Pacific R. 681.)

On a certain morning, a few days before the expiration of his term of office, the county treasurer of Sonoma County, California, did not return to his residence for luncheon as he was accustomed to do. He was a person whose habits were regular, and his failure to return alarmed his wife. During the afternoon the woman's anxiety increased, and she finally learned that the office of the treasurer, in the courthouse building, was locked.

She was now profoundly alarmed; she hurried down to the courthouse and got the janitor to unlock the office. There was no one within it. Moved by she knew not what fearful impulse she entered, accompanied by two other persons, and endeavored to open the vault; but she was greatly excited and did not at first succeed with the combination, although she knew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**GRAPE MINT CUP**

Arrange sprigs of mint in tall glasses, fill two-thirds full of cracked ice, then fill with the following: Add to one quart of Walker's Grape Juice the juice of two lemons and sugar to sweeten. Serve with straws.

GRAPE Juice in any form is more attractive, has a richer fruit flavor, and does you more good, if it is this kind—

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Cloudy grape juices contain extract of seeds and skins as well as the real juice of the grape. The Walker way presses all the goodness out of the grapes and then stops. Walker's contains all the food elements and beneficial fruit acids without the tannic acid, which is ungrateful to the taste and an irritant to the digestion. The full, smooth flavor and rich, fruity bouquet of Walker's Grape Juice are a revelation to those who have known only the ordinary juices made from over-pressed grapes.

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it. Finally, however, she succeeded in opening the outer door of the vault. When this door swung back she found the inner door of the vault closed, but to her amazement the key to this door, attached to her husband's bunch of keys, was standing in the lock. She opened this door. The treasurer was lying in the vault, apparently dazed and weak. He was taken out and removed to his residence.

When he had recovered somewhat he told the following story:

He had gone to his office in the courthouse at the usual hour on this morning, opened the office and the doors of the vault. He entered the vault and, as he drew out the money trays, he was confronted by a man with an uplifted dagger, who ordered him to drop them. This was the last thing he remembered. He did not feel a blow, but presumed that he was struck, as there was a lump and discoloration of the skin on the back of his head.

When he recovered consciousness he was in the vault, lying on his back, with his head under the opening of the door. He remained there about eight hours and, from time to time, kicked out with all his might in order to attract the attention of persons in the courthouse, that they might release him.

Certain funds of the county were missing and the story of the robbery, supported by these details, might have served to explain the loss. All the circumstances were supported by a certain aspect of truth. The treasurer was found lying in the vault, apparently dazed and weak; the door of the vault was closed; he had certainly been there for eight hours. No one ever could have shown certainly that he had not been assaulted, as he stated, and the money trays looted.

### A Fatal Oversight

The incident, although highly dramatic, might have supported the theory of the robbery but for a certain physical fact. The treasurer said that, as he lay on his back in the vault, he from time to time kicked out with all his might in order to attract attention. Here he made a fatal mistake that destroyed him. The vault was lined with sheet iron. It was shown by actual experiment that a blow on the sheet-iron sides of the closed vault would reverberate through the whole courthouse like the boom of a bass drum. The amazed and disconcerted treasurer then endeavored to explain that he had kicked only on the door of the vault and not on the sheet-iron lining. This nice selection by a half-unconscious man of the exact spot in the vault which would produce the least sound was too much even for the gravity of a court of justice. The jury laughed, and the treasurer was ruined.

After the fact, one sees easily where the criminal agent ought to have taken a greater precaution; but each case will be found to vary from every other one and will produce its own peculiar destroying incident.

The treasurer of Sonoma County planned this incident with some skill. He wisely confined it to the fewest possible details; he was turning around in the vault early in the morning, with the money trays in his hands; he was confronted by a man who ordered him to drop them; he remembered nothing more until he was taken out of the vault, eight hours later, in a partly unconscious condition.

If one considers these circumstances he will observe that this man foresaw and guarded against the usual difficulties attending a fabricated robbery; but he failed to foresee that the sheet-iron sides of the vault, if struck, would produce a sound like a big drum.

It is curious to observe that whenever one endeavors to create a series of false events there is always some point at which these false events cannot be made to dovetail with the truth. At some point they will be found to be inconsistent with reality.

All the separate events that go to make up a human transaction are like the pieces of a puzzle. When they are carefully assembled they make a complete, harmonious structure. There is no point at which a false piece can be inserted, and there is no point at which a true piece can be omitted without the violence to the whole structure being at once apparent.

Editor's Note—This is the third of Mr. Post's series of papers, Mysteries of the Law. The fourth paper will be printed in an early issue.

*Note the transparency of shadows. The original photograph was even deeper, clearer, softer than this printed reproduction.*

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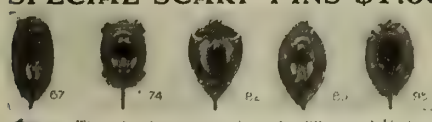

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# What Are the Railroads Worth?

*(Concluded from Page 20)*

location regarding transportation facilities, the character of the community in which the plant was located, the probable source of supply of raw material, the demand for the finished product and the cost of fuel and other items. In substance, in purchasing property of any kind, large or small, the intending purchaser will gain as much information as possible in regard to the property before fixing definitely in his mind its market value. A railroad is analogous to a factory in that it manufactures transportation, and, fixing its value as a going concern, calls for consideration of all the evidence obtainable, such as original cost, cost of reproduction, depreciated value, volume of business, density of population, strategic value of location, physical characteristics, monopoly of terminal sites and other factors. After all things are considered, fixing the value is simply a matter of judgment, and the value found will approximate or depart from the correct value as the judgment of the appraiser is good or bad. Too often is "value" confused with some element of value, such as cost of replacement; and as all value is commercial, "value" and "market value" are identical. Many railroads have been constructed which have proved utter failures as investments; it is possible for a railroad to have a market value greatly under or in excess of its cost of reproduction.

### Different Methods of Valuation

Following the lead of Texas, the states of Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Washington appraised their railroads—with different intents, however, as Texas sought to limit the issuance of securities, Michigan and Wisconsin sought a basis of taxation, while Minnesota and Washington sought to ascertain the fair return upon the value, with a view toward rate regulation. Each state profited somewhat by the experience of the others, and though all ascertained the cost of reproducing their railroads, the railroad commission of Washington took a long step toward Federal control by fixing the market value of the lines within its borders. For example, it was found that the lines of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company within the state actually cost $14,244,241; that to reproduce them would require $15,676,561; that their depreciated value was $13,933,672; but the market value was fixed at $19,500,000. This road owns a network of feeders throughout the rich Palouse country, occupies the south banks of the Snake and Columbia rivers, having one of two possible water grades from the wheat belt to Portland. Its business is remunerative, and its value is certainly greater than the cost of reproducing it. Were it not for the fact that the Spokane, Portland & Seattle Railway recently built into its territory at a cost of $45,000,000, occupying the north banks of the Snake and Columbia rivers, its value might have been found to be even greater. On the other hand it was found that the Bellingham Bay & British Columbia Railroad had actually cost $1,739,169; that to reproduce it would cost $2,292,841; that its depreciated value was $2,029,148; but its market value was fixed at only $1,100,000. This line is an unprofitable investment, as it has never paid dividends, and probably never will, for the reason that it has no business; moreover, its principal traffic, forest products, will soon begin to fall off, as the country is being rapidly deforested.

After fixing the value of the lines within the state, the railroad commission of Washington found it necessary to divide such value between state and interstate use.

While the valuation of the railroads resulted in a substantial reduction of rates, saving the shippers of the state over $1,000,000 annually, a result was obtained that had not been anticipated. The Supreme Court ruled that under the law the tax commission was bound to accept the value as determined by the railroad commission for a basis of taxation.

The first two years showed an increase in taxes paid by the railroads of over $1,250,000. As this particular appraisal cost less than $50,000, the investment was a good one for the state.


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# AILSA PAIGE

(Continued from Page 6)

"Until the workmen finish painting my house and installing the new plumbing. Colonel Arran is good enough to look after it."

Camilla, her light head always ringing with gossip, watched Ailsa curiously.

"It's odd," she observed, "that Colonel Arran and the Craigs never exchange civilities."

"Mrs. Craig doesn't like him," said Ailsa simply.

"You do, don't you?"

"Naturally. He was my guardian."

"My uncle likes him. To me he has a hard face."

"He has a sad face," said Ailsa Paige.

*III*

AILSA and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Craig, had been unusually reticent over their embroidery that early afternoon, seated together in the front room, which was now flooded with sunshine—an attractive, intimate room, restful and pretty in spite of the unlovely Victorian walnut furniture.

Through a sunny passageway they could look into Ailsa's bedroom—formerly the children's nursery—where her maid sat sewing.

Outside the open windows, seen between breezy curtains, new buds already clothed the great twisted ropes of pendent wistaria with a silvery green down.

The street was quiet under its leafless double row of trees, maple, ailantus and catalpa: the old man who trudged his rounds regularly every week was passing now with his muffled shout:

*Any old hats,*
*Old coats,*
*Old boots!*
*ANY old mats,*
*Old suits,*
*Old flutes! Ca-ash!*

And leaning near to the sill Ailsa saw him shuffling along, green baize bag bulging, a pyramid of stovepipe hats crammed down over his ears.

At intervals from somewhere in the neighborhood sounded the pleasant bell of the scissors-grinder and the not unmusical call of "Glass put in!" But it was really very tranquil there in the sunshine of Fort Greene Place, stiller even for the fluted call of an oriole aloft in the silver maple in front of the stoop.

He was a shy bird, even though there were no imported sparrows to drive this lovely native from the trees of a sleepy city; and he sat very still in the top branches, clad in his gorgeous livery of orange and black, and scarcely stirred save to slant his head and peer doubtfully at last year's cocoons which clung to the bark like shreds of frosted cotton.

Very far away, from somewhere in the harbor, a deep sound jarred the silence. Ailsa raised her head, needle suspended, listened for a moment, then resumed her embroidery with an unconscious sigh.

Her sister-in-law glanced sideways at her.

"I was thinking of Major Anderson, Celia," she said absently.

"So was I, dear. And of those who must answer for his Gove'nment's madness—God fo'give them."

There was no more said about the Major or his Government. After a few moments Ailsa leaned back dreamily, her pure-lidded gaze wandering around the sunny walls of the room. In Ailsa Paige's eyes there was always a gentle caress for homely things: just now they caressed the pictures of "Night" and "Morning," hanging there in their round gilt frames—the window-boxes where hyacinths blossomed—the English ivy festooned to frame the window beside her sister-in-law's writing-desk; the melancholy engraving over the fireplace—"The Mitherless Bairn"—a commonplace picture which harrowed her, but which nobody thought of discarding in a day when even the commonplace was uncommon.

She smiled in amused reminiscence of the secret tears she had wept over absurd things—of the funerals held for birds found dead—of the "Three Grains of Corn" poem which, when a child, elicited from her howls of anguish.

Little golden flashes of recollection lighted the idle path as her thoughts wandered along hazy ways which led back to her own nursery days, and she rested there in memory, motionless, dreaming through the stillness of the afternoon.

She missed the rattle and noise of New York. It was a little too tranquil in Fort Greene Place; yet, when she listened intently, through the city's old-fashioned hush, very far away the voices of the great seaport were always audible—a ceaseless harmony of river whistles, ferryboats signaling on the East River, ferryboats on the North River—perhaps some mellow, resonant blast from the bay where an ocean liner was heading for the Narrows; always the street's stillness held that singing murmur—vibrant with deep undertones from dock and river and the outer sea.

Strange spicy odors, too, sometimes floated inland from the sugar wharves, miles away under the Heights, to mingle with the scent of lilac and iris in quiet, sunny back yards where whitewashed fences reflected the midday glare, and cats dozed in strategical positions on grape trellises and tin roofs of extensions, prepared for war or peace, as all cats are at all times.

. . . . . .

"Celia!"

Celia Craig looked up tranquilly.

"Has anybody darned Paige's stockings?"

"No, she hasn't, Honey-bell. Paige and Marye must keep their stockings darned. I never could do anything fo' myse'f, and I won't have my daughters brought up he'pless."

Ailsa glanced humorously across at her sister-in-law.

"You sweet thing," she said; "you can do anything, and you know it!"

"But I don't like to do anything any mo' than I did befo' I had to," laughed Celia Craig, and suddenly checked her mirth, listening with her pretty, close-set ears.

"That is the do'bell," she remarked, "and I am not dressed."

"It's almost too early for anybody to call," said Ailsa tranquilly.

But she was wrong; and when, a moment later, the servant came to announce Mr. Berkley, Ailsa regarded her sister-in-law in consternation.

"I did not ask him," she said. "We scarcely exchanged a dozen words; he merely said he'd like to call—on you—and now he's done it, Celia!"

Mrs. Craig calmly instructed the servant to say that they were at home, and the servant withdrew.

"Do you approve his coming—this way—without anybody inviting him?" asked Ailsa uneasily.

"Of co'se, Honey-bell. He is a Berkley. He should have paid his respects to us long ago."

"It was for him to mention the relationship when I met him. He did not speak of it, Celia."

"No, it was fo' you to speak of it first," said Celia Craig gently. "But you did not know that."

"Why?"

"There are reasons, Honey-bud."

"What reasons?"

"They are not yo' business, dear," said her sister-in-law quietly.

Ailsa had already risen to examine herself in the mirror; now she looked back over her shoulder and down into Celia's pretty eyes—eyes as unspoiled as her own.

In Celia Craig remained that gracious and confident faith in kinship which her Northern marriage had neither extinguished nor chilled. The young man who waited below was a Berkley, a kinsman; name and quality were keys to her hospitality. There was also another key which this man possessed, and it fitted the lock of a little compartment in Celia Craig's heart. But Ailsa had no knowledge of this. And now Mrs. Craig was considering the advisability of telling her—not all, perhaps, but something—of how matters stood between the House of Craig and the House of Berkley—but not how matters stood with the House of Arran.

"Honey-bud," she said, "you mus' be ve'y polite to this young man."

"I expect to be. Only, I don't quite understand why he came so unceremoniously ——"

"It would have been ruder to neglect us, little Puritan! I want to see Connie Berkley's boy. I'm glad he came."

Celia Craig, once Celia Marye Ormond Paige, stood watching her taller sister-in-law twisting up her hair and winding the


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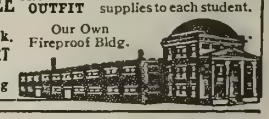

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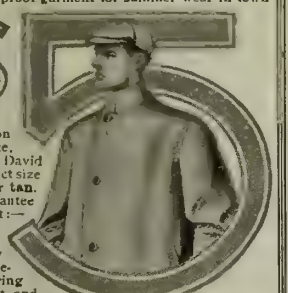

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thick braid around the crown of her head *à la coronal*. Little wonder that these two were so often mistaken for own sisters the matron not quite as tall as the young widow, but as smooth-skinned, slender and fair and cast in the same girlish mould.

Both inherited from their Ormond ancestry slightly arched and dainty noses and brows, delicate hands and feet, and the same splendid dull-gold hair; features apparently characteristic of the line, all the women of which had been toasts of a hundred years ago, before Harry Lee hunted men and the shadow of the Swamp Fox flitted through the cypress to a great king's undoing.

Ailsa laid a pink bow against her hair and glanced at her sister-in-law for approval.

"I declare, Honey-bud, you are all rose-color today," said Celia Craig, smiling; and, on impulse, unpinned the pink-and-white cameo from her own throat and fastened it to Ailsa's breast.

"I reckon I'll slip on a gay gown myse'f," she added mischievously; "I'm certainly becoming ve'y tired of leaving the field to my sister-in-law and my schoolgirl daughters."

"Does anybody ever look at us after you come into a room?" asked Ailsa, laughing; and, turning impulsively, she pressed Celia's pretty hands flat together and kissed them. "You darling!" she said. An unaccountable sense of expectancy—almost of exhilaration—was taking possession of her. She looked into the mirror and stood content with what she saw reflected there.

"How much of a relation is he, Celia?" balancing the rosy bow with a little cluster of pink hyacinth on the other side.

Celia Craig, forefinger crooked across her lips, considered aloud:

"His mother was bo'n Constance Berkley; her mother was bo'n Betty Ormond; her mother was bo'n Felicity Paige; her mother ——"

"Oh, please! I don't care to know any more!" protested Ailsa, drawing her sister-in-law before the mirror and, standing behind her, rested her soft. round chin on her shoulder, regarding the two reflected faces.

"That," observed the pretty Southern matron, "is conside'd ve'y bad luck. When I was a young girl I once peeped into the glass over my ole mammy's shoulder and she said I'd sho'ly be punished befo' the year was done."

"And were you?"

"I don't exactly remember," said Mrs. Craig demurely, "but I think I first met my husband the ve'y next day."

They both laughed softly, looking at each other in the mirror.

So, in her gown of rosy muslin, *bouffant* and billowy, a pink flower in her hair and Celia's pink-and-white cameo at her whiter throat, Ailsa Paige descended the carpeted stairs and came into the mellow dimness of the front parlor, where there was much rosewood and a French carpet and glinting prisms on the chandeliers, and a young man standing dark against a bar of sunshine in which golden motes swam.

"How d'you do?" she said, offering her narrow hand, and: "Mrs. Craig is dressing to receive you. . . . It is warm for April, I think. How amiable of you to come all the way over from New York. Mr. Craig and his son Stephen are at business; my cousins, Paige and Marye, are at school. Won't you sit down?"

She had backed away a little distance from him, looking at him under brows bent slightly inward, and thinking that she had made no mistake in her memory of this man. Certainly his features were altogether too regular, his head and body too perfectly moulded into that dark and graceful symmetry which she had hitherto vaguely associated with things purely and mythologically Olympian.

Upright against the doorway, hands unconsciously tucked away behind her, she suddenly recollected with a blush that she was staring like a schoolgirl, and sat down; and he drew up a chair before her and sat down; and then, under the billowy rose crinoline, she set her pretty feet close together, folded her hands and looked at him with a smiling composure which she no longer really felt.

"The weather," she repeated, "is unusually warm. Do you think that Major Anderson will hold out at Sumter? Do you think the fleet is going to relieve him? Dear me," she sighed; "where will it all end, Mr. Berkley?"


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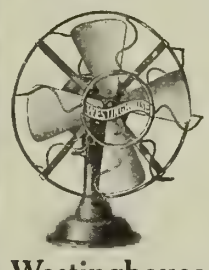

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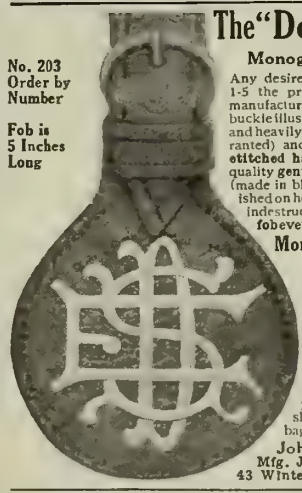

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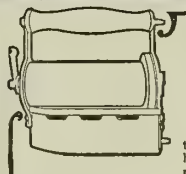

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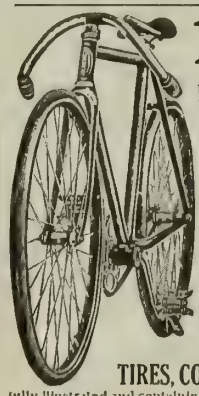

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"In war," he said, also smiling; but neither of them believed it or, at the moment, cared. There were other matters impending—since their first encounter.

"I have thought about you a good deal since Camilla's theater party," he said pleasantly.

"Have you?" She scarcely knew what else to say—and regretted saying anything.

"Indeed I have. I dare not believe you have wasted as much as one thought on the man you danced with once—and refused ever after."

She felt suddenly a sense of uneasiness in being near him.

"Of course I have remembered you, Mr. Berkley," she said with composure. "Few men dance as well. It has been an agreeable memory to me."

"But you would not dance with me again."

"I—there were—you seemed perfectly contented to sit out—the rest—with me."

He considered the carpet attentively; then, looking up with his quick, engaging smile:

"I want to ask you something. May I?"

She did not answer. As it had been from the first time she had ever seen him, so it was now with her; a confused sense of the necessity for caution in dealing with a man who had inspired in her such an unaccountable inclination to listen to what he chose to say.

"What is it you wish to ask?" she inquired pleasantly.

"It is this: are you really surprised that I came? Are you, in your heart?"

"Did I appear to be very much agitated? Or my heart either, Mr. Berkley?" she asked with a careless laugh, conscious now of her quickening pulses. Outwardly calm, inwardly irresolute, she faced him with a quiet smile of confidence.

"Then you were not surprised that I came?" he insisted.

"You did not wait to be asked; that surprised me a little."

"I did wait. But you didn't ask me."

"That seems to have made no difference to you," she retorted, laughing.

"It made this difference: I seized upon the only excuse I had and came to pay my respects as a kinsman. Do you know that I am a relation?"

"That is a very pretty compliment to us all, I think."

"It is you who are kind in accepting me."

"As a relative I am very glad to ——"

"I came," he said, "to see you. And you know it."

"But you couldn't do that uninvited! I had not asked you."

"But—it's done," he said.

She sat very still, considering him. Drifting this way and that, within her, subtle currents seemed to be contending once more, disturbing her equanimity. She said sweetly:

"I am not so offended as I ought to be. But I do not see why you should disregard convention with me."

"I didn't mean it that way," he said, leaning forward. "I couldn't stand not seeing you. That was all. Convention is a pitiful thing—sometimes ——" He hesitated, then fell to studying the carpet.

She looked at him, silent in her uncertainty. His expression was grave, almost absent-minded. And again her troubled eyes rested on the disturbing symmetry of feature and figure in all the unconscious grace of repose, and in his immobility there seemed something even of nobility about him which she had not before noticed.

She stole another glance at him. He remained very still, leaning forward, hands lightly clasped between his knees, apparently quite oblivious of her. Then he came to himself with a quick smile which she recognized as characteristic of all that disturbed her about this man—a smile in which there was humor, a little malice and self-sufficiency and—many, many things she did not try to analyze.

"Don't you really want an unreliable servant?" he asked.

His perverse humor perplexed her, but she smiled.

"Don't you remember that I once asked you if you needed an able-bodied man?" he insisted.

She nodded.

"Well, I'm that man."

She assented, smiling conventionally, not at all understanding. He laughed, too, thoroughly enjoying something.

"It isn't really very funny," he said. "Ask your brother-in-law. I had an interview with him before I came here. And I think there's a chance that he may give me a desk and a small salary in his office."

"How absurd!" she said.

"It is rather absurd. I'm so absolutely useless. It's only because of the relationship that Mr. Craig is doing this."

She said uneasily: "You are not really serious, are you?"

"Grimly serious."

"About a—a desk and a salary?—in my brother-in-law's office?"

"Unless you'll hire me as a useful man. Otherwise, I hope for a big desk and a small salary. I went to Mr. Craig this morning, and the minute I saw him I knew he was fine enough to be your brother-in-law. And I said, 'I am Philip Ormond Berkley; how do you do?' And he said, 'How do you do?' And I said, 'I'm a relation.' And he said, 'I believe so.' And I said, 'I was educated at Harvard and in Leipsic; I am full of useless accomplishments, harmless erudition and insolvent amiability, and I am otherwise perfectly worthless. Can you give me a position?'

"And he said, 'What else is the matter?' And I said, 'The stock market.' And that is how it remains; I am to call on him tomorrow."

She said in consternation: "Forgive me; I did not think you meant it. I did not know that you were—were ——"

"Ruined!" he nodded laughingly. "I am, practically. I have a little left—badly invested—which I'm trying to get at. Otherwise, matters are gay enough."

"Had this happened when—I saw you that first time?" she said wonderingly.

"It had just happened. I looked the part, didn't I?"

"No—how could you be so—interesting and—and be—what you were!—knowing this all the while?"

"I went to that party absolutely stunned. I saw you in a corner of the box—I had just been hearing about you—and—I don't know now what I said to you. Afterwards"—he glanced at her—"the world was spinning, Mrs. Paige. You only remained real ——" His face altered subtly. "And when I touched you ——"

"I gave you a *valse*, I believe," she said, striving to speak naturally; but her pulses had begun to stir again; the same inexplicable sense of exhilaration and insecurity was creeping over her.

With a movement partly nervous she turned toward the door, but there sounded no rustle of her sister's skirts from the stairs, and her reluctant eyes slowly reverted to him, then fell in silence. Out of this she presently strove to extract them both with some casual commonplace—she scarcely knew what, struggling there silently against she knew not what—against something occult, something indefinable that seemed to be in his nearness to her—something that was quietly awakening every fiber in her.

He said in a low voice, almost to himself:

"I want you to think well of me."

She gathered all her composure, steadied her senses to choose a reply; and made a blunder.

"Do you really care what I think?" she asked lightly, and bit her lip too late.

"Do you believe I care about anything else in the world—now?"

She went on bravely, blindly:

"And do you expect me to believe in—in such an exaggerated and romantic expression to a staid and matter-of-fact widow whom you never saw more than once in your life?"

"You do believe it."

Confused, scarcely knowing what she was saying, she still attempted to make light of his words, holding her own against herself for the moment, making even some headway. And all the while she was aware of mounting emotion—a swift, inexplicable charm falling over them both.

He had become silent again, and she was saying she knew not what—fortifying her common-sense with gay inconsequences, when he looked up straight into her eyes.

"I have distressed you. I should not have spoken as I did."

"No, you should not ——"

"Have I offended you?"

"I—don't know."

Matters were running too swiftly for her; she strove to remain cool, collected; but confusion was steadily threatening her, and neither resentment nor indifference appeared as allies.

"Mrs. Paige, can you account for—that night? The moment I touched you ——"

She half rose, sank back into her seat, startled eyes meeting his.

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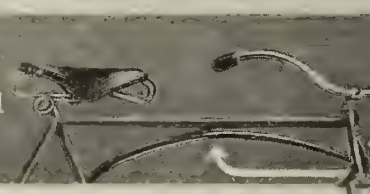

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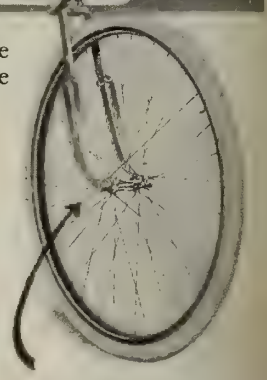

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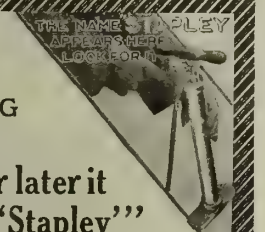


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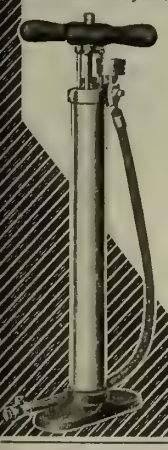

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"Yes you know."

"You have never seen me but once," she said. "You cannot believe ——"

"I have not known a moment's peace since I first saw you."

She caught her breath: "It is your business worries that torment you ——"

"It is desire to be near you."

"I don't think you had better say such a thing ——"

"I know I had better not. But it is said, and it is true. I'm not trying to explain it to you or to myself; it's just true. There has not been one moment since I saw you which has been free from memory of you ——"

"Please ——"

"I scarcely know what I am saying—but it's true!" He checked himself. "I'm losing my head now—which isn't like me!" He choked and stood up; she could not move; every nerve in her had become tense with emotions so bewildering that mind and body remained fettered.

He was walking to and fro, silent and white under his self-control; she, seated, gazed at him as though stunned, but every pulse was riotously unsteady.

"I suppose you think me crazy," he said hoarsely; "but I've not known a moment's peace of mind since that night—not one! I couldn't keep away any longer. I can't even hold my tongue now, though I suppose it's ruining me with you every time I move it. It's a crazy thing to come here and say what I'm saying."

He went over and sat down again, head in his hands, and bent his dark gaze on the floor. Then, suddenly upright, he said:

"Is it in you to forgive what I have done to you?"

She tried to answer—and only made a sign of faint assent. She no longer comprehended herself or her emotions. Suddenly she flushed and sprang to her feet, the bright color surging to her hair.

"Don't!" he said. "Don't reason! There will be nothing left of me if you do, or of these moments. You will hate them—and me—if you reason. Don't think—until we see each other again!"

She dropped her lids slowly, and slowly shook her head.

"You ask too much," she said. "You should not have said that." All the glamour was fading; her senses were seeking their balance after the incredible storm that had whirled them into chaos. The man's mere presence was becoming unendurable; the room stifled her. She turned, scarce knowing what she was doing; and at the same moment her sister-in-law entered.

Berkley, already on his feet, turned short, and when she offered him a hand as slim and white as Ailsa's he glanced inquiringly at the latter, not at all certain who this charming woman might be.

"Mrs. Craig," said Ailsa.

"I don't believe it," he said; "you haven't grown-up children!"

"Don't you really believe it, Mr. Berkley? Or is it just the flattering Irish in you that cha'ms us poor women to our destruction?"

He had sense and wit enough to pay her a quick and really graceful compliment; to which she responded, still laughing:

"Oh, it is the Ormond in you! I am truly ve'y glad you came. You are Constance Berkley's son—Connie Berkley! The sweetest girl that ever lived."

There was a silence, then Mrs. Craig said gently:

"I was her maid of honor, Mr. Berkley."

Ailsa raised her eyes to his altered face, startled at the white change in it. He looked at her absently, then his gaze reverted to Celia Craig.

"I loved her dearly," said Mrs. Craig, dropping a light, impulsive hand on his. "I want her son to know it."

Her eyes were soft and compassionate; her hand still lingered lightly on his, and she let it rest so.

"Mrs. Craig," he said, "you are the most real person I have known in many years among the phantoms. I thought your sister-in-law was. But you are still more real."

"Am I?" She laid her other hand over his, considering him earnestly. Ailsa, looking on, astonished, noticed a singular radiance on his face—the pale transfiguration from some quick inward illumination.

Then Celia Craig's voice sounded almost caressingly:

"I think you should have come to see us long ago"—a pause. "You are as welcome in this house as your mother would be if

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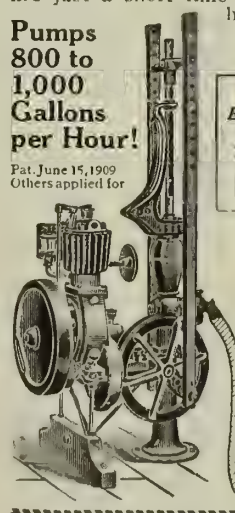

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she were living. I love and—honor her memory."

"I have honored little else in the world," he said.

They looked at one another for a moment, then her quick smile broke out: "I have an album; there are some Paiges, Ormonds and Berkleys in it ——"

Ailsa came forward slowly:

"Shall I look for it, Celia?"

"No, Honey-bell." She turned lightly and went into the back parlor, smiling mysteriously to herself, her vast, pale-blue crinoline rustling against the furniture.

"My sister-in-law," said Ailsa, after an interval of silent constraint, "is very Southern. Any sort of kinship means a great deal to her. I, of course, am Northern and regard such matters as unimportant."

"It is very gracious of Mrs. Craig to remember it," he said. "I know nothing finer than confidence in one's own kin."

She flushed angrily. "I have not that confidence—in kinsmen."

For a moment their eyes met; hers were hard as purple steel.

"Is that final?"

"Yes."

The muscles in his cheeks grew tense, then into his eyes came that reckless glimmer which in the beginning she had distrusted—a gay, irresponsible radiance which seemed to mock at all things worthy.

He said: "No; it is not final. I shall come back to you."

She answered him in an even, passionless voice:

"A moment ago I was uncertain; now I know you. You are what they say you are. I never wish to see you again."

Celia Craig came back with the album; Berkley sprang to relieve her of the big book and a box full of silhouettes, miniatures and daguerreotypes. They placed the family depository upon the table and then bent over it together.

Ailsa remained standing by the window, looking steadily at nothing, a burning sensation in both cheeks, and in her heart wrath unutterable, but no contempt.

At intervals through the intensity of her silence she heard Celia's fresh, sweet laughter and Berkley's humorous and engaging voice. She glanced sideways at the back of his dark, curly head where it bent beside Celia's over the album. What an insolently reckless head it was! She thought that she had never before seen the back of any man's head so significant of character—or the want of it. And the same quality, or the lack of it, now seemed to her to pervade his supple body—his well-set shoulders, his voice, every movement, every feature—something everywhere about him that warned, that troubled, that was stirring her to a consciousness of peril, disturbing depths within her which she had never dreamed existed.

Suddenly the blood burnt her cheeks with a perfectly incomprehensible desire to see his face again. She heard her sister-in-law saying:

"We Paiges and Berkleys are kin to the Ormonds and the Earls of Ossory. The Estcourts, the Paiges, the Craigs, the Lents, the Berkleys, intermarried a hundred years ago. . . . My grandmother knew yours; but the North is very strange in such matters. . . . Why did you never befo' come?"

He said: "It's one of those things a man is always expecting to do, and is always astonished that he hasn't done. Am I unpardonable?"

"I did not mean it in that way."

He turned his dark, comely head and looked at her as they bent together above the album.

"I know you didn't. My answer was not frank. The reason I never came to you before was that—I did not know I should be welcomed."

Their voices dropped; Ailsa, standing by the window, watching the orioles in the maple, could no longer distinguish what they were saying.

He said: "You were bridesmaid to my mother. You are the Celia Paige of her letters."

"She is always Connie Berkley to me. I loved no woman better. I love her still."

"I found that out yesterday. That is why I dared come. I found, among the English letters, one from you to her, written—after."

"I wrote her again and again. She never replied. Thank God, she knew I loved her to the last!"

He rested both hands flat on the tabletop and stood leaning over and looking down.

"Dear Mr. Berkley," she murmured gently.

He straightened himself, passed a hesitating hand across his forehead, ruffling the short, curly hair. Then his preoccupied gaze wandered; Ailsa turned toward him at the same moment, and instantly a flicker of malice transformed the nobility of his set features.

"It seems," he said, "that you and I are irrevocably related in all kinds of delightful ways, Mrs. Paige. Your sister-in-law very charmingly admits it, graciously overlooks and pardons my many delinquencies, and has asked me to come again. Will you ask me too?"

Ailsa merely looked at him.

Mrs. Craig said, laughing: "I knew you were all Ormond and entirely Irish as soon as I came in the do'—befo' I became aware of your racial fluency. I speak fo' my husband and myse'f when I say, please remember that our do' is ve'y wide open to our own kin—and that you are of them ——"

"Oh, I'm all sorts of things besides ——" He paused for a second. "Cousin Celia," he added, so lightly that the grace with which he said it covered the impudence, and she laughed in semicritical approval and turned to Ailsa, whose smile in response was chilly—chillier still when Berkley did what few men have done convincingly since powdered hair and knee-breeches became unfashionable—bent to salute Celia Craig's fingertips. Then he turned to her and took his leave of her in a conventional manner entirely worthy of the name his mother bore, and her mother before her, and many a handsome man and many a beautiful woman back to the times when a great duke stood unjustly attainted and the Ormonds served their king with steel sword and golden ewer, and served him faithfully and well.

. . . . . .

Camilla Lent called a little later. Ailsa was in the back-yard garden, a trowel in her hand, industriously loosening the earth around the prairie roses.

"Camilla," she said, looking up from where she was kneeling among the shrubs, "what was it you said this morning about Mr. Berkley being some unpleasant kind of man?"

"How funny!" laughed Camilla; "you asked me that twice before."

"Did I? I forgot," said Mrs. Paige with a shrug, and, bending over again, became exceedingly busy with her trowel until the fire in her cheeks had cooled.

"Every woman that ever sees him becomes infatuated with Phil Berkley," said Camilla cheerfully. "I was. You will be. And the worst of it is he's simply not worth it."

"I—thought not."

"Why did you think not?"

"I don't know why."

"He can be fascinating," said Camilla reflectively, "but he doesn't always trouble himself to be."

"Doesn't he?" said Ailsa, with a strange sense of relief.

"But, all the same, every girl who sees him begins to adore him immediately."

"How silly!" said Ailsa in a leisurely, level voice. But her heart was beating furiously, and she turned to her roses with a blind energy that threatened them, root and runner.

"How did you happen to think of him at all?" continued Camilla mischievously.

"He called on—Mrs. Craig this afternoon."

"I didn't know she knew him."

"They are related—distantly—I believe ——"

"Oh!" exclaimed Camilla; "I'm terribly sorry I spoke that way about him, dear ——"

"I don't care what you say about him," returned Ailsa Paige fiercely, emptying some grains of sand out of one of her gloves; resolutely emptying her mind, too, of Philip Berkley.

"Dear," she added gayly to Camilla, "come in and we'll have tea and gossip, English fashion. And I'll tell you about my new duties at the Home for Destitute Children—every morning from ten to twelve, my dear, in their horrid old infirmary—the poor little darlings!—and I would be there all day if I weren't a selfish, indolent, pleasure-loving creature without an ounce of womanly feeling. Yes, I am! I must be, to go about to galleries and dances and Philharmonics when there are motherless children in that infirmary as sick for lack of love as for the hundred and one

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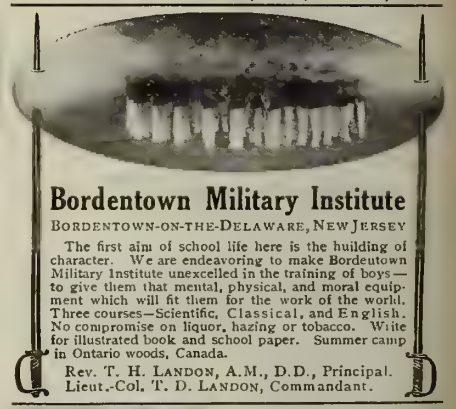

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ailments distressing their tender little bodies."

But over their tea and marmalade and toast she became less communicative; and once or twice the conversation betrayed a tendency to drift toward Berkley.

"I haven't the slightest curiosity concerning him, dear," said Ailsa, attempting corroboration in a yawn—which indiscretion she was unable to accomplish.

"Well," remarked Camilla, "the chances are that you've seen the last of him if you showed it too plainly. Men don't come back when a girl doesn't wish them to. Do they?"

After Camilla had gone Ailsa roamed about the parlors—apparently renewing her acquaintance with the familiar decorations. Sometimes she stood at windows, hands clasped behind her, looking thoughtfully into the empty street; sometimes, hands folded, she sat in corners, critically surveying empty space.

Yes, the chances were that he would scarcely care to come back. A man of that kind did not belong in her sister-in-law's house anyway, or in her own—a man who could appeal to a woman for a favorable opinion of himself, asking her to suspend her reason, stifle logic, stultify her own intelligence and trust to a sentimental impulse that he deserved the toleration and consideration which he asked for. . . . It was certainly well for her that he should not return. . . . It would be better for her to lay the entire matter before her sister-in-law—that was what she would do immediately!

She sprang to her feet and ran lightly upstairs; but, fast as she fled, thought outran her slender, flying feet, and she came at last very leisurely into Celia's room a subdued, demure opportunist, apparently with nothing on her mind and conscience.

"If I may have the carriage at ten, Celia, I'll begin on the Destitute Children tomorrow. . . . Poor babies! . . . If they only had once a week as wholesome food as is wasted in this city every day by servants, . . . which reminds me—I suppose you will have to invite your new kinsman to dine with you."

"There is loads of time for that, Honeybud," said her sister-in-law, glancing up absently from the note she was writing.

"I was merely wondering whether it was necessary at all," observed Ailsa Paige, without interest.

But Celia had begun to write again. "I'll ask him," she said in her softly-preoccupied voice—"Saturday, I think."

"Oh, but I'm invited to the Cortlandts'," began Ailsa, and caught her under lip in her teeth. Then she turned and walked noiselessly into her bedroom and sat down on the bed and looked at the wall.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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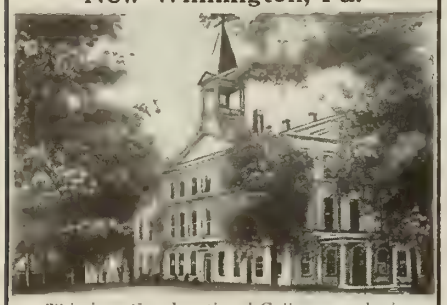

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## THE STRIKE-BREAKER

*(Continued from Page 13)*

seventy-five of you three dollars a day to break your own strike! Will you take the job? You'll be workin' for me—not for the company; and your pay goes on until they give you the livin' wages you ought to get an' are strikin' for. Once more, will you take the job? Answer me."

*II*

ON THE appointed day everything was ready at the carbarns. Bunks had been built along one wall; under the personal supervision of Mr. Stone the place had been prepared to withstand a siege, if necessary. Watkins, the superintendent, was on hand early in the morning, before the first car left, to assign the newcomers their beds and start the campaign.

He was therefore somewhat surprised, to put it mildly, by the appearance of a dozen of his old employees, wearing citizens' clothes, but carrying dinner-buckets. They unconcernedly stored away their lunches in the accustomed place and set about getting their cars ready, as though they had just brought them in the night before.

"Wait a minute!" ordered the superintendent. "Now, what's up? Strike off?"

"Not that I know of," answered one of the men. "And what's more, I hope it never is off. I'd rather work for Kelly."

"Kelly?" asked the superintendent. "You are hired by him?"

The spokesman produced a card.

"We are," said he. "He's running this road. We are going to break this strike, Superintendent, if it takes us the rest of our lives. As you have beds here for us we will use them. The rest of the gang will be in during the morning. Kelly said you should start us out and he would be along later."

Now, Watkins was a man who had no particular love for his superiors except as they represented the source of his salary. His position forced him to side with the company; privately, he would have been glad to see the strikers win. His orders were to receive the men brought in by Kelly and put them to work. At this hour it would be impossible to reach Mr. Stone by telephone. Watkins therefore obeyed orders.

"Take out the cars," he said. "Your old runs; I guess I don't have to show you how to start 'em."

As new arrivals kept coming, in batches of ten or a dozen, he went through the same routine—asked to see their cards and put them on their old runs. By the time the morning papers were on the street the downtown lines were in operation in much the same manner as on the day the strike was called. Extra editions were hurriedly put out announcing that the strike was over and that the men had been beaten; an assumption due to the fact that no member of the union would talk to a reporter.

Thus, when Kelly himself appeared at the barns, at eight o'clock, his stratagem was no longer a secret to the officers of the company; in fact, Watkins exhibited unusual haste in running to meet him.

"Mr. Stone has been burning the wire asking for you," he informed him. "He says to report at the office at once."

"Ah," said Kelly, "I will, in a minute. Did you put my men to work?"

"Sure," said the superintendent. "I was ordered to."

"Nice, quiet bunch, eh?" asked Kelly. "I think you will have no trouble with 'em."

Watkins ventured a bid for information. "I thought you were going to get your strike-breakers in Chicago."

"I thought so myself," Kelly admitted; "but I found plenty of idle men here at home, and it saved a big roll in carfare to hire 'em. Well, so-long. Keep my boys busy; they're gettin' good pay, and I want 'em to earn it. I'll go up and see Stone."

He was admitted without question this time, and found the president and Woolford together. Mr. Stone showed signs of perturbation; the lawyer was in good humor—the natural frame of mind of a man who can say, "I told you so!" and of the one to whom he says it.

"Sit down, Mr. Kelly," the president invited. He swung his own chair to present his profile to the strike-breaker, and drummed idly on the table with a paper-knife. "The last time you were here I am

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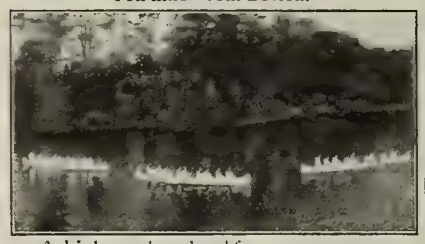

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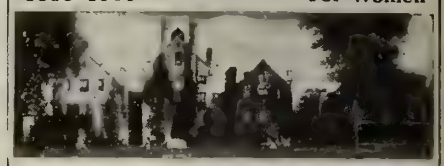

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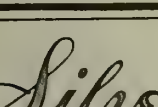

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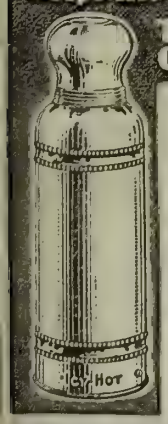

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afraid you were guilty of ah—a certain amount of what might be termed misrepresentation."

"It might be," Kelly admitted. "In my neighborhood we use a shorter word."

"In point of fact, you ah lied."

"Didn't I!" said Kelly, his voice expressing profound admiration. "I tell you, Mr. Stone, it takes a man who has stuck painfully to the unvarnished truth for thirty-eight years to shame the devil when once he loosens up. My hair hasn't been brushed right since—I'm ashamed to look in the glass long enough."

The lawyer interposed.

"Have you any Chicago connections?"

"I spent one week there during the World's Fair," Kelly informed him; "but I never inhabited the town."

"Indeed!" said the president. "And the little factory where you broke up organized labor?"

"Imagination, all of it, Mr. Stone. I never had a factory anywhere. But I take no great pride in that part, because I thought it up in advance. The rest was strictly impromptu, so to speak."

"May I ask where you do come from?" inquired Mr. Stone.

"Surely," said Kelly. "I have been running a shoe store in this city for six months. My store is down on Juniper Street, where you never go. I sell shoes to your men. When they get no pay they can't buy shoes; or at any rate they have to buy 'em on time, which is worse. So I thought I'd end the strike."

"Did it not occur to you," asked the president, "that in order to keep up your little shoe trade you were putting a large corporation in a very awkward predicament?"

"It did," said Kelly blandly. "But that is none of my business, as you remarked to Mr. Martin when he spoke of the harm the strike was doing to merchants. I must keep up my dividends—in other words, my profits."

The president stroked his chin.

"I see," he said. "You are aware, of course, that in view of these facts your contract with me is worthless."

"No!" said Kelly. "I am surprised to hear you say so. I have the opinion of the second-best lawyer in Dalesburg, puttin' Mr. Woolford as number one, that you couldn't pick a hole in that contract with a hatpin. He must have made some mistake in drawin' it up."

"The contract is all right," said Woolford sharply. "It is the misrepresentation by which you induced Mr. Stone to sign it that will knock it out."

"And how will you prove the misrepresentation?" asked the strike-breaker.

"You have admitted it before both of us. To deny it on the stand would be perjury."

"Lord bless you!" exclaimed Kelly. "I will see it through. What I admit today is of no importance. A corporation lawyer would be a poor witness for his boss."

"In addition," the lawyer continued, "we have a perfect case against you for heavy damages."

"Well," said Kelly, "it ain't so bad as it might have been. I am in better shape to pay heavy damages than I was before. I am makin' one hundred and fifty a day, which is fair wages for a shoe dealer."

"One hundred and fifty?" inquired Mr. Stone, elevating his eyebrows.

"Yes," explained Kelly. "Half from you and half from the men. I pay them three."

"Your frankness is refreshing," said the president. "Mr. Woolford and I have been discussing the matter, and we have decided to make you a proposition. I am glad to find that your motive was largely mercenary."

"Entirely so," said Kelly. "I am no philanthropist, although at the rate I'm gettin' rich I have hopes of being one soon. But we have the finest little brotherly-love arrangement cooked up you ever did see, in spite of my unholy greed. It will warm your heart to hear of it. The men I hire turn their three dollars into the union, and the rest pick up what jobs they can find and turn in their pay. Then they share alike. At the end of sixty days they will be in good shape to stand the strike and to buy shoes. To captains of industry like you and me it seems foolish; but after all it well, it warms the heart."

"Indeed it does," the president agreed, proving his statement by a perceptible flush. "But to get back to business. We confess the embarrassment of our position;

Our New Home will be completed

(Date here)—— ——It contains —— rooms.

Architect's Name ——

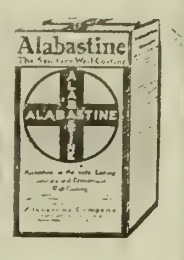
Send Alabastine Color Chart and Question Form please at once to

Name ——

Street

City

State




# Have Beautiful Walls

## In Your New Home—Have Them Now

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They advise the house owner that it is not necessary to submit to living in rooms with white glaring walls because Alabastine will not spoil the new walls.

Unlike ordinary kalsomine, Alabastine does not have to be washed and scraped off, but becomes a part of the wall and furnishes a perfect foundation for any kind of future treatment that may be desired.

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The Beautiful Wall Tint

is not stuck on the wall with animal glue, like kalsomine. Alabastine is made from an alabaster base and is itself a natural perfect cement. Alabastine is put up in powder form, ready to mix and use with the addition of pure cold water. Alabastine is a perfect water color giving the beautiful effects so much appreciated and sought after.

Alabastine is more artistic than wall paper,
More permanent than kalsomine,
More beautiful than paint.

Alabastine does not need to be washed off. Paint, paper or wall fabrics can be applied over an alabastined wall.

### To Those Building

If you are building or contemplating building, please get in touch with our art department. Learn what others have to say about Alabastine and the pleasing effects they are getting. See what our art department can send you in the way of color combinations and color harmonies. Ask us for suitable blanks to be filled out and return to us, then with the information given, we will have our decorators prepare for you a complete color scheme in genuine Alabastine. You will see exactly how the colors will appear. We will supply suitable stencils for decorating your rooms free if you use Alabastine and we will tell you what tints to buy to produce the effects we suggest. No charge will be made for the service and we invite you to make use of this department freely.

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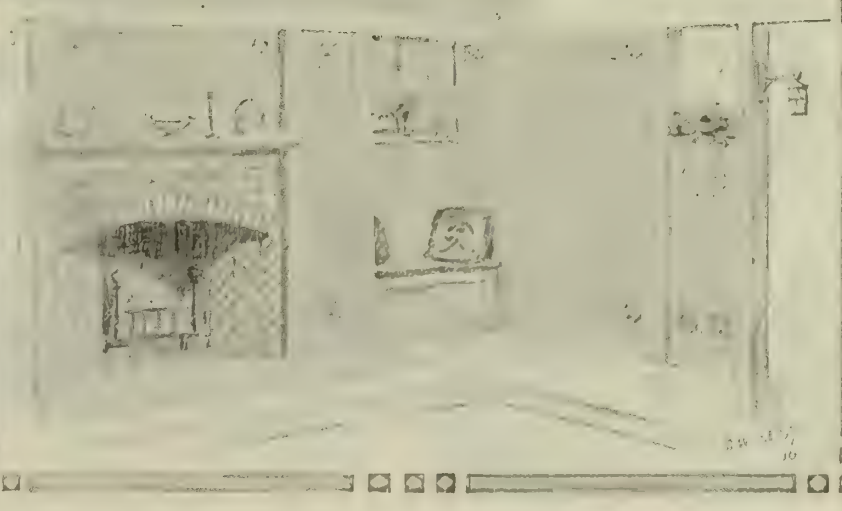

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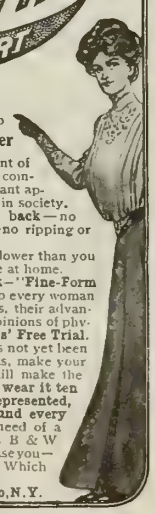

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the public knows that the men are at work again, and we would much prefer that they should not learn the circumstances. We will therefore abandon our claims against you, and pay you the full amount agreed upon for yourself, and what you would get from the men."

"Thank you," said Kelly.

"Not at all," Mr. Stone continued. "We appreciate the fact that we have to pay. You agree, then?"

"Of course I do," said Kelly. "I intended to get the full amount."

"Very good. The contract, of course, must be destroyed. You will make as much as if the men worked out the sixty days, while you will be relieved of the worry and responsibility of keeping them in order."

Kelly looked at him for a moment, then burst into his hearty, infectious laugh.

"Mr. Stone," said he, "I am the best liar here, but not the only one. What Mr. Woolford really told you was that you couldn't get out of your contract if you had a dozen legal departments." He turned to the lawyer. "Am I right?"

Woolford started to protest, but the strike-breaker did not wait for an answer.

"Anyhow," he continued, "I will not destroy it. I started in to get work for my shoe customers, and that I must stick to. I can't afford to consider you or the public or the men. So go ahead and get your damages. The story will make interesting reading in the papers."

Again the lawyer started to speak, but Mr. Stone interrupted.

"Permit me to handle this, please," he ordered. "Mr. Kelly, I will make you a better offer. I will ——"

"Don't," said Kelly; "it's breath wasted. Offer me your stock in the road, as a starter, and I will refuse. You're an amateur, Mr. Stone; you are proving that your case is no good. Anyhow, you have me sized up wrong. There is just one way to get out now, if you're sensitive."

"How?" asked Mr. Stone.

"I'll not be hard on you," said Kelly. "Call off the strike, give the men what they're asking—which is no more than they earn—and tell the newspapers that you decided the former wages were too low. They'll not believe you, but they'll print it. The men may talk; but your story will get in first, and no attention will be paid to them. For myself, I promise to keep my mouth closed tight. I can afford to stick to the truth now, an' that goes."

"And your payment?"

"What we agreed on, of course," said Kelly in surprise. "Did you think I was going to make you a present of it? I will throw off the sum I would get from the men; so I lose as much as you do. You can just hand me a check for forty-five hundred, and we will tear up the contract. That's my suggestion—take it or leave it."

After a few moments of consideration Mr. Stone touched a button to summon his office boy.

"I will send for the union delegate," he said, addressing himself pointedly to the lawyer. "I think we can come to terms."

"You will not have to send far," said Kelly. "He's out in the hall. Knowing the strike was over, I brought him with me. But he says to tell you there is nothing to discuss; the men put their demands low, and it's that or strike with him. And if he insists on sticking to the strike, I insist on breakin' it as per contract. So there you are."

To give him due credit, Mr. Stone was always able to put up a good front.

"In that case," he said smoothly, "I will ring for a stenographer also. It is true that the cost of living has advanced, and, of course, wages must correspond. I will give a statement of our attitude to the newspapers. Mr. Woolford, if you will prepare the wage-scale for the representative of the union to sign I will go with Mr. Kelly to the cashier and conclude our relations."

## Hawley's Hobby

EDWARD HAWLEY, the railroad wizard, is the quietest little man imaginable. He is perfectly noiseless.

"Does Hawley have any amusement?" asked an inquiring person of one of his associates one day.

"Why, yes; certainly."

"Well, what is his amusement?"

"Worry."


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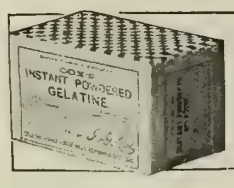


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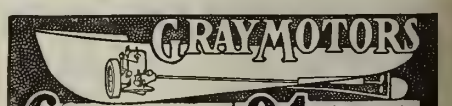

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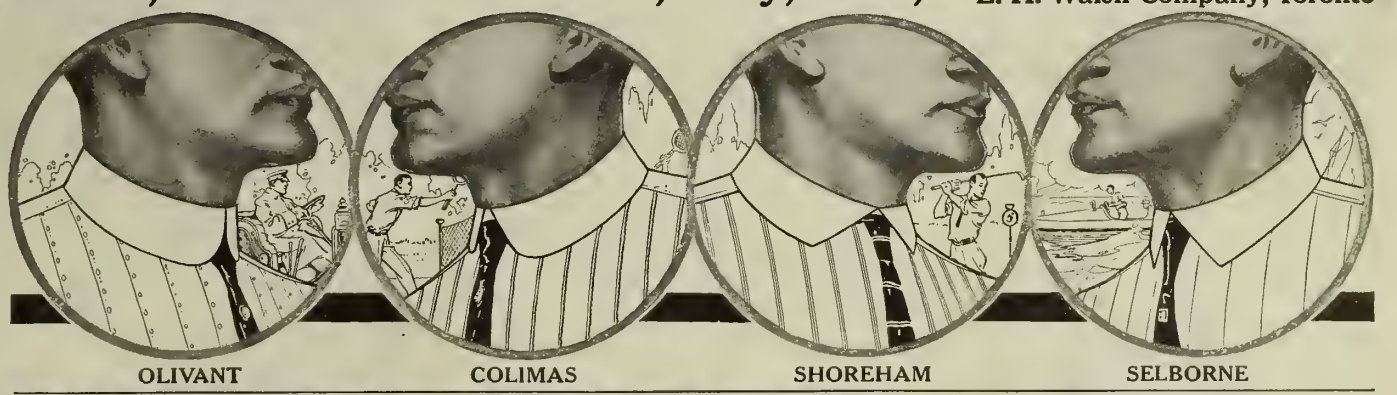

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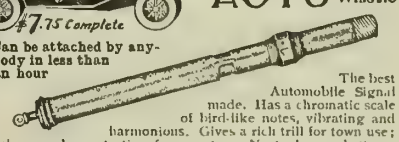

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Channell Chemical Co., 1536 Lake St., Chicago

# THE HEART-MENDER

*(Continued from Page 18)*

hall, where the mother and the lover followed him. Findley repeated his query. "What is it, Vet?"

Merrill answered: "Empyema of the pericardium."

The mother threw up her hands in dismay and paced the floor in dread of such big words. Merrill tried to describe to Findley what he meant.

"The heart, you understand, hangs in a kind of sack called the pericardium. It has a little fluid to lubricate it, but the pericardium of that girl is not well. It is filled with thick liquid like this in the tube. And her heart must beat through it like a man wading in heavy snow. It grows wearier and weaker; it cannot beat much longer."

The brows of Findley were beautiful with pity, and the old mother became a child with fear and grief.

Findley turned to Merrill.

"Is there any hope of saving her? Must she—must she—die?"

Merrill answered: "I think I can save her. I think—I hope—I believe so. If I operate there is at least a chance for her. It is a very hard operation. But without it there is no chance. One cannot always be sure of a diagnosis, but here I am sure. I know; I can see. This fluid is the proof. If the pericardium is not opened and drained at once she will die, and die soon. If I am given freedom to act I can save her—I think. I am almost sure."

Findley translated the message of hope with a lilt of enthusiasm that raised the mother from the cold ashes of despair. She wanted to know more, but Merrill decided that it would only terrify and mystify her. He demanded immediate and full liberty to proceed. There was no hospital within reach, no better surgeon than Merrill within call. The journey over the rough roads to the railway was beyond the endurance of the exhausted frame. It was a case of choosing between a forlorn hope and absolute despair. Merrill promised only one thing, that the girl would inevitably die without the operation. With it there were hardly two chances, but there was one.

Merrill was more alarmed than he dared confess. He felt the need of skilled help and of more experience. He could think of no one but Findley to hold the instruments and hand them to him as they were needed. And Findley was almost worse than nobody, because his love unsettled him.

After the deed should be done a trained nurse was sadly to be desired. A telegram could bring one by the morrow. In the meanwhile the old aunt must serve. She had brought children of her own through the procession of old-fashioned ills and had reared the motherless Findley to giant-hood. So Merrill called her to his aid.

He began to catalogue the many things he should need to make the operation less dangerous. He reeled off a series of tasks for the aunt and for the hired girl and for the neighbor's wife—precautions that sounded strange to Aunt Hannah, but which she never questioned. The very ceremonial inspired faith.

Then Merrill took Findley downstairs into the parlor and begged him to steel himself to the great necessity, to realize why doctors and nurses must abjure ordinary human tendernesses and delicacies, mercies and decencies and sympathies.

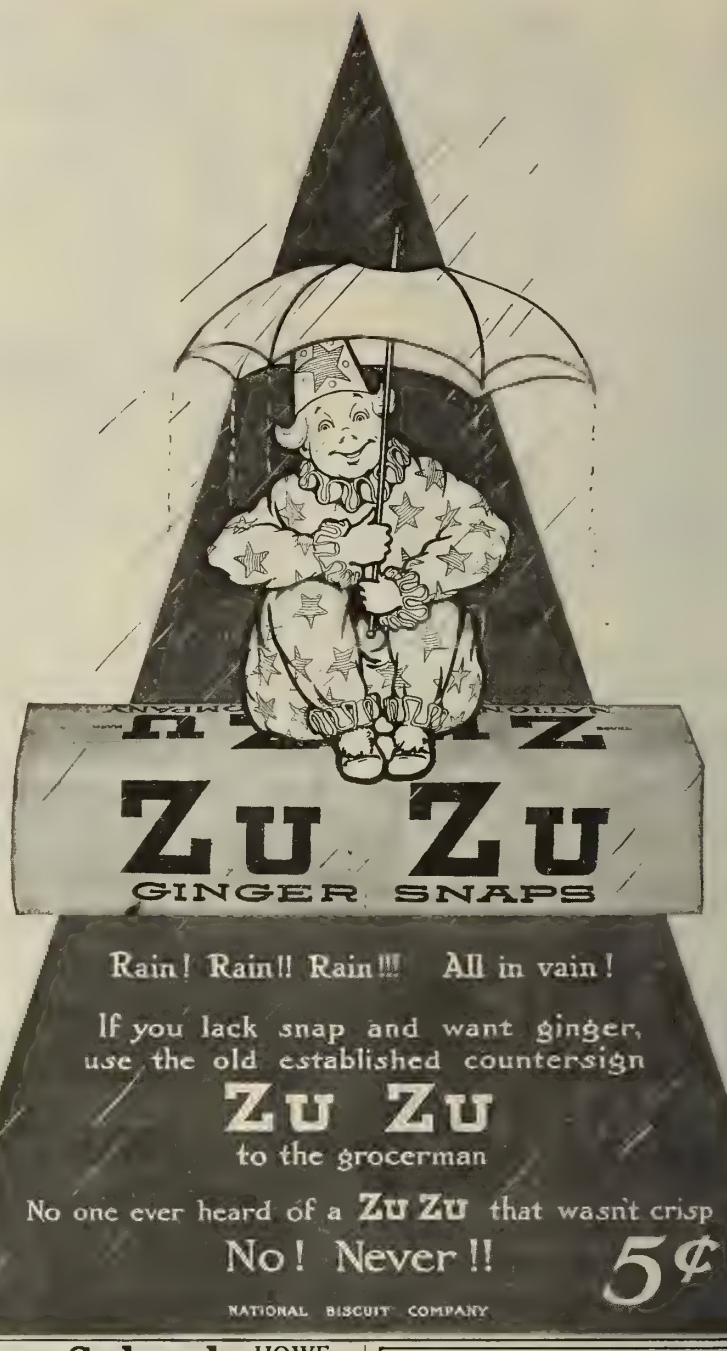
"If you behave like a man and a doctor, Neverend, I'll make you a present of this girl's life. You see her heart isn't broken, it's suffering from a material infection—an aftermath of a rheumatic cold. Think of her as already your wife and forget that you're a Presbyterian and a gentleman. Keep your mind on what I tell you."

At the same time he was spreading out on a marble-topped table his instruments, sutures, gauzes, everything his little equipment provided. He explained to Findley what each thing was for, what he expected to find and hoped to do. He drew diagrams and rehearsed the operation minutely, for his own benefit no less than Findley's.

"Fanny's heart is so weak that I am afraid to use chloroform or ether," he said; "I shall rely on local anesthesia. I'm afraid even of cocaine. The best and simplest thing is pure cold water."

"Cold water!" Findley exclaimed.

"Yes, if boiled water is chilled and injected into the surrounding region, its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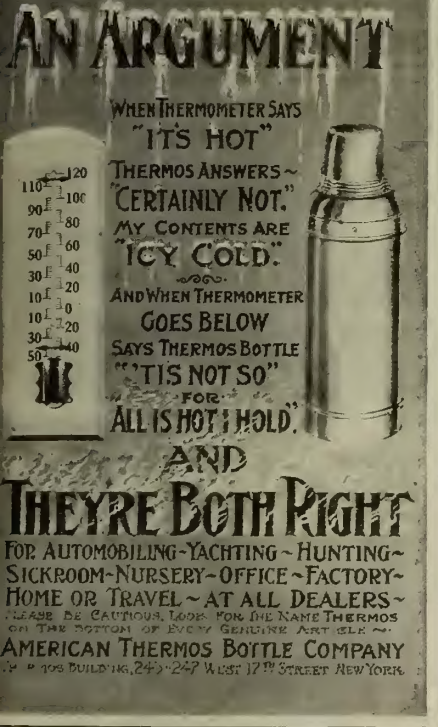

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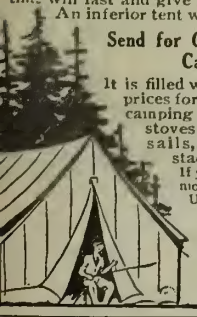

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pressure causes a perfect mechanical inhibition of the nerve impulses."

"Marvelous!" said Findley.

Aunt Hannah was turning the house upside down. All the household linen was baking in every utensil she could crowd on the kitchen range. Water was boiling on the stoves in the parlor and the bedrooms where Uncle Joshua had lighted fires.

The spare bedroom had been emptied of all its furniture, and the neighbor's wife was scouring it with boiling water—floor, walls, windows. The long table from the kitchen, scoured and scoured again, was carried thither.

The farmhouse had merely a rudimentary bathroom without running water. A boilerful of it had been toted there, and Merrill, leading Findley within, told him to follow his own example. They slipped off their street clothes and crowded into two newly-baked bathrobes—one of them belonging to Fanny, one to her mother.

Merrill joked at the appearance they made, but Findley was incapable of taking anything in life with levity now. Merrill was trying to keep up his own spirits—to laugh lest he weep. They slipped their feet into two pairs of baked slippers. Merrill had brought his own along and the uncle lent Findley a pair.

Then they began on their hands.

"More patients have died from doctors' fingernails than you could imagine," said Merrill, as he fished for a nail-brush at the bottom of a steaming basin.

Ordering Findley to imitate him in everything, he set to work scrubbing his hands with soap and achingly hot water. Then he tossed an antiseptic into another basin, and washed his hands there to remove the germs; then he washed his hands with hot water to remove the antiseptic; then with alcohol to remove the oil of the skin; then with hot water to remove the alcohol.

His hands and Findley's were almost parboiled and almost flayed before he felt them safe. He had already wound baked linen strips round Findley's hair and his own like turbans, and even muffled up their mouths. Then they girded the cords of the bathrobes tightly and sallied forth.

To the eyes of the sick girl they looked less like human beings than like two undertakers come to carry her off. She would have been more afraid of them than she was but that she was too weak even for much fear. She only knew that she feared death a little less than she feared Merrill.

Merrill tried by smiles and nods to comfort the paralyzed victim of all this ceremonial. He must instil courage into the whole household and conceal from every one how dire was his own fear—a fear not of vague things but of countless, conspiring dangers that only his learning and experience could realize. And they read it as coldness or indifference!

Taking a hot, dry sheet from a boiler, he slashed a large hole in it and threw it across Fanny's lithe body. The region of her waist was all he exposed. That he laved with hot water, soap, carbolic water, hot water, alcohol, hot water. He gathered the sheet about her, and with Findley's help carried her into the spareroom.

There again he sterilized the tender flesh, wrapped the body above and below, and putting his hands once more through the supersterilizing rites, took the needle from the boiling water and filled it with the boiled water that Aunt Hannah had chilled at his request. Then he asked her to close the door from the outside and guard it.

Adjusting the frail body of the girl so that her head was comfortable, but low, and her chest high, he injected sterilized water in the region above the point of the heart—six times, with a total of no more than an ounce.

While he waited for the paralysis to be complete he took the necessary instruments from the boiler and laid them out on the linen-covered table, arranging them in their order and coaching Findley again in their names and uses.

Fanny Protheroe was too weak to be very curious. The ebbing of her life had brought its own anesthesia to soul and body. Her chief emotion was a dim wonder, like moonlight wavering through a fog. A part of her was detached from the total of her. She could hear words in a strange language, she could hear the click of instruments, and later she could hear the sounds of their labor on her own flesh, but she felt nothing more than a vague and drowsy wonderment.

The soft-hearted Findley was far more terrified than she. He stood fighting off


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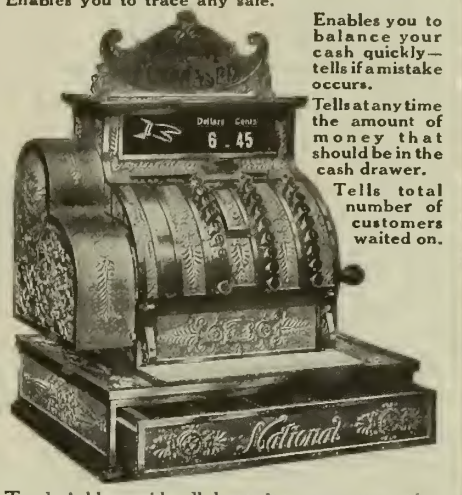


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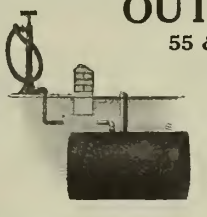

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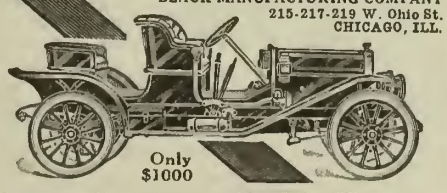

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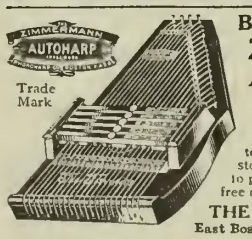


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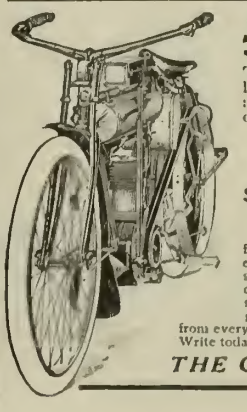

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womanly tenderness and whispering to himself to be a man, lest Merrill despise him. He could not have dreamed that Merrill was also at war with himself, and so full of dismay at his problem that he was greatly tempted to give up the case and leave the girl to a peaceful death. He thought of Findley's love and how much success or failure meant to him, but that was an unnerving sentiment, and he tried to banish it as a soldier going into battle dismisses thoughts of home. He paced the floor, collecting his faculties and laying out his plan of campaign and wondering why he had ever undertaken so critical a task with so many chances against him, under such unfavorable conditions. He found himself gazing through the window at the distant mountain-peaks. Somehow, they seemed to send him strength from their abundance and to lend him granite.

He set his jaw hard and strode back to the table, tested the site of the operation, found it without tenderness. Then, for the greater good of mankind, he bade his own nerves forget all pity, all the sentiments that are beautiful in everybody but a surgeon.

He selected a scalpel of medium size and, holding it as one holds a violin bow, drew it across the skin. It parted and drew back like silk. Findley shook as if lightning had struck him. He braced himself with supreme effort. Then Merrill incised the thin strawlike covering of the fascia of the greater breast muscle, and pressed the blade through its stout fabric.

"Some retractors," he said.

Findley felt the room rocking.

"The retractors, quick!" Merrill repeated sharply, and Findley handed them to him with wavering hand. Merrill fitted them into the opposite edges of the muscle to hold it back.

"The forceps," he commanded, "and a clamp."

Clamping one end of the severed blood-vessel, he picked up the other with the forceps.

"Hold this!" and he gave the forceps into Findley's ashen hand, while he snatched up a catgut thread, looped it over the end of the blood-vessel and knotted it with a dexterity a sailor would have envied. And so he did with all the veins and small arteries he was compelled to cut.

The intercostal membrane and the muscles it covered he similarly penetrated, as if they were so much canvas, or bundles of twine, but with a precision that was exquisite. He pulled them out of the way with retractors, exposing the great throbbing tube of the internal mammary artery. This fountain of motherhood he did not venture to cut and ligate; he simply drew it out of danger.

The stout stuff of the triangular breast muscle barred his way, and he went through its fibers by gently persuading them apart. He had arrived at the delicate fabric of the pleura. Cautiously, anxiously, he pressed it aside and with it displaced the scarlet web of the lungs. And now he had reached his destination.

"There's the pericardium, if you want to see it," he muttered, as he cleansed the walls of the shaft he had made.

Findley looked. He felt dizzy to his very marrow. There was something appalling in the almost joyous entrance of this amiable fiend, Merrill, through the manifold warp and woof of the bodily vestment. The astonishing variety and complexity of structure and function unearthed in one small opening bewildered him as a wonderwork of God's loom.

The clergyman was thrilled by the awful power and prowess of the surgeon, but the businesslike manner of Merrill shocked him. But Merrill was not pondering mysteries, he was manipulating a wilderness of facts. He had prepared the scene for the final step, and he woke Findley from his reveries with a sharp:

"Give me a couple of toothed forceps, quick!"

Findley handed him a cartilage knife.

"No, thank God, I don't have to cut out any cartilage—toothed forceps, I said."

Findley gave him a bistoury and trocar to select from. The intense strain Merrill was laboring under betrayed him into an impatient outburst.

"Damn it, man, can't you remember anything!"

"Don't swear—now!" Findley whispered.

"Oh, hell!" snapped Merrill, as he snatched up two forceps himself, and delicately fastened one of them in the wall of the pericardium.

"Hold this and be careful," and he put the forceps in Findley's grip. "Don't move."

He seized the walls a little lower down in the other forceps and, holding it with his left hand, reached for the scissors and made a slight incision, which he lengthened a trifle with a probe-pointed knife.

The gushing result so delighted Merrill that he called out to the wavering Findley:

"That ought to please you, old man; we're turning the yellow devils out of the church. See 'em scatter!"

He was happy with the sanest, noblest joy a man can feel, the exultance of the scholar who is at once explorer, discoverer, crusader, reformer, healer, and reëstablisher of a tormented soul in a cleansed house. Even as he chuckled he seized a curved needle, already threaded with a suture, and stitched the edges of the opening to the tough muscles adjacent. When he had purified the pericardium he spoke again—rather tenderly this time:

"Would you like to see her heart?"

Findley found strength to gaze down the tiny well, and in the gloom he could just see the imprisoned throbber—the little red sultan of that realm. It was to Findley a glance into the holy of holies. The mechanism of it, yet the mysticism of it! It was the very machinery of the soul. And he turned away, afraid, afraid.

Merrill was fighting too hard to be afraid of what scared Findley. He had so many other things to fear. His time was critically brief, the tissues were recovering from the anesthetic sleep, and the nerves waking to agony. The girl's strength was crucially small, and she might slip away from him like a vapor any moment. Everywhere was some vein or artery waiting to waste the precious blood. He had much to do to arrange for the drainage of that inner citadel, for the dressing and packing of the wound and its fortification against the armies of infection mustering outside in every breath of air.

But at last, with all his faculties flying, his task of reconstruction was finished. He had come safely through a thousand dangers and he breathed deep as he said:

"Now, Neverend, lend me a hand and we'll get her back to her room."

But the preacher did not hear him. The preacher was a heap on the floor.

Merrill smiled tolerantly, and gathering what was left of Fanny Protheroe into his arms, as if she were even more fragile than she was, called out:

"Aunt Hannah, please open the door!"

Aunt Hannah obeyed and stared at him with white wonder as he cautiously felt his way along the hall with his armload of salvage.

His smile told her of his success, but all he said was: "You might go in and look after that parson. He's fainted."

All the rest of that day and all that night Merrill kept watch over the treasure-trove he had haled from the edge of the abyss. He fought off death with drug and stimulant, and saved her life over and over every hour. He paid little heed to Findley except to tell him to go telegraph for a trained nurse and then to keep his terror-haunted visage out of sight.

At the next noon the nurse arrived. Merrill was swaying in his tracks with exhaustion, and wild-eyed with lack of sleep. When he had delivered to her a long sermon on her duties he leaned heavily on Findley and burbled as if he were drunk:

"Neverend, old boy, you'd better give those parishioners of yours a vacation and take one yourself. You all need it. I've got to go back to Carthage. I'll tell everybody you're where you belong—at the side of the future occupant of that parsonage of yours."

"Vet, Vet, do you think she'll get well?"

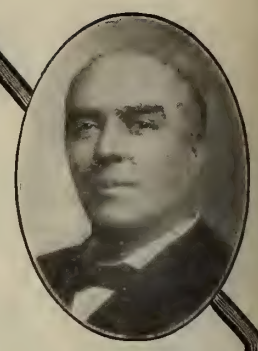
"Of course she'll get well. She'll be rather sick for a good while, but she'll be prettier than ever when you bring her back to town. You stay right here. People don't die of broken hearts, as you see, but they get well quicker if they're happy. I'll run up from Carthage as often as I can."

"God bless you, Vet! You're the best man in the world."

Merrill leered at him blearily. "I'm not a good man, Neverend, but I'm a damfine doctor, and it was a beautiful operation."

When the buckboard drove away with him he was fast asleep before it turned out of the gate. The farmers who passed and saw his head wobbling on his breast grinned contemptuously; but the mountains seemed to regard him with respect.


"Charlie Case says:"



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Draw a straight line upon a sheet of paper. Place your foot upon the line so that the centre of the heel and instep rests upon the line; then holding the pencil upright draw the outline of the foot. Fill out the measurements 1, 2, 3, 4, as indicated upon the diagram. Draw tape measure fairly snug.

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*Ask us for a copy of "Charlie Case says," the whole story of fallen arches and their treatment.*

CHAS. CASE SHOE CO., Worcester, Mass.
Makers of a complete line of high quality shoes for men and women

You *Large* Consumers of Business Stationery—

Doing so *much* business by correspondence, *you need* stationery that makes every letter look *important* at its destination. You *must* watch the *cost*, too.

You can get the *quality* of stationery that helps business and does business by ordering your letterheads on Construction Bond. As to the *cost*, our modern *economical* method of distribution assures even the *largest* users

Impressive Stationery at a *Usable* Price

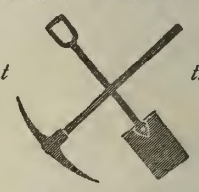
Here's the idea: Construction Bond is distributed and sold *direct* to *responsible* printers and lithographers (instead of thru jobbers) and *only* in quantities of 500 lbs. or more at a time (instead of in ream lots). You see the economy. Profit by it.

*Your* printer or lithographer *can* supply Construction Bond if he is big enough to buy in 500 lb. lots and *wants* to give you the *utmost value* in fine business stationery. If he refuses, write us for specimens of "Impressive Stationery at a Usable Price" and the names of firms in your vicinity who are *ready* to supply it on Construction Bond—sent *free* if you write on your *business* letterhead.

W. E. WROE & CO.
316 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago

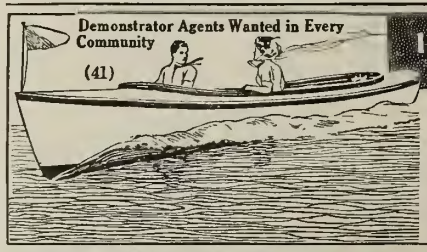
*This is the Watermark*
*Get Envelopes to Match*

CONSTRUCTION



*Best at* *the Price*

BOND




16-ft. Steel Launch $96
Complete with Engine, Ready to Run

**18-20-23-27 foot Launches at proportionate prices.** All launches tested and fitted with Detroit two cycle reversible engines with speed controlling lever—simplest engine made—starts without cranking—has only 3 moving parts—anyone can run it. STEEL ROW BOATS $20.00. All boats fitted with air-tight compartments—cannot sink, leak or rust—need no boathouse. We are one of the largest manufacturers of pleasure boats in the world and sole owners of the patents for the manufacture of rolled steel, lock seamed, concealed riveted steel boats. Orders filled the day they are received. Write for Free Illustrated Catalog and testimonials of 10,000 satisfied users.
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MADE BY THE

# RUBBERSET

TRADE MARK

COMPANY

## RUBBERSET
TRADE MARK
### *Shaving Brushes*

The bristles in a Rubberset Shaving Brush are held in a solid bed of vulcanized rubber, as hard as flint and impervious to wear. The years of service and the steady abuse a shaving brush suffers, can never affect the long life of a Rubberset.

An infinite variety of styles in handles and bristles—ranging in price **from 25c to $6.00 each,** affords every shaver just the brush he desires. The $1.00 grade is a splendid example of value.

Sold by most every Druggist, Hardware Store and General Store throughout America. If not at your dealer's, send to us for catalogue of many styles and we will fill your order direct.

## BERSET
TRADE MARK
### *Shaving Cream Soap*

Just "a wee bit" is enough for a shave.

A 25c tube lasts the average shaver a year.

A concentrated lather—instantly it yields a rich, thick, delightful lather that gets right next to the skin and quickly softens the most stubborn beard.

Berset contains two great healing properties, Glycerine and Cocoanut Oil. Far superior to all other soaps.

A test tube, sufficient for several shaves, sent upon request accompanied by 4c in stamps. Sold by most Druggists, Hardware Stores and General Stores throughout America.

## BERSET
TRADE MARK
TRIANGULAR
### *Dental Cream*

The best cream in the best tube. Hinged cap—triangular opening—twist key attachment. Something new and better. Ask of your Druggist, if he hasn't it in stock write direct to us, mentioning the fact and receive free sample.

Large size tube 25c

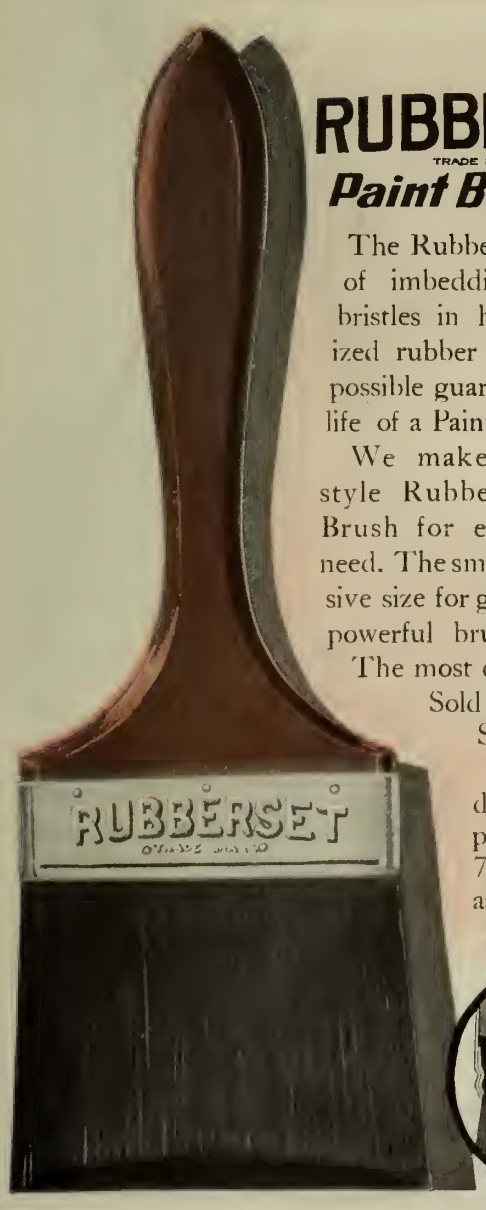
## RUBBERSET
TRADE MARK
### *Paint Brushes*

The Rubberset process of imbedding all the bristles in hard vulcanized rubber is the only possible guarantee of the life of a Paint Brush.

We make a specific style Rubberset Paint Brush for every paint need. The small, inexpensive size for general house use or the large powerful brush of the Master Painter. The most complete line made.

Sold by Paint Stores, Department Stores and Hardware Stores.

If not at your dealer's, send direct to us. If you are a painter, ask for catalogue No. 7. For brushes for home use ask for catalogue No. 10.



## RUBBERSET
TRADE MARK
### *Tooth Brushes*

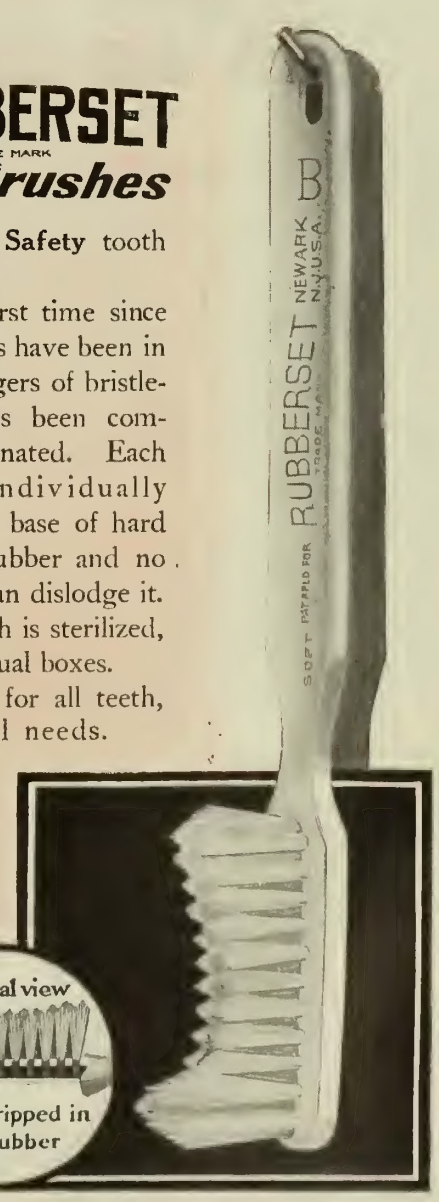
The first **Safety** tooth brush.

For the first time since tooth brushes have been in use, the dangers of bristle-shedding has been completely eliminated. Each bristle is individually gripped in a base of hard vulcanized rubber and no amount of service or cleaning can dislodge it.

Each Rubberset Tooth Brush is sterilized, sealed and sold only in individual boxes.

There is a style of bristle for all teeth, and a shape of handle for all needs.

Sold by druggists and Department Stores everywhere at **35c each.** If not at your dealer's send to us direct. Attractive booklet **free.**



## RUBBERSET COMPANY

**Factories and Laboratories, Newark, New Jersey**

# Of Course, It's Mennen's

**Mennen's** Borated Talcum **Toilet Powder,** used after **shaving,** gives the face a **cool, fresh, smooth-as-satin** feeling.

Keep a box of **Mennen's** on your dresser, and get the **after-shaving habit.**

**Mennen's** is the **world's standard** talcum powder. It is a **perfect** toilet powder—both in materials and methods of manufacture.

Ask for "Mennen's"—and you can be **sure** that you are buying the **finest** toilet powder ever made. Sample box for 2c stamp.

# MENNEN'S

An **indispensable article** for a lady's dressing table is **Mennen's Violet** Talcum **Toilet Powder.**

It is delicately scented with the odor of fresh-cut Parma violets.

It is a **standard** toilet preparation, backed by years of **world-wide reputation.** Sample box for 2c stamp.

Any woman who tries **Mennen's** and compares it with any other toilet powder, needs no argument to realize its **superiority.**

*At all Druggists*

**Gerhard Mennen Company**

10 Orange Street Newark, N. J.

MENNEN'S FLESH TINT, A PINK TALCUM—Not a Rouge. Sample Free.

MENNEN'S NARANGIA TALCUM POWDER. Sample Free. Richly fragrant with the exquisite odor of Orange Blossoms.

MENNEN'S SEN YANG TOILET POWDER. Oriental Odor. Sample Free.

MENNEN'S (Borated) SKIN SOAP (blue wrapper). Specially prepared for the nursery. No Samples.